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The
North American Review

233
VOL. CCXXXIII



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NEW YORK
9 EAST 37TH STREET
1932



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TO THE

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TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME

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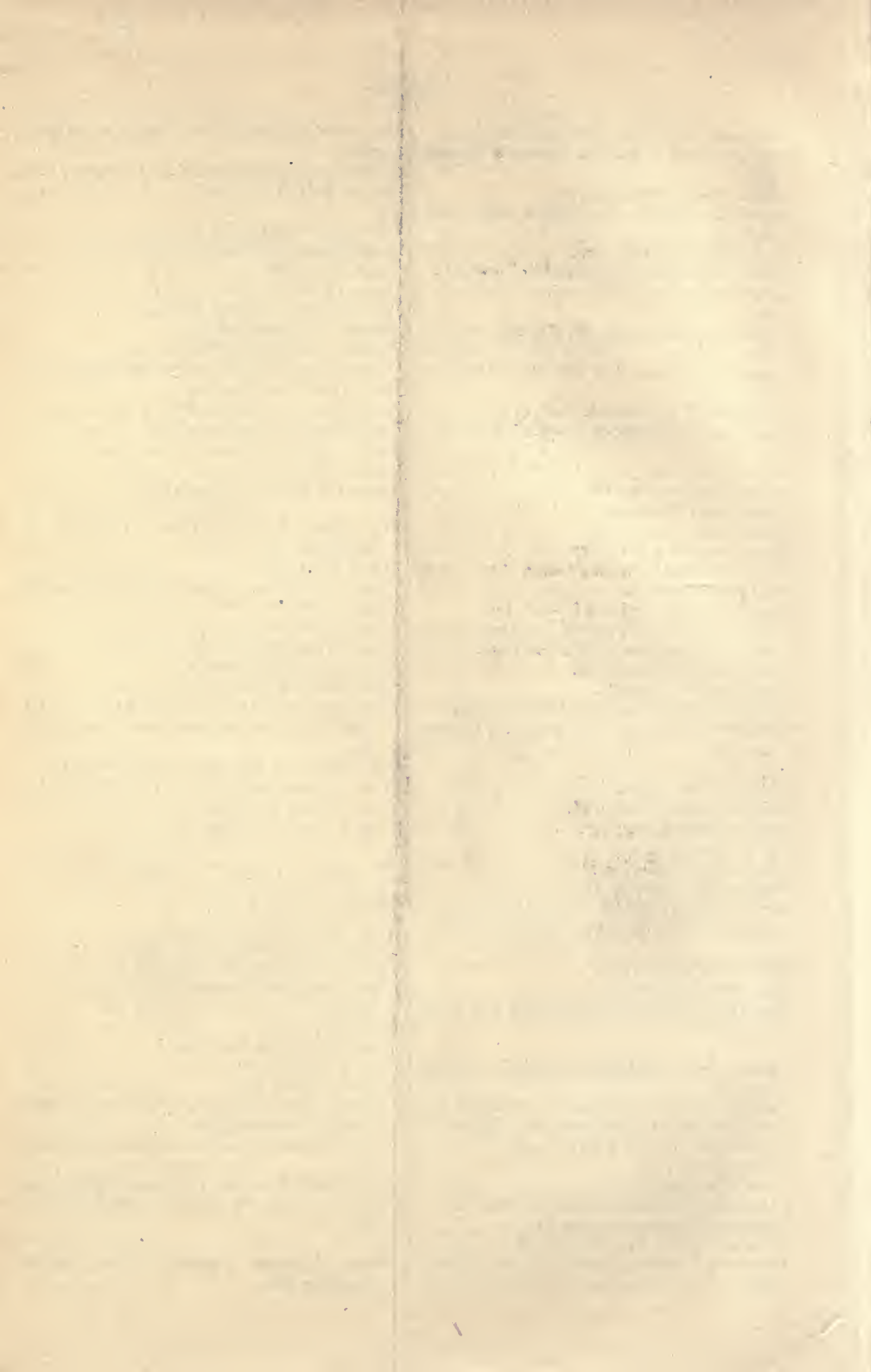
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The North American Review

VOLUME 233

JANUARY, 1932

NUMBER I

Apéritif

Portrait of No One

WITH all the minor excitements of moving in, we failed at first to notice this nightly drama, but after a week there was no more ignoring it. Our court was too small for one thing, and for another they lived directly below us. The sound of their voices came through the floor and also reverberated from the walls across the way into our windows.

There was very little variety in the procedure, at least the parts that we could hear. First, a definitely irate door slam; second, a murmur of voices, in crescendo; third, a sudden, loud, shrill sentence: "For fifteen years I've slaved to support you, and this is what I get!" Then a male voice stung to reproach: "I always knew you'd throw it in my face." And after that, confused shouts, screams, more door slammings and eventual calm.

Neither of us ever saw the hero of these episodes, but one night we started downstairs in the elevator during the performance, and the elevator stopped at the floor beneath ours. A woman was crouched there with her back toward us when the

door opened. She turned and showed us one of the vilest expressions I have ever seen, then composed her features and asked the elevator boy to get her a key, saying that she had locked herself out.

There was no more than this to the actual occurrences, but it was enough to rouse my curiosity to the boiling point. Why, I asked myself, should a woman of this evident ill-humor bother to support a man for fifteen years? He was not an invalid, I had already gathered from certain of the introductions to her nightly tirade: he had taken some of her money, gone out and spent it on what seemed to her dissipation or nonessentials. And if he was not disabled, why did he put up with her shrewishness — why didn't he go out and find himself a job, then either shut her up or leave her?

I sat down one day and worked out the answers.

HIS name (I named him) was Edward Gahagan, his wife's Ada. Fifteen years before they had used them, which might have saved me trouble had I come on the scene

Silver—a Senate Racket

BY NEIL CAROTHERS

Who attacks one of the year's greatest issues

ON FEBRUARY 20 last the United States Senate adopted a resolution requesting President Hoover to negotiate "with Governments" with a view to the cessation of silver bullion sales by those Governments and suggesting that he call a conference of nations to discuss the uses and the status of silver as money. The resolution was presented by the important Foreign Relations Committee, of which Senator Borah of Idaho is Chairman. It had been initiated in a small sub-committee on Chinese relations, which has Senator Pittman of Nevada as its Chairman. It had unanimously passed the sub-committee, the committee proper, and the Senate as a whole.

On the face of it the resolution had a noble purpose. During the year and a half preceding its passage the price of silver had fallen to extraordinarily low levels, eventually reaching twenty-five cents an ounce—a value in terms of gold unprecedented in the history of the world. The nations that use silver as their chief currency, more especially China, had lost one-half their purchasing power in international trade with gold standard countries. Exports from Europe and America to the Orient had been

greatly diminished. Concerted action by the great Occidental countries to raise the price of silver would revive the purchasing power of the Orient, stimulate international trade, and greatly benefit the stricken industry of the world. As Senator Borah expressed it, the restoration of purchasing power "to nearly one-half the human family" would be a "first step" toward ending the world depression.

The resolution was widely acclaimed in the public press. Long before the date of the resolution, the spectacular fall in the price of silver had been front page news, and the involved interrelationships between the value of silver bullion and the economic situation in Latin America and the Far East had been widely discussed. The tenor of newspaper comment, however, had been general to the point of vagueness. The financial questions involved bristle with difficult technicalities that call for acute economic insight. The newspapers, furthermore, had sensed in the repeated hostile references to sales by foreign governments the presence of hidden factors. The peculiarly sectional complexion of the movement for Government action,

the failure of the banks to participate and the silence of the entire group of professional economists had given rise to editorial doubts.

President Hoover refused point-blank to accede to either of the requests embodied in the resolution, despite personal appeals by various Senators, notably King of Utah and Smoot of Utah. There was much speculation and indecisive comment in the press, none of which made very clear the President's attitude. In May the International Chamber of Commerce met in Washington. Senator King appeared as an unexpected guest. According to the *New York Times* he was there as "a representative of Western silver producers." Before the session was over the Senator had become chairman of a "volunteer silver committee" and had dragooned a reluctant body into approving a resolution urging an international conference on the silver situation. But it developed that no group of delegates from any nation represented at the convention was willing to call such a conference or even to ask its home government to sponsor it. Finally the Japanese delegation, "yielding to persuasion," asked the Tokio Government to consider the matter. The Japanese Government did consider the idea and emphatically rejected it. The Nationalist Government of China likewise abandoned the project after some tentative gestures.

Obviously we have here a conflict of interest not fully delineated in the public prints. When the President unqualifiedly refuses to obey what amounts to a mandate of the Senate, unanimously passed, there must be weighty reasons behind his action.

When the financial interests of America, the professional economists, and the ministries of every foreign government are hostile to a movement which claims for its sole objectives the relief of suffering millions and the termination of a grievous economic stagnation, even the most casual observer begins to suspect the presence of esoteric elements.

WHAT is the real significance of this militant attempt to coerce the United States into official interference with the price of silver bullion? The answer can not be found in a consideration of the intricate problems arising from recent developments in international finance or the present status of silver, although even here the facts are assuredly revealing. The complete answer is to be found in history. To understand fully the import of the present movement it is necessary first to follow a thin thread of silver through three-quarters of a century of propaganda, political trickery, and brazen subordination of public welfare to private interest.

The story begins long before the Civil War. This country began its independent existence with a bimetallic coinage standard, erroneously ascribed to Alexander Hamilton, but actually initiated by Thomas Jefferson. This double standard was not a success. In 1853 Congress abolished the free coinage of the silver pieces below the dollar and made them "subsidiary," that is, small-change coins to be made from silver bought as a commodity and to be sold by the Government for gold. The provisions of the law were simple and impossible of misinterpretation. But the

Director of the Mint of that day, a "lame-duck" politician from Pennsylvania, administered the law in high-handed fashion, with two notable results. One was an avalanche of silver coins that flooded the country and burdened trade and finance for many years. The other was an enormous profit for the new silver industry in the territories of the West. The procedure was maintained from 1853 to 1875, under three mint directors and five Secretaries of the Treasury. In 1873 the coinage laws were revised. The improper administration of the silver coinage was peremptorily prohibited in the bill. But at the last moment a committee interpolated a clause permitting the procedure for two years more. Even at this early date the silver interests, inchoate and unorganized as they were, had learned the art of using Treasury officials and Congressional committees as aids to the mining industry.

The law of 1873 contained a provision creating a new and special kind of silver dollar. This "trade dollar" was solely for use in Oriental trade, and its circulation in the United States was unthinkable. But in the law there was a peculiarly worded clause that made this piece legal tender in the payment of domestic debts. The provision assured domestic circulation for the trade dollar and consequently a new market for silver. Millions of trade dollars were coined and forced upon ignorant and helpless classes of the population, such as the mine-workers in Pennsylvania. It required two years of bitter battling in Congress to have the coinage stopped and eleven more years to have the debased coins

redeemed. The only objection to redemption, which was imperative as a matter of common decency, was that redemption would slightly reduce the volume of purchases of silver bullion for subsidiary coinage by the Government.

In 1875 Congress enacted, in connection with its efforts to withdraw the Civil War "shinplaster" fractional notes, a law which called for the purchase of large amounts of silver bullion, the coinage of the silver into fractional pieces, and the exchange of these coins for the shinplasters. The measure was an egregious blunder, financially and administratively unworkable. Its immediate repeal was the only solution. But the friends of silver had passed it, and the Treasury found another procedure. Secretary Bristow bought vast quantities of silver bullion, had it coined into dimes, quarters, and half-dollars, and stored the coins in the vaults, thus entirely nullifying the only purpose of the law, but carrying out that part which aided silver. On the floor of the House it was charged, without contradiction, that the Secretary's purchases were timed to suit the plans of silver bullion brokers, and it was broadly hinted that Treasury officials were personally interested in the flood of silver stocks then on the market. The purchases of silver subjected the Government to a loss of considerably more than \$1,000,000.

To this time governmental action in connection with silver coinage, though tainted with bad faith and sinister motives, had resulted only in business inconvenience, mistreatment of the unsophisticated elements in the population, and a loss to the

Treasury and the people of a half dozen millions of dollars. We come now into an era in which the silver interests, shrewd in tactics and relentless in rapacity, were to have their way at the cost of national injury. The silver dollar had, legally, been a standard bimetallic coin since 1792. It had never been in circulation, and after 1834 its metallic value was such that it could not be coined or circulated. For years the mint had sold specimens of the coin to collectors as a curiosity. In the revision of 1873 this unknown and futile piece was dropped.

No legislative act in our history has created so much rancor and public disturbance. The Republican Party maintained through three presidential campaigns that the dropping of the dollar was a deliberate, reasoned act of a Congress that believed in the gold standard and intended to abolish bimetallism. The Democrats declared with fanatic hate that this "crime of '73" was a surreptitious trick perpetrated by a committee under the influence of Eastern bankers. It is a question which of these two famous party doctrines is the more absurdly incorrect. The omission of the dollar was a routine matter of coinage legislation, confirming a condition that had existed for forty years without public interest or comment. Not one person connected with the measure had recognized the significance of this alteration of the coinage standard. The Treasury official who drafted the measure, the committees that worked on it for three years, the Congress that passed it, and the President who approved it were alike innocent of any real understanding of what they had

done. If the silver representatives in Congress, who had been able to write into the bill the trade dollar provisions they desired, had even remotely grasped the meaning of the elimination of the silver dollar, the law of 1873 would never have been passed. These interests knew every word in the measure.

In the fall of 1873 the value of silver began a precipitate decline, almost as rapid as that of the present day. The price soon reached a point where bullion owners could have made a large profit from coining dollars at the old ratio of sixteen to one. But the law had abolished bimetallism. This development arrived simultaneously with the long and painful depression which began in 1873. There was a world-wide decline in general prices. The situation worked sad injury to the Middle West, with its over-expanded agriculture, and to the South, torn by war and reconstruction.

THE stage was set for the most colorful political drama in American history. The silver interests seized upon the depression as their opportunity. American bimetallism, which had never worked in practice, would end a world depression. The dropping of the silver dollar, which had been unanimously accepted by Congress, was a fraud perpetrated on a distressed people. The "dollar of our fathers," which the fathers had never known, had been stolen from the common people by the interests. The masses of the people, economically illiterate and sorely stricken by depression, eagerly clutched at this economic straw. Led by Senators Jones, Teller, Bland and others, the

free silver members of Congress kept the country in turmoil for two decades.

The revival of free silver at sixteen to one would have involved the country in a financial disaster without parallel in our history, and yet the passage of such a measure was imminent for a generation. The political history of the times is an open chapter, but only the close student of Congressional history knows what legislative tricks and partisan stratagems were employed to obtain an increased coinage of silver and how narrowly national financial suicide was averted. Bill after bill dealing with routine matters of finance carried open provisions or disguised "jokers" of bimetallic purpose. Senator Sherman himself introduced one of these jokers. The House actually passed such a measure.

In the end the silver forces were too powerful to be further resisted. In desperation the sound money members accepted the Bland-Allison Act. The measure may justly be acclaimed the most inexcusable financial blunder in a century-long series of financial mistakes by Congress. In effect it merely ordered the United States to buy and coin into silver dollars not less than \$24,000,000 worth of silver bullion a year. It did not restore bimetallism. It did not stimulate business by increasing the volume of money in circulation. It merely forced the people of this country to buy the annual output of our silver mines. Inasmuch as this was the sole objective of the silver Senators they ceased their clamor. The people were deceived by the apparent restoration of silver coinage, and the gold monometallists were

glad to accept this hybrid measure in lieu of the almost certain establishment of bimetallism. The annual gift to the silver miners became a routine part of Treasury operations. It was maintained for twelve years.

For a time the measure did no harm. A steady flow of dollars poured from the mints. But the coin was clumsy, unfamiliar, and of very dubious value. The general public rejected it. The negligible population of the West, for partisan purposes, accepted the coin, as did the Southern Negroes, whose inability to read led them to reject printed bills. The great bulk of the dollars poured back into the Treasury in tax payments. Eventually their ownership was transferred from the Treasury, where they were a danger and an embarrassment, to the general public through the device of the silver certificate. The legal ownership of the coins was vested in the holders of the certificates, while the coins lay in a huge inert mass in the Treasury.

For a time the silver interests were content with the subsidy they had extracted, but the American output of silver was increasing. In the Sherman Act of 1890 there was incorporated, as part of a "log-rolling" combination of measures in that famous law, a silver-purchase clause. It was virtually a provision requiring the Government to double its purchases of silver bullion. The amount to be purchased was exactly the annual volume produced in United States mines. So open was the intent to take care of the silver market that the framers of the law did not trouble themselves with provision for the coinage or other disposition of all the metal to be purchased. By 1893 the

two silver-buying laws had forced into the currency more than \$400,000,000 in new money. The gold standard could not stand the strain. In the fall of that year a series of adverse economic events brought on a severe financial panic and ushered in the most tragic period of unemployment, destitution, and general industrial misery the American people have ever experienced. The Treasury found itself unable to meet the demands for redemption in gold of the Treasury notes which had been used to pay for the silver bullion. The Sherman Act was hastily repealed, but its fell influence had already brought economic disaster to the people.

These two ill-favored silver subsidies left as a final heritage more than 550,000,000 silver dollars piled in the recesses of the Treasury. They are owned by the millions of us who daily use the familiar one and two dollar silver certificates. The dollars lie in the vaults, a sodden, undigested mass of coins, of debased character and bar sinister lineage. At the present writing each of them is worth about twenty-three cents. Long since they should have been eliminated as a menace to the financial integrity of our Government, by the simple process of converting them into dimes, quarters, and half-dollars as such coins are needed. No Treasury official, no member of Congress, no President, dares face the savage opposition a proposal for such action would arouse among the entrenched silver forces in Washington.

The World War was a godsend to the silver miners. For many years the price of silver had played around sixty cents an ounce. War conditions

drove the price to more than \$1. In 1918 the British Government found itself unable to obtain enough silver to maintain the gold-exchange standard in India. In desperate straits, England appealed to her ally, the United States, to part with some of the dust-covered millions of silver dollars in the Treasury. Here was a providential opportunity to rid the country of a useless and dangerous element in the currency. It was necessary only to call in the silver certificates, break up the dollars, and sell the metal to England. No imaginative economist could ever have visioned so ideal a juxtaposition of events as this. It would never come again.

But it was not to be. The same forces that drove the country to financial collapse in 1893 mustered their strength and obtained passage of the Pittman Act. The law provided for the sale of not more than 350,000,000 of the dollars at not less than \$1 per ounce of metal, and it directed the Treasury to repurchase exactly the same amount of bullion at the same price from American silver mines and to recoin it into dollars.

If the Bland-Allison Act takes first rank among the blunders of American finance, the Pittman Act may justly claim precedence among all the anti-social measures ever passed in the interests of private profits. The War had already brought an extraordinary price for silver, and now England was in dire need. The silver interests had expected to deliver silver to England on their own terms. England's appeal to our Treasury had menaced this golden prospect. Efforts to prevent the de-

livery of the coins could not succeed, but Congress could be induced to rescue a part of the anticipated profits by forcing the American people to re-buy all that had been sold at the swollen prices engendered by the War. Otherwise this assistance to our ally, without which British War finance would have collapsed, would never have passed the Senate filibuster that would have greeted it.

Some 260,000,000 American silver dollars were broken up and sold to England at a price slightly in excess of \$1 per ounce. In the years after the War an equivalent amount was bought back, from United States producers, at virtually the same price of \$1 per ounce. The average price of silver at the time of the purchases was about sixty-five cents an ounce. The United States presented the unique and edifying spectacle of a Government buying many ounces of silver for the useful end of subsidiary coinage at sixty-five cents an ounce and buying millions of ounces more for no purpose whatever at \$1 an ounce, the resultant coins to go back to their endless sleep in the vaults. The actual cash loss on the purchases was some \$70,000,000. The total costs of the measure far exceed this sum. The sales to England had relieved the country of an obligation of \$260,000,000. The repurchases restored this obligation. The metallic value of the dollars at the time of sale was more than \$200,000,000. Their present value is \$60,000,000. The difference represents the additional loss. That the Congress of the United States should pass such a measure as the Pittman Act is a tragic commentary on government in a democracy.

AND now at long last we arrive at the present day, for this disin-terment of the dry bones of monetary history exposes the forces back of the present disturbance over silver. The Pittman Act was, eventually, a boomerang. The artificial market stimulated production all over the world, and the completion of the repurchases destroyed the unnatural market. Silver prices began a decline that became a headlong rout in 1930. Early this year the price fell to twenty-five cents, and it has not been far above that level since.

Inasmuch as there has been a persistent, organized propaganda to advance the theory that the decline in silver is a salient factor in the world depression, it is worth while to look at the causes of silver's decline. The nations of Europe went on an inflated paper basis during the War, with consequent dislocation of their monetary standards. Their silver subsidiary coins could not be retained. A number of them, more especially England, Belgium, France, and the French dependency, Indo-China, called in their silver coins and melted them, replacing them with paper, base metal coins, or silver pieces of much smaller silver content. Naturally they have thrown the bul- lion on the market. Other nations have, for reasons growing out of cur- rency difficulties during the War, greatly reduced their post-War coin- age of subsidiary silver pieces. China, the only important country on the silver standard, has had grave in- ternal disorders that diminished her commerce and industry, thus reduc- ing the power of the country to ab- sorb new silver. In the midst of the troubles the Kemmerer commission

went to China and after a survey of the situation recommended the abolition of the single silver standard. In the light of the present world situation and China's disturbed state, it is not likely that the recommendations will have immediate results. But they exerted an adverse influence on the world silver market.

These were minor factors in the decline of silver. There were two others, much more weighty. The post-War recession in international trade and the decline in silver prices completely reversed the conditions that had forced England to bolster up India's gold-exchange standard with silver bullion. The British authorities found themselves with vast quantities of surplus silver. In 1926 they decided upon technical changes in the currency, including the establishment of a gold-bullion standard, whose net result was a further accumulation of silver rupees that had to be sold in part to preserve the gold foundation of the system. The silver is sold to the Indian people, to become as dowries for brides, as anklets and bracelets for the women, and as stored up property, a part of the unnumbered millions of ounces that have poured into India for centuries. The actual sales by the British authorities have not been very large, but psychologically they have terrorized the holders of silver stocks the world over, for the reason that the Indian Treasury holds more than 300,000,000 ounces in its portfolio still unsold. The primary aim of the movement for international negotiations is to bring pressure on England to extract a guarantee that this enormous reserve, more than the world's annual production, will not be sold in

whole or in part to the Indian population. And, finally, the world depression demoralized international trade, restricted the industrial consumption of silver, diminished subsidiary coinage, and above all reduced the power of both China and India to absorb further supplies.

The world's silver market, facing increased production on one side and these adverse conditions on the other, broke badly. This break accounts for the disturbance over silver in America. Once more Congress is to come to the aid of the industry. Even before the resolution of last February, publicity in the interest of silver was being systematically disseminated. As far back as last October Senator Oddie, of Nevada, presented a proposal for a reduction of the size of our silver dollar and half-dollar. Senators Pittman and Borah have made eloquent pleas for silver over the radio. Economists have been bombarded with copies of the Congressional reports and speeches in support of governmental restoration of the price of silver.

THE developments have not been entirely devoid of humor. During the winter Senator Pittman vigorously urged a project to have the United States buy 200,000,000 ounces of silver bullion and lend it to the Chinese Government. This grotesque proposal was too much even for the Senator's own committee and it failed of passage. But it was under consideration long enough for the astonished Chinese financial interests to report that they had not asked for such a loan, had no desire for it, and would reject it if it were tendered. The many editorial writers who pon-

derously discussed the proposal failed to note the touch of irony in this solicitude for the plight of the Chinese on the part of Western Senators who have been lifelong haters of the Chinese and who had just approved a tariff measure that works grave injury to Chinese prosperity. Just at the time when the outcry for governmental interference was at its loudest the Academy of Political Science asked Sir James Arthur Salter to address them on the question, only to have that eminent British expert reluctantly but pitilessly expose the economic fallacies behind the whole stabilization movement.

President Hoover, hard pressed by the persistent clamor, was driven to announce that he would not oppose American participation in an unofficial conference sponsored by some other nation. Beyond this our Government would not go. Thus the resolution failed signally of its purposes, which were to force Great Britain into an agreement to refrain from sales of silver and to coerce the United States into some form of action to raise the price of silver. The attempt to bring about an unofficial conference has likewise failed. When it became obvious that all the tumult had accomplished nothing, Senator Borah came out openly with an angry threat of revival of the free silver issue, while Senator Pittman departed for China. Senator Oddie had already gone to that country to gather ammunition for the silver cause.

The proponents of silver recognize no hampering facts or principles in their espousal of the cause. The elaborate report of the Senate subcommittee presented with the resolu-

tion abounds in economic fallacy and misleading implication. In June Senator Smoot took to the President four Western silver producers to urge the preposterous proposal that the Allies' War debts be paid in silver bullion. Repeatedly they have declared that the fall of silver is a major cause of the world depression. Time after time they have stated that the decline has cut in half the purchasing power of one-half the human race. Even President Hoover has told the American Bankers Association that "the buying power of India and China, dependent upon the price of silver, has been affected." A fall in the price of silver has no more effect on the buying power of India than it has on the buying power of Indiana. China alone among all the important countries of the world has the single silver standard. The population of China, added to the population of all the minor countries still tied up with silver currency values, makes up much less than one-fourth of the world's population, and it is a proportion that plays but a minor part in world trade and industry. All the remaining countries, including India and the Latin American republics, have the gold standard, the gold-exchange standard, or an irredeemable paper money.

In China only, among nations of any economic consequence, is there a connection between prosperity and the price of silver. In most of the world silver is a commodity, like corn or zinc or leather, far less valuable than platinum or gold and somewhat more expensive than nickel or mercury. In declining volume it is still used, by habit and tradition only, as a raw material of subsidiary coinage,

and it enjoys a wide use industrially and for ornament. The silver industry in America has about the same claims to political favors as any other producer of a somewhat luxurious commodity, such as the silk industry or the celery industry, save only the fact that silver has already enjoyed governmental largess for a half-century.

As for China, it is a question whether the fall in the value of silver has affected that country materially. Undoubtedly imports from gold-standard countries have been made more expensive. But the foreign trade of China is at most but a trivial consideration in Chinese economic life, and the great Chinese masses, using chiefly brass and copper money, are but remotely affected by the price of silver. The intense suffering of the Chinese as a result of falling silver values, so feelingly depicted by the Senators from the Chinese-loving states of Nevada and Idaho, is confined mainly to that small section of the American and European population of the coastal cities whose incomes are in Chinese silver. If the decline in silver has prevented Chinese importation of foreign commodities, by the same token the purchases of Chinese products by gold-standard countries should have multiplied. Look at the figures:

	1929	1930	decline
U. S. imports from China	\$166,000,000	\$101,000,000	39%
U. S. exports to China	124,000,000	89,000,000	28%
U. S. exports to all countries	5,240,000,000	3,843,000,000	27%

We have here the astonishing fact that China, in the face of a doubled cost for foreign goods, actually maintained its purchasing power far

better than the United States, which should have, with Chinese prices cut in half, greatly increased its purchases. Quite as significant is the fact that in 1930 our exports to gold-standard countries declined in almost precisely the same degree as our sales to the Chinese people. But it is not necessary to labor this point. China's import trade has been somewhat reduced by the fall of silver, while her export trade has been vitally injured by the world depression. The *Harvard Business Review* for April, 1931, has shown, in a careful statistical study, that the decline in silver is a negligible factor among the causes of the world depression and that the revival of silver prices would not hasten the return of prosperity.

The general effect of cheaper silver is to increase the quantity of money in circulation in China and in a way to stimulate prices and industry. If the Chinese importer must pay twice as much for foreign goods, the Chinese exporter will in the end receive twice as much for his Chinese products, although this resultant is not achieved at once. Since the middle of 1929 the fall in the price of silver has been paralleled by a drastic reduction in world prices for gold-standard goods. Where the decline in the price of gold-standard commodities has equalled the drop in silver, as in some cases, the Chinese buyer is paying no more for his imports than in the past. It seems highly probable that the new tariff law that bears the name of Senator Smoot has worked as much havoc with Chinese trade as the fall in silver, although neither has done the damage that has accrued from the paralysis of industry in gold-standard countries. A sudden and

artificial restoration of the value of silver to sixty cents an ounce would double the cost of Chinese goods in all gold-standard markets. Under present conditions it would all but destroy what little export business the depression has left the Chinese people.

GOVERNMENTAL resuscitation of silver would possibly be of some benefit to Mexico. Here and there over the world it would give some comfort to insignificant countries, such as Uruguay, that have bungled their attempts to maintain the gold-standard. But its one material result would be its aid to the silver producers. Just what is the economic stake of the United States in this industry that is able to harass a President, dominate Congress and stir up international discord? In recent years the annual world production of silver has been about 250,000,000 ounces. Of this total United States mines produce 55,000,000 to 60,000,000 ounces. The total United States product at current prices is worth about \$18,000,000. The silver industry in this country is thus about as important as the suspender industry. It ranks far below the peanut industry. As to the number of men to whom it gives employment, it is of no consequence. For silver in the United States is overwhelmingly a by-product of the mining and smelting of copper, lead, and zinc. Silver is chiefly a residue from the production of other metals, and in this sense the bulk of its production employs no labor, calls for no capital investment, and has no cost. There is no natural price for silver produced in the United States. The relentless political maneuvering to

better the price of silver is not prompted by a need to support an industry or promote prosperity. It is solely a drive to increase the monetary return from a fortuitous and adventitious product of another industry. This peculiar economic and industrial status of silver explains the extraordinary political strength of the silver movement. Silver is in itself a petty product of American industry, but it has behind it not only the direct influence of the silver miners but also the solid support of the copper, lead, zinc, and gold mining interests. These latter refine each year, from domestic and foreign ores, much more than twice the total amount of silver coming from United States mines.

The political constitution of our upper legislative house lends itself to the promotion of sectional interests of this type. The States that produce material amounts of silver are in the main thinly populated Western States, but they are strongly represented in the Senate. The five States that lead in silver production, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, and Nevada, have a combined population less than that of Philadelphia, but their representation in the Senate is more than ten per cent of the strength of that body. Nevada, with a total population less than that of Little Rock, Arkansas, or Yonkers, New York, has as much weight in Senate proceedings as Illinois or Pennsylvania. Consider further that the silver interests, now as in free-silver days, know no partisan lines. They are single-minded in their devotion to the cause in a Senate in which a small bloc can control the balance of power in vital issues such as the tariff

or agricultural relief. Consider finally that the intricate and subtle problems of currency and international finance are beyond the understanding of the rank and file of House and Senate. The majority will now, as for more than a hundred years in the past, approve any monetary measure presented by the powerful committees in charge of finance bills.

At the current session of Congress the silver interests, balked of their designs so far, will try again. They are in angry mood. The grim spectre of American bimetallism will be

raised again. Economic vicissitudes have always been turned to the advantage of the silver interests. The inherent tendency of the American people to embrace inflation, through paper money, bond issues, or bimetallism, when the heavy burdens of unemployment and low prices press upon them, makes depression periods especially favorable to their projects. William Jennings Bryan, in a dramatic and history-making speech, said that mankind should not be crucified upon a cross of gold. The Savior of mankind was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver.



Inefficient, Incompetent or Dishonest

BY HERBERT C. PELL

Tariffs can protect only such industries as the title names

IN THE past, there was something, from a purely economic point of view, in the "infant industry" argument for a high tariff. Enterprises which had been well developed in the great industrial states of Europe could not be set up in this country unless during their adolescent period they were protected from the onslaughts of powerful competitors. A few years, ten or fifteen at the most, would suffice to establish a new industry firmly enough to face the competition of the world. In order to set up this new industry, it was assumed by some economists that it might be proper to force the country to pay a slightly higher price for a comparatively short time.

Except for this "infant industry" theory, no intelligent economist has ever advanced, in favor of protection, a serious argument based on the general interest.

The statements — they are not arguments — generally put forth in favor of protection in this country are: first, that high duties are necessary to preserve American wages and

standards of living and second, that the United States has had a protective system for a long time and is, on the whole, the most prosperous of nations. Each of these is based on premises which the slightest consideration will show to be utterly false.

The statement that a tariff is necessary in order to protect American wages and the American standards of living obviously rests on the assumption that American labor in industry gives less product for its pay than does the labor of competing countries.

It is quite true that in most of the European countries, two men will share the wages of one American but it is equally true that it will take three or more to do his work. The high wages paid to the American laborer are not the result of scarcity or of extortion, but of efficiency. It is true that the ordinary laborer in the United States receives far better wages, both money and real, than does the laborer in any other country but there can be no doubt that he produces far more for his employer than does his competitor. American

labor is not, as is suggested by these tariff advocates, an incubus, hanging on American industry and extorting for itself an undue share of the product.

I have received a letter from Robert F. Martin, Senior Economic Analyst, Division of Statistical Research, in the United States Government Department of Commerce in which he says,

With regard to the share of labor in returns from production, it is quite common for people to note the rise in wages and ignore the concurrent rise in labor productivity. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has made some detailed studies of the productivity of labor over a period of years which will be of interest to you. To take a single example, it was found that in the merchant blast furnace industry the output in gross tons of pig iron per man-hour was .141 in 1912 to 1914, .144 in 1919, .178 in 1921, .213 in 1923, .244 in 1924, .285 in 1925 and .296 in 1926. You will note that by 1925 the labor productivity had doubled over the pre-War figure, and by 1926 had more than doubled over the immediate post-War period. Of course more efficient management and some mechanical improvements have had some part in increasing productivity, but the fact remains that for a given unit of labor, production has been rapidly increasing.

The readiness of American labor as distinguished from that of some other countries to accept and adapt itself to mechanical improvements has fostered the increased productivity per workman, with resulting lower labor costs, with at the same time higher per capita wages. The most striking example of the results of the adoption of machinery I know of are reported by the Bureau of Labor for the glass industry. Taking the productivity and labor cost by the hand method as a base of 100, the production of various types of bottles by machinery shows a labor productivity of from 742 to 4110 and labor cost per unit of from 3 to 17.

In 1929, 16,910 workers in twenty-eight typewriter factories received

\$22,352,443; an average of \$1,380.98 a year per worker. The statistics of the United States Government show that the value added to the material by manufacture per wage earner was \$3,476 per year; almost two and one-half times the amount paid in wages, and 1929 was not a year of low pay. This would hardly indicate that the laborer in the United States is a grafter, extorting more than his share of the national production from the noble manufacturer.

It is true that labor in the typewriter industry is well directed and well handled and that the industry as a whole is a successful one and incidentally one which is in no need of tariff protection.

In 1929, 959,046 typewriters valued at \$54,443,357 were produced and 424,243 were exported which were worth \$22,843,000 and only 13,704 valued at \$41,559 were imported. These were mostly toys.

It is perfectly clear that an industry which is able so firmly to hold its market, that imports only less than five per cent of exports, is an industry which is valuable for the United States to maintain and to encourage. But it is equally clear that it is an industry which does not require the assistance of tariff percentages. It can stand by its own strength. It only needs to be free; it can lose more by Government inefficiency and interference than it can gain from Government aid. It needs protection from domestic bureaucrats, not from foreign competitors. Should it be sacrificed to help the weak, the incompetent or the corrupt?

The second statement is that the United States always has had a pro-

protective system and that it is a rich country; therefore, our prosperity depends on the continuance of the protective policy. This is hardly worthy of a serious answer. Every intelligent economist the world over knows perfectly well that the unparalleled and almost continuous well being of the United States can be attributed to the fact that it is the greatest free trade area in the world. An American manufacturer can without crossing any tariff barriers whatsoever reach a market of 120,000,000 people. This, even more than the unmatched natural resources of our country accounts for its great economic advantage over other nations. Under modern conditions, the larger the factory, the greater the possible economy and the larger the demand, the larger the possible factory.

If, for example, the area in which hats could be sold was limited to the town in which they were made, does any one imagine that the best and cheapest hats in the world would be made at Danbury, or can any one believe that if the Danbury hats could be sold only in Connecticut or only in New England, that they would be as good and as cheap as they are? Better and cheaper hats are made in Danbury than anywhere else, not because the Danbury manufacturers are protected from Austrian or English competitors, but because they have the largest potential market in the world and to a less extent, because they can draw freely on the resources of the entire United States for their raw material. With this magnificent market in view, a Danbury hatter can afford to install machinery so expensive that it would

crush manufacturers in any other nation in the world.

The superior economies of a large factory do not have to be demonstrated to the American people; but as a nation, we seem singularly unwilling to grasp the fact that large factories with their attendant economies are the result of the presence of demand rather than of the absence of competition.

At every election, the professional advocates of a tariff point out to American laborers that the great industrialists, anxious only for the welfare of their employes, require duties ranging from fifty per cent to a hundred per cent in order to continue an unearned wage to the laborers whom they cherish. That American labor has for more than a generation swallowed these absurdities is the best proof that its political intelligence has not developed sufficiently to organize for its own protection. As long as the leaders of labor are quadrennially gulled by the nonsensical and selfish patter of Home Market Clubs, the American capitalist need have no fear of an independent Labor Party.

II

INEFFICIENT, incompetent or dishonest industries are the only ones that can profit by a tariff. A protective tariff is a dam which blocks the normal economic channel and alters the flow of business in order to enrich certain favored fields. Naturally the ordinary person will buy at the best market; that is to say, the place where he can get the most for his money considering his own interests and tastes. If for any reason his access to a good market is

impeded, he may be forced to go to a bad one.

For example, if the population of an island found that ice prevented the approach of coal barges, it might find itself dependent for fuel on driftwood and when the supply of driftwood was exhausted, it might have to chop up its furniture. This would be a way of "protecting" the dealer in cheap chairs, but it would hardly be for the general good of the community and it would certainly work harm to the local coal dealers who could no longer supply the community with good and cheap fuel.

It is very important that we should always remember that no manufacturer would dream of asking for protection against an inferior article sold at a higher price than his own. No man asks for a handicap from an opponent that he can beat from scratch and if an industry does not fear free competition, it requires no protection.

Does any one suppose, for example, that a tariff of a thousand dollars a piece would materially lessen the number of typewriters brought into the United States? An American manufacturer of typewriters may fear the competition of his American rivals, but the free admission of European machines would be no possible danger for the very good reason that American typewriters are the best and the cheapest in the world. The only manufacturer who is anxious to erect barriers to prevent the American purchaser from reaching a foreign market is the man who realizes that it is to the interest of the ordinary American purchaser to buy abroad and that in spite of the

automatic protection given by three thousand miles of ocean, he is unable to meet his foreign competitor either in quality or in price. If the American product is worse in quality or higher in price than its foreign competitor, its producer must either go to the wall or induce the Government to impede the American purchaser from acting freely in his own interests and to assist him in foisting on his countrymen an inferior or more costly article.

It may be objected that among those clamoring for protection, and indeed among the most liberal contributors to the campaign funds of protectionist Congressmen, are found the leaders of certain American industries, the products of which are undoubtedly equal to those made in any other country in the world and the cheapness of which is attested by their very large exports. These are the "throttled industries" in which, in some cases all along the line and in others at some strategic point in their manufacture, an individual or a united group has achieved a control that practically does away with domestic competition.

Since the beginning of the century, except during the War and its immediate aftermath, American steel rails have been delivered at Liverpool more cheaply than they were sold at the mill door in Pittsburgh. I have seen American aluminum sold in London for a lower price than was charged for it in New York. This will suffice for illustration.

These industries, which are amply able to face world competition, want a tariff so as to preserve their monopoly in America. It is absurd to suggest that the management of the

Steel Corporation or of the Aluminum Company of America have been for almost a generation selling abroad at a loss in order to provide employment for those laborers whom they love so well. Neither the Steel Corporation nor the Aluminum Company is an eleemosynary institution. They are corporations organized for profit and their actions very properly are inspired by the desire to make the greatest possible gain. There is no reason that they should have any other purpose, but there is no reason either that they should be the favored children of the American Government, permitted year after year to charge a higher price to their countrymen than they get from their foreign customers.

It must be remembered that in the case of these companies, a considerable part of their finished product is the raw material of other businessmen. If, for example, an American manufacturer of airplanes is, because of the tariff, obliged to pay the Aluminum Company of America a higher price for a piece of aluminum than that same company charges his Belgian competitor in the free markets of the world, he will obviously be handicapped in his efforts to sell his product in South America. These "throttled industries," held in the grip of a small and well organized group which extracts an extortionate profit from them, obviously gain from a system which prevents the American purchaser from buying as cheaply as does the foreigner. But it does not seem to me that such monopolists should continue to be favored by the United States Government at the expense of the people at large.

III

THE advocates of a tariff often point out certain industries which they say could not exist without protection and which today employ a considerable number of people. This argument is the same as could be used to advocate the establishment of a pineapple industry in Norway.

At the present moment, Norway finds itself at the mercy of foreign pineapple growers. Prickly fruit produced under the unpaid sunlight of Florida or of Hawaii throttles the efforts of those patriotic Norwegians who are anxious to free their country from this humiliating foreign domination. It is hoped that their cries will soon be heard and that the Norwegian parliament will protect their patriotic efforts by the imposition of a duty of at least five dollars per pineapple. The result will inevitably be a new industry.

It is true that the Norwegian people will pay a high price for the fruit and few will be able to eat it at all, but these few will have the delightful assurance that they are supporting the Home Market Club and its beneficiaries. Gardeners will be employed and glaziers to build greenhouses; coal will be dug or electricity produced to warm and light them. A new industry will spring up. The professor of economics at the University of Oslo will undoubtedly suggest that the Svalbard coal used to heat the greenhouses could have been sold abroad for enough to buy ten times the total number of pineapples produced. Business men will address him in patronizing tones, "Oh yes, that sounds very well in theory but some-

how or other in practice we have seen that five dollar pineapples seemed to sort of come along on good fishing years — the kind which accompany general prosperity.”

The more violent business men of Norway will tell him that he is a wild-eyed professor who has committed the vile offense of knowing what long words mean and who is apparently ready “to burn down the barn to get rid of the rats” and is probably inspired by Bolshevism, Atheism or whatever the unpopular “ism” in Norway happens to be that year.

The entire stupid party of Norway will be aroused to oppose him. The members of the Storting, whose campaign funds have been financed by the pineapple barons, will denounce him as a cloistered theorist, an impractical professor or even worse — oh horrid term! — an internationalist, who merely to raise the standard of living of all Norway, is ready to set a handful of gardeners to some useful work and sacrifice the interests of those profiteers who have so patriotically installed in control of the Government of Norway the party of prosperity and of the full dinner pail, and who in return for their contributions to the only party fit to govern, demand no reward except the privilege of selling pineapples at five dollars apiece. It seems a cheap price to pay for the honor and glory of being governed by the best minds.

Of course nothing could be more absurd than the hypothesis that a nation should serve its industries rather than that the industries should serve the nation. An inefficient or unsuitable business is not a proper

subject of public charity. If it can not support itself and can not deliver its product as cheaply as can others, it should be abandoned. If natural conditions unfit this or any other country for the production of a particular article, then that article should not be produced in the country. If natural conditions or the wage scale prevent the economic development of a particular industrial enterprise, then the intelligent commercial mentality should direct its efforts elsewhere.

There are in the United States many industries which use labor at high wages most successfully and are able to produce their goods better and cheaper than can their rivals in any country in the world. It is these industries which should be supported and encouraged. Our present policy oppresses and discourages them. It ties around their neck the burden of supporting the incompetently managed or the unsuitably located.

We can charge nothing to nothing. Inefficiency must be paid for by efficiency. The losses of nationally unprofitable businesses must be made up from the gains of those which succeed. Any increase in general prices obviously means a decrease in real wages and the lowering of the standard of living. An American skilled mechanic receives about thirty dollars cash wages a week. For this, he can buy a ready made suit of clothes of about the same quality as he could have made to measure on the markets of the world for fifteen dollars. It seems absurd that an American workman should be paid three times the price of a four-wheeled car for his work in a year and only fifty times the value of a

suit of clothes. The practical result is that in every person's budget an unduly large amount goes to support the unskillfully administered industries which must, of course, be taken from the amount which otherwise would have been spent on the more efficient products.

If we were not obliged to pay an enormous tribute to the manufacturers of protected articles, we would as a nation be able to spend a very much larger amount on motors and typewriters, electrical appliances and cheap hats. This increased demand would increase the efficiency of our good factories and would strengthen their hold on the markets of the world.

IV

"KEEP the money in the country" — "Buy American goods" — these are the slogans of the Mercantile theory — which has not been seriously held by any intelligent student of economics since the Eighteenth Century, when it was finally disposed of by Adam Smith. It is based on a profound misunderstanding of the nature, purpose and function of money. Gold coin is regarded as something essentially different from ordinary merchandise and as something particularly worthy of being hoarded. Any expenditure of effort, time or other materials is justified if it will add to the mass of gold already accumulated in the country. This is a policy which we have followed and which is the cause of our present misfortunes and the misfortunes of many other countries. Before the War, the excess of our exports over our imports was taken up by payments of debts owed by us to foreign countries. Since the

War, although a creditor nation, we have attempted to continue to sell more than we have bought. "Favorable trade balances" were the object of dazzled politicians and this policy was continued until we had gathered together half the gold in the world and finally collapsed under the ill-balanced and unused hoard. The gold which we have accumulated at the cost of so much labor, ingenuity and material will have to be given away or loaned at absurd terms to any one who will carry it off. It is to be hoped that the present crisis will mark the end of mercantilism in the United States. It will certainly do so if it is severe enough to compel the average American to give some thought to economic matters. If, however, the poverty, hardship and discomfort of the present crisis have not impressed the average intelligent American sufficiently to oblige him to give serious consideration to their causes, we will go on in the same old way until in the course of nature we run into a period of hard times sufficiently severe to arouse his resentment. After all, if the majority of victims are too selfish or cowardly to resent being robbed, we can hardly expect any prolonged enthusiasm in their behalf from others.

The intelligent observer will continue to despise the gull, the good sport, the Pollyanna; those who profit from their stupidity will continue to realize that the main source of great American fortunes will never run dry until the sucker crop fails.

The present crisis will continue until the dupes emerge from their hiding place and once more start buying and selling — in other words, when the rapacity of the stupid be-

comes greater than their cowardice. Poverty will slowly consume the mass of overproduction — business will start up again and we will once more be in the best of all possible worlds; once more the lambs will flock in with their new grown wool and we will again have prosperity until again the great rob the little shearers. This dull and silly round will last as long as we have a continuous supply of lambs ready to sacrifice their wool.

Mercantilism, of course, is the theory of the miser. How would we appraise the intelligence of a lawyer who could earn fifty thousand dollars a year by the practice of his profession but who spent two weeks out of every month, mowing his lawn or shovelling snow, gathering fuel, or cutting ice in order to save the few hundreds of dollars that he might otherwise have had to give to unskilled laborers hired to perform these services for him? It would be as intelligent as using a silver spoon for a gardening implement.

The division of labor is the beginning of material civilization. There are many local specialties within the nation. Oranges are not grown commercially in Vermont and hats are not made in Arizona. There is no agriculture in New York City. All this because other parts of the country are better suited for the production of the various commodities or because equally good raw material can be purchased more cheaply elsewhere.

V

A VERY good illustration of the workings of the tariff can be seen in the development of the

manufacture of chocolate in Switzerland. I remember well when I was a boy, about thirty years ago, you could be perfectly certain of making a hit with your best girl if you gave her a box of Swiss chocolate. It was a great and rather rare and exotic luxury which would indicate to the dazzled young lady that you were a traveled man of the world. Today, you can not get on any train in America without having the name of one or another Swiss chocolate manufacturer bawled into your ear by a train peddler. The cause of this change in the status of Switzerland is rather interesting and like so many things in Europe goes back to Napoleon.

When the English gained complete control of the sea, there was a serious effort made by the French to develop a sugar manufacture on the Continent and it was from these wars against the English that the sugar beet industry is derived. For years, there was a high tariff on sugar brought into France and some thirty or forty years ago the Germans and the Russians decided that they could no longer be dependent on cane sugar producers. Of course, no sane German or Russian would buy sugar at a high price when it was readily available at a lower. Therefore, high tariffs were placed on sugar coming into Germany and into Russia and this materially lowered the price of cane sugar. The Swiss, who entertained no patriotic or militaristic desire to make sugar out of edelweiss, were ready to absorb the deluge. If other countries decided to sell sugar cheaply, the Swiss received it gladly and the result of the acceptance by the Swiss of the bargains offered

them by other nations was the enormous increase in their exports of chocolate. There is not in all of Switzerland half an acre devoted to the culture of sugar cane or cocoa beans and yet the production of chocolate has become a great asset to Swiss business.

Does any one imagine that Switzerland as a nation would be better off today if its confectioners had confined themselves to sweets made from Alpine honey or if the Swiss people had been obliged to drink their coffee sour or sweetened with barley sugar? How would it have profited them if they had imitated the United States and given to beet sugar growers (beet sugar would be no more economically unprofitable to Switzerland than it is to the United States) a considerable part of the money which they now spend on other necessities, comforts or luxuries?

The attention of the whole world has been attracted by the British dole. We see the English nation bleeding to death, its strength sapped and its energy blanchd by the loss of millions of pounds taken from the industrious and from the successful to be given to the unemployed.

It has been pointed out time and again that a great many of the beneficiaries of the dole, certain of their Government stipend, are making very little effort to achieve independence. Great numbers of citizens appear to have become permanent

Government pensioners. Those who are able to support themselves are dragged down by the load around their necks. English manufacturers who could otherwise compete on equal terms with foreigners, find themselves so oppressed by taxes levied to a considerable extent for the dole, that they can no longer carry on and yet in this country we continue to maintain a dole far more costly than that of Great Britain. But it is not, as in England, for the benefit of the poor and unemployed, but for the rich and powerful.

It costs the people of the United States, directly and indirectly, ten times as much as would any conceivable dole. Manufacturers, finding themselves provided with a license to overcharge and realizing that the Government will not expose them to the competition of their more skillful rivals, feel very little inclination to develop their plants to any real degree of efficiency.

American politicians are quite as responsive to the contributions of the American tariff beneficiaries as the English Parliament is to the dole vote. I am inclined to agree with Shakespeare, — "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." I see no reason to prefer a subsidy for the rich to a dole for the poor. Taxing the rich to profit the poor may be an unwise policy, but bleeding the exsanguinous in order to stuff the gorged is against nature.

Disarmament and Bootleg Armaments

BY LEWIS EINSTEIN

There are more things to be considered at the Disarmament Conference in February than apparent military forces

AT THE Meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce held in Washington last May, President Hoover referred to the importance of the Disarmament Conference of 1932, as follows:

"Of all the proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the world I know of none which compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of that Conference."

The President expressed an opinion widely held in the United States and associated in the minds of many Americans with the belief that Europe is preparing for the next war. This conviction carries with it a good deal of indiscriminate blame on all continental nations, even the most peace loving, who are lumped together in one wholesale condemnation. Many Americans would therefore like to see our concessions in War debts balanced, in some unexplained way, by European concessions in armaments. A disarmament policy seems to carry out the doubly meritorious purpose of

being a step toward peace and a step toward economic progress.

The desirability of an all around reduction in armaments admits of no doubt, but this can neither be accomplished solely on economic merits, nor will disarmament by itself and without other measures be a step toward peace. Armaments, it is pointed out, lead to suspicion, but suspicion leads to armaments, and in last resort both will depend on the opinion which prevails whether the peace treaties are to be upset by violence or modified solely by pacific methods. Should Mr. Hoover press for a great reduction in armaments without considering the functional connection which these have with the treaties he will entangle us in a European question and repeat his former mistakes of seeking to isolate a purpose which is entirely desirable in itself but which can not be divorced from its environment.

The Administration has already done enough harm to our international relations by artificially segregating the most laudable aims

when these could not be separated from other qualifying factors. Are examples needed? At the Naval Conference, Mr. Hoover having in mind a commendable goal inadvertently embroiled France and Italy and failed to achieve the results proclaimed, because he had neglected to appreciate the diplomatic background of his problem in spite of warnings received from American officials abroad. Last June the President was acclaimed as a new world leader when he announced his famous Plan and enjoyed the first real wave of popularity since his election, by reversing what he had previously said. The unfortunate mistake he made in his diplomacy of omitting to obtain the previous coöperation of France until too late vitiated most of the benefits our sacrifice might otherwise have secured. The initiative which he had snatched for an instant fell when it became clear that his Plan was merely an interruption followed by a void and that the President remained content as a spectator to watch events. Mr. Hoover had seen in the world crisis mainly a financial question, highly important, but in which his own powers were limited. It was natural that he should not venture further along this line, but regrettable that he neglected to discern the importance of restoring confidence in other ways toward a peaceful solution of the world's difficulties, where a policy of his own might have taken a real lead.

Mr. Hoover is still in time to avoid repeating his former mistakes. His wish to secure a reduction in armaments will be realized if he instils conviction that only by peace-

ful means can the treaties be modified and that violence will lead to disaster. He will succeed or fail in proportion as he obtains acceptance for this belief and not by pressing for technical adjustments of military establishments.

THE question which concerns us is Franco-German relations. In the opinion of many people, France, by maintaining a large army while Germany is disarmed, contributes to European unrest. The French argument that they will reduce their armaments only against corresponding guarantees of security given by other nations meets in many quarters of the United States with the same sympathy which a heavyweight champion would receive if he asked for protection from a weakling whom he had just knocked out.

Yet the image is not accurate. That Mr. Hoover sees also the French point of view and has attempted to offer it some satisfaction was shown by his tentative suggestion made after the Naval Conference regarding a consultative pact. Fortunately, though for other reasons, this met with little favor in America, for it guaranteed only talk. Lately, there have been intimations at Washington that as the price of French support, Germany might be asked to give up her second pocket battleship and renounce her hope to regain the Polish Corridor. These measures even if practical would only show, perhaps, the least important side of the problem. There is little danger of the present German Government's taking steps which will lead to war, even if it is unwilling or unable to restrain the action of

misguided underlings. There is little danger today in the German regular army, for to a certain extent this can be controlled and kept within reasonable limits. But there is an immense risk in the great half-militarized associations, whose growing activity in a different world from that of official figures and pacific declarations enjoys the sympathy and support of large and influential sections of the German people. These have the numbers, the spirit and the discipline — they still lack much material equipment though the plant and technical skill exist to prepare this at short notice.

Their programme is notorious. Their ambition is to tear up the peace treaties, regain at least the old frontiers and restore Germany to her former greatness. From a German point of view this is patriotic. From any other it means future war. The failure of their plebiscite in Prussia, last August, six weeks after the Hoover Plan had been announced, was considered with little reason abroad as a setback. Yet they brought to the polls nearly ten million voters, or thirty-six per cent of the electorate, and the same ratio would have given them fourteen millions for the whole of Germany. Their gains at the recent elections in Hamburg show them still in the ascendant, helped by the terrible crisis which Germany is traversing. They have made capital out of world depression by their prediction that the Young Plan and the policy of fulfilment would lead Germany to chaos.

It may be difficult to assign to subterranean associations an accu-

rate military value. They constitute bodies of men numbering millions, many of whom are organized along semi-military lines, who plan to upset the existing order in Germany and have before them a programme which can only be carried out by violence, and which blocks the way to European reconciliation.

THE German patriotic associations date from the troubled period which succeeded the World War. The *Werewolf*, the *Young German Order*, and the *Steel Helmets* were organized mainly by former combatants to fight the Revolution. Altogether they are believed to number today about 1,600,000 adherents, of which the *Steel Helmets* with their claim to one million members is by far the most important.

A Magdeburg manufacturer named Franz Seldte, who commanded a machine gun company in the War, founded the *Steel Helmets* late in 1918 with a view to preserving the companionship which men in every station of life acquired in the trenches.

Soon these assumed a reactionary Nationalist color, although better to preserve their unity, unlike the Nazis, they have never organized as a parliamentary party. They were declared illegal in Prussia after Rathenau's murder, but the prohibition was rescinded the following year. In 1929 they were outlawed in the Rhine Province and Westphalia. But in July 1930, after President Hindenburg had become an honorary member, the Association was again recognized.

The programme of the *Steel Hel-*

mets openly denounces the peace treaties and the surrender of German territory and colonies. Their members carry out military drills with weapons and instructors lent them, it is alleged, by the Reichswehr. Thus, last July a brief newspaper item announced that the Commandant at Königsberg authorized the Steel Helmets to hold their drill in the fortress grounds from which the public is excluded. French military critics assert that a number of them serve periods of instruction as volunteers in the ranks of the regular army, but such infractions of the peace treaty, although probable, are almost impossible to prove. Of far greater significance was the anti-Polish rally they held at Breslau last May. The sympathy the Steel Helmets meet with from the Monarchists was shown by the fact that a number of Silesian estates, including Oels, the residence of the former German Crown Prince, and Sybilenort the castle of the former King of Saxony, were placed at the disposal of their detachments for billeting, drill and military parades. One hundred and fifty thousand Steel Helmets, marching to the goosestep, waving the old Monarchist flag, wearing a semi-military uniform but without weapons, with their own squadron of airplanes flying overhead and field kitchens following, paraded for five hours before the ex-Crown Prince, the ex-King of Saxony and many former army leaders like Marshal von Mackensen. Two sons of the ex-Crown Prince who had joined the Steel Helmets took part in this parade as well as Prince Eitel Frederick, the ex-Kaiser's son, and,

of even greater significance, General Heye, until recently Commander of the Reichswehr. Later the ex-King of Saxony in the uniform of a Field Marshal inspected the Saxon detachment. And the ex-Crown Prince held a parade several thousands strong on his own estate, and inspected a guard of honor of 151 specially picked young men upon whom he conferred the distinction of henceforth calling themselves the Prince of Prussia's Companionship.

After parading, the Steel Helmets were drawn up to face the Polish frontier which was only a few miles away, and listened to the speech of their leader, Herr Seldte, who announced to his followers that the fight for the life of the German people would be decided in the East:

We do not abandon the Eastern Marches to the fore, we shall never recognize the frontiers of the Treaty of Versailles and we swear that we shall not rest until all German soil has come back to the Reich.

AN OFFICIAL Polish protest was made against the disturbing nature of this gathering to which the German Government replied that the Steel Helmets was a purely private organization and the Reich had no influence in its affairs. Yet one Polish and two Czech agents were arrested by the Breslau police for "spying" on the doings of a private association.

This manifestation took place one week before the German Ministers visited Chequers to ask for English assistance! Dr. Bruening, it was privately said in Germany, had taken no steps to prevent the rally lest the Steel Helmets should turn Nazi. The National Socialist "Na-

zis" are today the second and perhaps already the largest political party in Germany working in close alliance with the Steel Helmets and with a programme demanding that all people of German race shall be united by self-determination in one great Germany, the cancellation of the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, and for sufficient land and colonies. To spread these views they have held 20,000 mass meetings in a single year addressed by specially trained speakers. They employ 60,000 S.A. (i.e. *Sturm Abteilung*), the so called shock troops, recruited principally from former officers and students who wear the party uniform, are paid out of the party funds, insured by the party against injury, and whose duty is to protect their own meetings and break up those of their opponents. Skilful propaganda has enormously increased their influence. Boys of from fourteen to eighteen are being organized all over Germany as Hitler youths. The formation of the "cell" on the Bolshevik model is one of their tactical methods and every S.A. undertakes the duty of creating a cell in his place of work and in the district in which he lives. A bid for the working class vote is made, so far without much success. The party policy is, however, to establish friendly relations with the police and the army by personal contact and obtain the control of the Reichswehr and the Ministry of the Interior. Many younger officers on patriotic grounds are in warm sympathy with the party aims.

A particularly disquieting feature lies in the German official support given to Nationalist ideas which do

not make for peace. The prevalent opinion outside Germany is that there is a complete acceptance of the loss of Alsace Lorraine and that German hopes of recovery centre only in the East. But is this correct? On the occasion of the French evacuation of the Rhine the German Mint to commemorate an event which Paris regarded as an act of graciousness, struck a three mark coin bearing the inscription, "The Rhine is a German river but not the German frontier." Is it without significance that the new German pocket battleship has been officially designated the *Ersatz Lotbringen*? Such provocations may be regarded as feeble gestures which it is wiser to overlook. But in a situation as nervously strained as the one today, if we were in the same position, hearing threats and watching preparations, with the prospect that we might later have to fight on two fronts, would we feel the efforts of another power to reduce our margin of safety to be a step towards peace or the reverse?

IN A disarmed Germany there are believed to be today more than four million men who have received a complete military instruction. French experts are convinced that except for heavy artillery — for tanks can be made out of tractors — there exists sufficient equipment to put a million men immediately in the field. The budget of German National defense seemed high at 459,000,000 marks in 1924-25, but rose to 763,000,000 in 1928-29. The credits voted for maintenance and replacement of armaments were greater in 1930 than in the year

before the War, and large enough to manufacture many times the number of munitions and machine guns authorized by treaty. The cost of the half militarized *Schutz Polizei* figured in the 1928-29 budget at 870,000,000 marks.

Talking recently to a great European captain of industry, specially conversant with armaments, who is not a Frenchman, nor unfriendly to Germany, I asked his opinion about the credits which Berlin required. He was entirely in favor of granting these, but said he would make them conditional on the dissolution of the Steel Helmets, which in his opinion lived by propaganda, and the surrender to an international board of the control of the German Dyes Trust. I asked why, and he answered that future war was being prepared in its chemical laboratories, which were heavily subsidized by the German Government.

If his charge is correct, it is sufficiently disquieting.

Official armaments in Europe offer today only an incomplete side of a picture which conceals much more hidden militarism than is commonly suspected. The future of these organizations must be settled by the Germans themselves, but any attempt we make to cut down the regular military establishments, while taking notice of irregular ones, encourages the irresponsible elements in Germany. The more successful our effort, the greater will be this danger and the more we shall unconsciously take sides and aid those who now arm in the dark.

Mr. Hoover can promote disarmament only if he is prepared to give substance to the shadowy Kellogg Pact, and make plain our determination to keep peace. Let him announce that if ever the necessity arises we propose to decide for ourselves who is the future aggressor and take measures accordingly. If we can convince the world of a purpose which threatens no peace loving nation, it will be less difficult to obtain a reduction of armaments.

In the present disorder it is taking a great risk to try to weaken the few remaining props of peace, even if these have to find refuge behind military establishments. We show ourselves better friends of the German people by taking this view than attempting a one-sided disarmament for the benefit of those who read the future only in terms of war.

The Treaty of Versailles has few friends in the United States, but even Germans like the late Foreign Minister Von Kuhlmann admit that with all its faults it is now the basis of public law in Europe and that its destruction would lead to chaos and war. Only in one way must the Treaty never be revised and that is through another conflict. That other means exist to modify its provisions has been shown by the successive phases of Reparations. The responsibility will be before Mr. Hoover at the Disarmament Conference to refrain from encouraging violence by a short-sighted pacifism which would destroy the hopes of those who seek future peace.

The Lassiter Place

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

A Story

"I SHOVED my hat to the back of my head and I stuck out my chin. 'Laugh, you son of a hayseed. Laugh, damn you,' I might have been saying. But what I was really saying was, 'Which way to the haunted house?' Me asking the way to a haunted house!

"'You mean the Lassiter place, I reckon,' he says, looking me up and down.

"'I reckon I do,' I says.

"Time out while he shifted his chew. 'Well.' Pause. 'You see this here road?'

"'I ought to,' I says. 'I seem to be standing on it.'

"'Well . . .'

"'Follow it?'

"'Yes, sir.' He bobs his head up and down like I've done him a favor. 'Yes, sir, that's just what you do. You follow this road.'

"'Which way?' I pursues.

"'Sir?'

"'Which way? This way?' I pointed. 'Or that?'

"'Oh! That-a-way.' He nods the way we was headed. 'Yes, sir, you just follow this road that-a-way.'

"'How far?' I keeps on.

"'Well . . .'

"'One mile?'

"No sale.

"'Two mile?'

"'Yes, sir.' It clicked. 'Bout two mile, I'd say.'

"'Any way I can tell the house when I get there?'

"'Well . . .'

"'Any houses between here and the Lassiter place?'

"'No, sir,' he says. 'Don't seem like they are. That is . . .'

"'All right,' I says. 'That's just what I'm asking. I'm one of these crazy newspaper guys, just in case you should wonder about me after I'm gone. Out on a story, about that house, For the *Call*. Know anything else?'

"'Sir?'

"'Never you mind,' I says. 'You've had a long enough workout for one day already, I reckon. You better go home and rest.'

"'About that house,' he says, scratching his head.

"'Yeah?'

"'It's . . . well, it's . . .'

"'No kiddin'!' I says.

"'Yes, sir—I mean no, sir, I ain't kiddin'. That house . . .'

"'Never mind now,' I says. 'You just run along home. And don't believe all you read in the news-

papers. It's mostly the bunk . . . especially what I'm going to get out of this Lassiter joint."

MADDON paused and looked at me, to see how I'd taken it. "But it wasn't the bunk," he said in a puzzled voice, looking away. "Nope, it wasn't the bunk." His face reddened. "Go ahead, laugh, damn you. Laugh your fool head off. But I know what I'm talking about. God, it gives me the snakes just to think about it!"

"What gives you the snakes?" I asked.

"Oh, go ahead, laugh," he said. "You're the wise guy all right. You know it all."

"I'm not laughing," I said. "Do I look like I'm laughing? Quit stalling. Go on with the story. You were standing there on the road . . .?"

"Well . . ." His muscles relaxed. His chin came in line. The red gradually left his cheeks and the puzzled expression returned to his eyes. "I started on down that road, and, geeze, it was one peach of a day! I never saw such a day. We don't get 'em like that in town. It looked like a scene in a show, the way the light was on them hills. And the trees! . . . Geeze, they was pretty! And the air was as mild, November or not . . ."

"Well, I walked one mile, sniffing that air, as I say. Then I walked two. I walked three and by that time I'm beginning to wonder. 'I might have known it,' I thinks. 'That hayseed directed me wrong.' It was beginning to get dark, too — the sun was going down. And then, just as I'd about called it a day, the road took a turn and — well, there she was."

"The house?"

"Sure, the house. What else am I talking about?" He looked at me sharply, suspicious still. "Sure, the house," he went on, "and, man, it was a darb of a place! In a way . . . Of course it was old, but — well, you know. It had pillars in front and lots of porch. There wasn't much paint on it, one shutter was loose and the roof needed fixing, but — well, it was a darb of a place all the same. Or it could have been. In summer the trees would have hid it, I guess — there was lots all around. But now, with the leaves mostly gone, you could see it as plain . . ."

"I get you," I said.

"So I walked straight down the walk and up on the porch, and there wasn't no bell, but a knocker. I give it a swing."

"You gave it a swing," I prompted.

"And a nigger come to the door." Maddon paused. "A nigger come to the door," he said. "A little old gray-haired dinge — the butler, I thinks. He opened it wide, so I could see in the hall. That is, I could have seen in the hall if there'd been any light. But there wasn't. 'Saving gas,' I says to myself. 'They sure must be poor.'"

"'I'm from the *Call*,' I says to the dinge. 'The Richmond, Virginia, *Times and Call*. Is your Missus at home?'"

"And just then I saw her. She was standing there on the stairway above us, a little, thin mite of a old lady; and the second I saw her I knew I wouldn't get in that house . . . She stood there a minute, looking, not saying a word. Then she points with one shaking finger and

— well, the door bangs shut in my face.

“I stood thinking a while. Then I slammed my hat on my head and went on down the steps. No use trying to argue with that kind of ladies, I knew — knew from away back. But maybe I hadn’t a burn! No story to show for my hike, no nothing. I went as far as the gate and stopped, to try and figure things out.

“Well, I hadn’t been there very long when a team comes along. I looks up, and damn if it ain’t my buddy, driving ’em home. He sees me and stopping the team, calls down, ‘Well, I see you got here all right.’

“‘Yeah, I got here,’ I answers.

“‘I tried to tell you about it,’ he says. ‘But . . .’

“‘I found out for myself,’ I stops him.

“‘It’s worth seeing, though, ain’t it?’ he says.

“‘Oh, sure. Sure.’

“‘A right purty place.’

“‘Oh, swell,’ I says. ‘I just loved walking four mile to see it.’

“‘Lots of folks seems to. They come from all over — from Richmond and New York City — all over

the place. Lots of ’em figures on buying.’

“‘Why don’t they?’ I asks.

“‘I can’t say that,’ he says, shaking his head. ‘I don’t know.’

“‘Wouldn’t she sell?’

“‘Wouldn’t who sell?’

“‘The lady that owns it. Miss Lassiter.’

“‘Miss Lassiter?’

“‘Well, whatever her name is — the lady that lives here.’

“He looked at me like I was crazy. ‘Don’t nobody live here,’ he said. ‘Ain’t nobody lived here going on twenty year, ever since Miss Lassiter’s killed.’

“I stared.

“‘No, sir,’ he says. ‘Ain’t nobody lived here since then. Little old dried-up nigger, Tom was. You’d never have thought it to look at him. They lynched him just about where you’re standing. I remember his feet was almost touchin’ that gate.’ He sighed and lifted his whip. ‘Well, good night to you,’ he says. ‘Pity you got to walk all that way back.’ And he was gone.”

Maddon leaned suddenly forward. “But I didn’t walk back,” he said. “And now you can laugh — I ran.”



The Future of Aristocracy in America

BY JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

LET me begin with a truism. Then I shall be certain of your agreement with me at the start; and I am sure enough to be run into the guardhouse by some of my readers before we part company. There will always be opposing views in the world of action and ideas. Certain antinomies are inevitable; such as realism and idealism in philosophy, the classical and the romantic temper in art, institutionalism and individualism in government, the progressive temperament and the conservative in politics. Socially there are the opposing points of view of the democrat and the aristocrat. But a great deal of confusion exists because tempers and philosophies do not always match. A perfectly good theoretical democrat sometimes is as aloof as a Timon; a shamelessly consistent defender of aristocracy as a social necessity may have a heart that will love his neighbors in spite of philosophy.

The greatest impediment to clear thinking in this country on the subject of social democracy and aristocratic standards is the identification of democracy as a method or principle in government with the

social implications of the word. Here is the form of the fallacy. We are a democratic country; therefore all men are equal, and equality means the elimination of all social differences; hence one man's standards are likely to be as good as any other man's standards. We will dance to the fiddle of any one who will pay for the fiddling.

It is beside the point of my discussion but none the less true that the United States did not begin, even politically, as a for-by-and-of-the-people democracy. It was a long time before the principle — not to say the practice — of universal white manhood suffrage became common to all the States. It came more readily in the Southern States for the very reason that social aristocracy was a thing apart from political suffrage, and slavery as an economic system removed the problem of the vote of the most illiterate laborer.

Even granting the achievement now of the theory of a universal suffrage and the supposed aim of a government for all of the people, it is obvious that in a country as vast and seethingly unstable as this there can never be a government either of

or by all the people. Yet no one can reasonably deny that we have a political democracy, and one that *in theory* at least is far more representative of all the people than the founders planned it to be. Therefore, the implication is drawn, we must have a social democracy too; one behind the other to the ballot box means side by side at the punch bowl; your girl and Tom Tiddler's boy in the same seat of the automobile. And Jefferson's name is invoked in the land of his faith to carry the day. Charming Lady Astor, speaking within sight of his mountain, called Jefferson a "democrat in spots" because he built his majestic home on the aloof heights of Monticello. But Jefferson knew his own mind. He might write fine phrases of ideal philosophy in the fine fury of a partisan war document of grievances, "All men are created equal. . . ." In practice he was the champion and defender of a workable system of government that protected as nearly as might be the rights of all men, insuring the perpetuation of justice; never the demagogue rubbing shoulders with the rabble. It was well enough understood that though Jefferson had a passion for the promotion of the welfare of the common man he took little pleasure in Buck, Billy and Ben of the street corner. In one of those genial letters of his mellow age he wrote his old adversary, John Adams, "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents." He added that he and Adams differed as to what should be done with "the artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth." So he sat in his comfortable chair and

wrote letters and ever more letters and he squandered part of his fortune in entertaining interesting persons from the courts of the winds because inevitably he gathered about him spiritually the aristocracy of talent and virtue that he found congenial. Even old Thomas Carlyle, dyspeptic giant that he was when he so thrasonically bellowed his criticism of American democracy, that its chief product had been so many millions of the worst bores the world had ever known, would not altogether have been out of sympathy with Thomas Jefferson's aristocracy of talent and virtue.

It was Andrew Jackson who first turned the democratic donkeys into the republic's parlor. His was a political not a social gesture. The Jacksonian Democrat swapped yarns and tobacco at the post office with his fellow Democrat and, in the South, certainly, entertained him in the overseer's "office" — even gave him casual invitations to meals that he never accepted — but the "Mrs." of the Big-House and the "Mrs." of the little house exchanged calls only on the roadside from their vehicles or before the church door on Sundays. The great social gulf was fixed: all the more because the aristocrat pretended it wasn't there, and the other, though so tolerantly, so carefully observed it. It was not that he acknowledged an inferiority — this non-aristocrat. He would have fought for his economic, his legal, or his political equality, but socially he recognized a fact. There were two worlds and to one he didn't belong. He would have been uncomfortable and unhappy in the parlor or at the table of the man with whom

he could dispute about politics or even ride with, behind the hounds, in comfortable companionableness. So it was that the aristocratic South could all the more easily be the democratic South in Jackson's day and after. The young aristocrat with easy accommodation dropped from the more formal manner and speech of his own dinner table and women folk to the looser language of the stables and the tobacco juice battles around the "office" stove. There was no feeling of better or poorer about the matter — except by the measurements of the parlor.

East and South, in the old States, the aristocratic tradition was powerful and all pervading — in politics, in the pulpit, in literature, in the press: one was born a gentleman or, if one aspired socially at all, one learned to be as much like a gentleman as possible. The imitations were often most discernible by their too smooth perfection. There were for the making of a tradition the Bradfords, the Aldens, the Adamses, the Lowells, the Holmeses, the Lodges; names accumulated rather than changed. Irving, Hawthorne, Melville, Cooper, Bryant — even Emerson and Thoreau belong in the aristocratic tradition. No matter what the ancestors had been, the men were aristocrats in taste and behavior. It is no argument to say that often the aristocratic background of a family or a man was young: the significant fact is that it is acknowledged. Even Whittier was a conformer to the social conventions; not until Whitman is there defiance.

In a State like Virginia it is remarkable that when a Patrick Henry, a Thomas Jefferson, a John

Marshall, a James Mason either arose from the populace or identified himself with its cause, his family no less after him was a part of the aristocratic tradition. Like England the aristocracy was a vampire sucking up for its own strength the best blood from below. Any man could come up, and there were consequent mergings of classes that kept families from being too sharply, too clearly differentiated. Cousinships crossed the border every now and then. The fringes formed a pattern of infinite vagueness.

There was no cleavage in politics along social lines. A very aristocratic manner or reputation might prove a handicap. Jefferson wrote in 1813 in contrasting Massachusetts with Virginia, "A Randolph, a Carter, or a Burwell must have great personal superiority over a common competitor to be elected by the people even at this day." Often the warmest advocate of an extension of popular privileges would be a man of high birth and breeding — James Madison, James Mason, Colonel Bland. Episcopalians were among the leaders in the disestablishing of the church. In the homely life of that earlier day there was a friendly mixing of classes on semi-social occasions, but the standards of taste and manners were set by the smaller and upper group. Good taste and good behavior were more or less forced on the gentleman because they were the marks of his breeding; he could do no other. The lady was "such a lady" because she could have made no one believe less of her; the ruling class is always without freedom to give up its standards if it is accepted and accepts itself *as* the ruling class. So

for the first century after American independence, there was a social aristocracy, North and South. And luckily; for a pioneer people needs incentives to good taste and good behavior. Even at that, as Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens observed, American manners were not lovable in foreign eyes, and taste was less unimpeachable than the beauty of our household antiques might incline us to believe.

II

THE identification of political democracy with an absence of social distinctions gained a currency in the West where economic conditions combined with social and historical circumstances to prevent hardening of ancestral traditions and social conditions. Those men hadn't in imagination crossed the ocean in one romantically named little ship. The vast city-grown industrial development in the East was unfavorable to the aristocratic tradition. Flamboyant city newspapers made newly rich families as famous as widely advertised crackers or soap. Trade marks were more than coronets, and bank accounts than Norman blood. City life outgrew small coteries and their social influences. Old names had themselves been so well advertised by time that they held some prestige and importance but not enough overwhelmingly to color the aspirations of the general public or even to invite imitation. The very rich became more conspicuous than the aristocrats and felt themselves more important. It was no longer even fashionable to have good taste or good manners. It was stuffy and old-fashioned to act like ladies and

gentlemen. Hollywood began setting the fashion.

In the Southern States the degeneration of the aristocracy began with the Civil War and was completed by the World War. The public schools gave competence and confidence to the sons and daughters of the overseer class and its cousins. A new social group emerged and freely intermarried into the fringes of the impoverished aristocracy. There was a steady stream from the counties into the small towns, then on to the cities. The prosperous made their way up, the less prosperous became socially submerged. Driven to the public schools, where the mass behavior is influenced from the bottom, the young boys and girls of the old aristocracy accepted the easier ways of the group they found themselves a part of and became a little ashamed of the starched proprieties of the home circle. Dignity is confused with stupidity, reserve with snobbery, and refinement with priggishness. These tendencies were accelerated by a backwash from the West. They came singly, in pairs, or in groups, and with thrifty industry were soon able to buy up the deserted lands of impoverished or city-dwelling natives. Many of them were men who married quiet, hard working girls of the emerging lower classes. Sometimes the wives, reminiscent of old ambitions, gave to their homes the sweet arbored retirements of the older South. But usually these sons of the West could be spotted by the house boldly set upon a hill without blinds and with no tree near it on any side. So they opened casements of their hearts to memories of their childhood.

In cities or States in which the leaders and the ruling elements are from these recently emerged groups there is a more energetic and progressive and a more material spirit. In such places, the industrialization of the community goes forward more rapidly, with consequent prosperity. Politics changes complexion more easily to fit its economic needs. Little of the grace, dignity, and elegance of the old South remains. The self-abnegating devotion to principles is forgotten or regarded with amusement or suspicion. Even when the aristocrat becomes industrialized, he is usually arrogant and selfish and stands in the way of community advancement. For had he been touched with idealism or romanticism, he would probably have remained firm in his aristocratic tastes and predilections. On the other hand the practical, matter of fact, born-booster may take a childish delight in linking his city's prosperity with his own.

Whatever the reasons and however it came about, North, South, East, and West, the aristocratic standards which were a generation ago so prevailing in the United States have disappeared and, especially in the younger-married-set stage, there is nothing that can be outlawed with "it isn't done." In manners, morals, taste, and behavior of all sorts, every one is a law to himself; or perhaps follows his fellow in following no laws at all.

III

THE United States and Russia of the Soviets are the two outstanding experiments in civilized life without an aristocratic element. The

condition makes for plastic freedom, but so does chaos. The amoeba is freer than man. Our day is a normless one — in art, in music, in literature, in religion. But the artist is competent to find his own way; he is in some sense a specialist finding his own problems as well as their answers. Society at large, on the other hand, is a vast herd of thoughtless and thoughtful, of weak and strong; and a great part of what most people like or think or do is taken more or less ready-made through more or less imitative processes. In fact the more thoughtful persons need for more important activities the release of thought and energies which comes from a large part of conduct being standardized by convention and accepted opinion. Even in a land belabored by a big question-mark many people still do or do not do many sorts of things because it never occurs to them that they can do otherwise. It is a fair conjecture psychologically that the host of college students and other young girls and boys who have kidnapped, staged hold-ups, disappeared in spectacular ways, would none of them have done so if they had thought of these things as acts outside of the range of possibility for themselves. When they began to think of the perpetrators of such deeds with admiration, or to play mentally the rôle themselves with satisfaction, the prologue of the act had begun. In effect the loose behavior and cheap taste of the sentimentalized cinema and criminalized press have supplemented in influence the former aristocratic standards, so long tacitly accepted as valid. The masses have submerged the classes, even in the

colleges, and the professional baseball star and the prize-fighter are chosen to set the criterion of taste and behavior where once neither was even admitted.

It is the weakness, inevitably, of aristocracy in a democracy that it must be unorganized. Societies of D. A. R.'s and Colonial Dames can be organized and aristocrats may be members, but their very nature is opposed to the aristocratic tradition; for the genuine aristocrat is ever above proving his aristocracy, and he preserves a fine flavor of individuality even when he surrenders individualism to a cause or an organization. The hosts of friendly men and energetic boosters can organize. It is in their nature, and to organization wholly they owe their strength. The aristocrat has a common code and like taste with all men bred congenially to the same world as himself. Fidelity to a code and sureness of taste make his actions sure and his understanding of all in the same tradition certain. So that a sort of freemasonry exists, let us say, among Charlestonians of the old stock or English patricians that is a bond surer to trust in than organization with its laws and its by-laws. And the service of the aristocratic tradition is in part, for the rest of mankind, in this. For its ways and its tests can be learned from no *Perfect Etiquette*. They must be sensed, felt, somehow entered into as a possession. Therefore, they not originally of the tradition, who begin to follow in it, are not merely slavish or imitative. They must become in part aristocrats before they can honor the tradition or respond intelligently to its salutations. To desire to enter

into its ways is in itself a sort of password through the first gate: for the aristocratic tradition has lost in America at least its worldly consequence, and its satisfactions are largely now those of restraint. For these things still distinguish it when it survives. It sets good taste as the warder of the brain and the first guide of social conduct; then, without arrogance but with great self-confidence, it defines good taste as its own taste. Dignity and sobriety it prefers to exuberance and license. It fits behavior to occasion and makes even style and friendly good will conform to beauty and fitness-in-all-things. Especially it eschews garishness and publicity seeking and all sorts of theatrical display and sensation mongering. It accepts the past as its tutor but steadfastly maintains its own ability to make its own interpretations of the lessons it learns. Such are the elements of the aristocratic tradition as here or there it lingers in an austere independent group or in the person of an unsurpassing representative of an old order.

Instinctively men would catch its spirit if once again there were awakened for it an admiration rather than a sense of superiority — that most insufferable superiority of ignorance. For admiration is the gentlest and most agile of teachers. Henry Esmond, and that gentle breed in America who knew him so well, are by the young bloods rated as prigs, for they sought admiration as Catoes who would be applauded by good judges for acting well their parts: but it never occurs to them by the same token to call "prig" the girl or the young spark who to gain

the silly approbation of fools commits some act of folly.

So far would I differ from those who consider an aristocracy incompatible with a political democracy that I am persuaded that a highly civilized life can be maintained in a democracy only by the prevalence of such a standard of thought, taste, and conduct. Some sort of criteria will emerge; and more easily of another standard than "the best." The popular criminal or the prettiest actress, the best home-run hitter or the best swimming champion may set the pace as easily as the new oil millionaires or the man who sells most automobiles. With the schools and colleges swarming with youths but one generation from illiteracy and with a childish obsession in just glittering "things,"

it will not be surprising if the millions in the United States swing free for a space from all time-recognized values. But if the hardihood of the English stock upon whose laws and institutions the other traditions of the republic are based endures, it will hold intact the temper and the tone of the American aristocratic life that so many of foreign stock would damn with the word "respectability" — spoken with a sneer. If such an aristocratic tradition is restored to its proper stabilizing influence it will be chiefly that of Jefferson rather than of Adams. An aristocracy of rank and birth is static and fixed by authority, but an aristocracy of talent and virtue is established by its own just values. Meantime the unrecognized aristocrat applauds the jazz dancer — with an urbane smile.



More Regulation?

BY HUGH M. FOSTER

What are the signs concerning Government interference in business, and where are they pointing?

PEOPLE seem to be startled by the idea of Government regulation. At luncheon conferences men have a way of upsetting coffee cups when the subject is introduced. There is no real reason for such jumpiness, for business has been regulated in one way or another for a generation or more and yet has continued to function, if at times haltingly. The Department of Justice has been prosecuting violators of the anti-trust laws since their enactment. The Federal Trade Commission has been making investigations and issuing cease and desist orders since its creation in 1914, in order to maintain the fetish of competition. The pure food law was enacted on June 30, 1906; but, despite its broad provisions against adulteration and misbranding, or perhaps because of them, the food industry has endured and prospered.

There has been enough talk lately to suggest still more regulation. For example, Senator Nye has two ideas on the subject and is enthusiastically urging support of two bills, incorporating his views, not passed by the last Congress, but to be introduced at the present session; one providing

for a Federal Trade Court and the other adding more laws to regulate business. The Senator contends that his court will quickly dispose of unethical practices and set up a series of precedents; also, that it will cure the Federal Trade Commission of impotency in dealing with unfair methods of competition. The delays of present court procedure lead him to the thought of improving conditions by setting up another court. He has a hopeful disposition.

In a recent speech he likened the development of chain stores to that of trusts years ago, then elaborated the old argument that chains sap the economic life of small towns by transmitting profits to absentee owners, instead of investing in local enterprises; as independent merchants, according to Senator Nye, of course, would do. His suggestion was that independent grocers buy what they have to buy only from concerns doing business in the same way as themselves. Of course, if two or more merchants agree to do anything like this, the agreement is a conspiracy in restraint of trade, but perhaps the independent grocers could transfer the consequent prosecution by

the Department of Justice to Senator Nye, or plead him as an excuse in answer to a cease and desist order from the Federal Trade Commission.

Senator King, too, has some thoughts about the growth of business and the necessity for Government control. He has said:

When in Russia a few years ago, in conversation with Rykovf, Trotsky and other leading Bolsheviks, I learned that they looked with unconcealed delight upon the growing power of corporations in the United States and the economic and industrial policies which were creating what some declare to be an oligarchy of wealth. Some of those with whom I spoke predicted that socialism was inevitable where a limited number of corporations or individuals controlled the wealth of the country. There are serious objections to the Federal Government regulating in an effective manner all corporate interstate activities, but in my opinion the people will prefer Federal control of our economic life.

Colonel William J. Donovan, Assistant Attorney General in the Coolidge administration, has added his warning. At the first convention of the National Chain Store Association he said that it was conceivable that a chain store could monopolize the retail business of a particular section and that the consolidation of a few large chains would raise this serious question. Admitting that size does not necessarily violate the law, he pointed out to his hearers that the test is the use to which the power coming from size is put. He enumerated more than half a dozen ways in which chain stores could exert their power so as to violate the laws. No rule of reason could be evoked, he said, and any fixing of prices, no matter how beneficent the intent, is violative of the law. He thought that the mere indication of the possibilities of danger ought to

bring home to the industry the necessity of self-regulation in order to avoid regulation by the Government. His warning was, "There must be such an administration of your affairs as will convince the public that it is completely and fairly served without the necessity of Federal regulation."

Some of my friends in the legal profession, who take care of trade associations, have told me recently that the idea of Government regulation of the food industry is preposterous. "It is just nonsense and worse," they say. "It would require an amendment to the Constitution." Strange, how lawyers forget the ease of recent constitutional amendments. Yet Colonel Donovan reminded the chain store men of Government regulation of public utilities and said that the theory was that the absence of competition necessitated governmental regulation for the protection of the public, and that the theory had been extended from time to time to new enterprises because of their peculiar relation with the public.

WHEN does an ordinary business become a public utility? That is the question Colonel Donovan propounded to the chains. It is worth their consideration. The present generation probably does not remember the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, where the telephone was first exhibited and called an amusing toy. There is certainly nothing amusing about it today and it is distinctly a public utility. Does growth, then, mean Government regulation?

Mr. E. C. Sams, president of the J. C. Penny Company, appreciates

the point. As one of the most farsighted men in the chain store business, he has spent much of his time in the last few years trying to make his company more welcome in the small cities and towns where it has penetrated. He has gained some success by the simple expedient of showing interest in local affairs. Mr. Sams says it is inevitable that politics will take hold of the chain stores and eventually regulate them and restrict them, to the economic disadvantage of every one. He wants the chain store association to exert itself to replace public indifference with public confidence, group antagonism with group respect and political attacks with political support.

William Nelson Taft, editor of the *Philadelphia Retail Ledger*, told the chain store men what would be the result of "chain baiting." He reminded them of the agitation, in the early 'Nineties, against department stores, which resulted in State taxation laws. The outcry soon turned to mail order houses and their catalogues were burned in town bonfires. Considering the recent financial difficulties of department stores and mail order houses, imagine how their proprietors must smile today at the recollection of such wild riots in economic history! However, those businesses are by no means extinct and there is reason to believe that their competitive power may be far greater in the future.

Edward A. Filene, president of the department store in Boston, says that the retailer must bear in mind that, in addition to the competition from chain stores, he will have to endure far stronger competition from chains of department stores. As instances

he cites R. H. Macy and Company, with annual sales approximating \$100,000,000 in the New York store alone, also owning or controlling the stores of La Salle and Koch, Toledo, and Davison-Paxton-Stokes, Atlanta; and the Associated Dry Goods Corporation, controlling a chain of department stores stretching all across the country. Mr. Filene predicts that as the department store outdid the individual small store, so the chains of department stores will overshadow the present chain stores and that no department store or single line chain will be able to withstand them. He writes, "You will bear in mind, of course, that the department store itself has no choice in the matter. Unless the department store meets the chain stores, in the way I have mentioned, it will likewise be put out of business."

Complacent chain store men smile at the antagonism of retail merchants toward chains. They retort, in a Marie Antoinette sort of way, that the retailers of a generation ago survived the department stores and mail order houses and that probably their successors, or enough of the good ones to furnish fair game, will outlive the present struggle. Other chain store men do not smile. They are fighting anti-chain legislation in every State where it has been enacted with all the means at their disposal. A nuisance tax is expensive and — a nuisance. Besides, the antagonism is far greater today than it was years ago and present economic conditions help to foment it.

Mr. Taft sees a further danger. The Canadian sales tax was moderately successful during the War and

has been more so since. Georgia, Kentucky and Mississippi have already followed Canada's example and other States are taking the cue. Trade associations have adopted reams of resolutions opposing such a tax, but without appreciably dimming the prospect. Mr. Taft declares that only the concerted action of all manufacturers, merchants and the public can avert it. Such uniformity is unknown to business men with long memories and is not expected very soon. But his final warning to chain store men is none the less emphatic. It is, "You have got to get to work and help best the sales tax. If you do not, there is a good chance that it may best you."

PEOPLE seem to forget that for twenty-five years they have been eating whatever they have eaten under minute regulation. The original broad provisions of the pure food law have been modified by increasingly detailed stipulations, such as the sub-standard canned foods law, which authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to make specifications for canned foods and to require all goods below that standard to be labeled, "Below United States standard. Low quality. Not illegal." These may be perfectly wholesome foods and desirable for the housewife, who feels a somewhat universal need for economy in these days. Most often she is frightened away by the stark words, since the "United States standard" is an esoteric affair reposing in the records of the Department of Agriculture, while it might better be published on the label. But beyond all this Federal tinkering, there are also State and even municipal

regulations all over the country dealing with such aspects of the industry even as the literal handling of foods. What I am trying to emphasize is that our Government has long been showing an exceptional interest in the food industry.

Then why is it supposed to be vulnerable to further regulation?

There are many causes, if not reasons. It is the largest business in the country, still a little ahead of the automobile in dollars of sales. It is the most extensive. Food is sold — well, everywhere anything is. Then think of the political opportunity! A clever politician can always get a cheer from the gallery by denouncing the high cost of living, and that means food.

Unethical practices, although not confined to the food business, seem more conspicuous in it. The success of the anti-trust laws in preventing restraint of trade and other abuses and of the Federal Trade Commission in correcting unfair methods of competition, is still open to question. With the same intention, the Chamber of Commerce evolved a scheme a few years ago to prevent everybody from doing everything he ought not to do by the establishment of trade relations committees. Every business was to have a national committee under the auspices of the chamber. Each member of a committee was to form a district sub-committee and each member of that was to do likewise, and so on indefinitely, until the humblest merchant in the smallest town was represented. The plan was tried first, of course, in the food industry. The simple idea was that manufacturers and wholesalers and retailers and chain store operators

and every one else, should all meet together and discuss each other's faults and so cure them. Of course each saw the mote in his brother's eye more clearly than the beam in his own, so the plan failed. The plea at the time was that unless business regulated itself, the Government would.

Later, the Federal Trade Commission modified its procedure of issuing cease and desist orders, with much publicity, to anybody and everybody against whom a complaint had been made, irrespective of the slight matter of guilt or innocence and before that more or less interesting question had been decided. Instead, the Commission got the conference habit. It called its reformatory meetings "trade practice conferences." A trade practice conference is held under the auspices of the Commission when a majority of the firms in any business believes that they have enough troubles to justify it. Then the group adopts resolutions condemning unfair methods of competition, of which each thinks all the others guilty. The Commission receives these, sits upon them and hatches them out in two groups. Group I contains those dealing with practices within the scope of the law and Group II contains those which the Commission condescendingly accepts as mere expressions of trade opinion. So what were once resolutions become "rules," when they are issued by the Federal Trade Commission. Then the Commission sends a pledge to every firm in the business to be signed as a promise to abide by the rules. The gist of the Group I rules, being already in the laws, is enforceable in the courts and the

Group II rules have some sort of a wobbly standing, because the Commission holds the signed pledges, but these can be abrogated on thirty days' notice.

When the rules of the grocery trade practice conference were published, Felix M. Levy, who had been special assistant attorney general in the prosecution of the tobacco trust during the Roosevelt Administration, called them illegal. Then followed conferences between the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission, and the Commission revised its rules. The revised version does not look very much like the original. The Commission has held over a hundred trade practice conferences in the last ten years, and the net result is three or four quotations from the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act. Most of us were fairly familiar with those venerable, possibly obsolescent, laws, without feeling the need of the new and elaborate procedure. The disappointment felt by business men has been equalled only by the disgust expressed by their trade associations. So is recorded another faithful failure among the many attempts to make business men behave. However futile the attempt may have been, it is just one more instance of Government regulation.

SIZE has been considered a special temptation to the Government, despite disclaimers to the contrary; but recently it has seemed peculiar that mergers, particularly in the food industry, have caused so little comment; while as long ago as 1926, the Department of Justice entered a consent decree with the National Food Products Company, a two hundred

million dollar corporation which had acquired stock in half a dozen chain store concerns. This action is worth remembering principally because it is one, and apparently the only one, showing the Government attitude toward mere size in the food industry. But Senator King has taken some notice of food mergers. When Morgan and Company announced the merging of the Royal Baking Powder Company and others with the Fleischman Company, he expressed the fear that if the Government did not enforce laws against monopolies, not only the economic, but the political, freedom of the American people would be jeopardized. Then he went on to say, "It has been suggested that other similar mergers will be formed for the control of agricultural products, because of the belief that under the farm relief bill there will be increasing surpluses. The outstanding purpose of the so called farm relief law is to sustain prices of farm products by caring for surpluses. This is to be done by the Federal Farm Board by the use of enormous appropriations which will be at its disposal. These accumulations will inevitably depress the market for raw food products and eventuate in their sale by the Farm Board. This situation may have prompted the Morgan merger and may lead to the formation of additional organizations of giant proportions to control agricultural products. It would be a strange irony if the farm relief bill should lead to increased monopolies in food products, to the disadvantage of the farmer and the serious injury of the public. The farm relief bill, in my opinion, will prove a sad disappoint-

ment to the farmer and of no benefit to the country." In this speech, at least, during the debates about helping the farmers, Senator King seems to have shown the gift of prophecy.

The farmers of the country, too, are not so somnolent as is supposed. John Brandt, president of Land O' Lakes Creameries, the largest aggregation of dairy farms in the world, warned coöperative groups of farmers and chain store men against any tendency toward monopolistic control of the nation's food. He said that any attempt by either group to control both ends of the business would result in rousing public opinion to such a pitch that the Government would be forced to interfere and the situation would then be disastrous to all concerned.

PRICE cutting is another reason for believing that Government regulation will soon be upon us. Of course, it is not confined to the food industry. That price cutting may be good as well as bad seems to have nothing to do with the discussion, for it is generally considered bad only when the other fellow does it. Almost continuous efforts have been made to curb it ever since the decision of the Supreme Court, in 1911, in the famous case of the Dr. Miles Medical Company, declaring price fixing to be illegal. In the dissenting opinion, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "I can not believe that in the long run the public will profit by this Court permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for some ulterior purpose of their own, and thus to impair, if not to destroy, the production and sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable

that the public should be able to get."

As if in harmony with this opinion, the Capper-Kelly price maintenance bill was passed by the House last January, but it was so amended that it was scarcely recognizable. Among other changes, it was made only permissive and the necessities of life were exempted from its provisions. Proponents consider this treatment about as satisfactory as a production of *Cyrano* with the hero's nose amputated. The purpose of the bill is, or was, to allow the manufacturer of identified goods to enter into contracts with his distributors as to the fair and uniform price at which his products shall be sold; but no manufacturer may make a contract with another for this purpose and no distributor may make such a contract with another distributor, so that competition may be preserved as between manufacturers and between distributors.

The amendments are not satisfactory to Representative Kelly, and he tells me that he intends to introduce his original bill in this session of Congress. The Supreme Court has given the seller the right to refuse to sell for any or no reason, even for price cutting; but refusal to sell does not appeal to a manufacturer seeking what is called one hundred per cent distribution. This right by no means satisfies Mr. Kelly, probably because he knows that it is seldom if ever exercised. With or without its amendments and because of the innumerable causes of forced sales, such a law would be about as easy to enforce as Prohibition; but Mr. Kelly believes enthusiastically in the merits of his

bill, has talked a good deal about it and intends to continue doing so.

In opposition, Representative George Huddleston says that the real purpose of the bill is to enable large producers to dictate retail prices. Instead of calling it a bill to protect the public, he says that it should be called a bill to foster monopolies. According to him, there is no public demand for it, it is merely another selfish interest measure, it is pressed by those seeking larger and more stable profits, and the consumers' welfare is totally ignored. He writes, "This process can not go on indefinitely. If business men will not compete voluntarily, legal means must be found to compel them to do so. Failing this, our system is marked for downfall. If the general public can not find in competition protection from extortion, they will resort to more drastic collectivism."

The Federal Trade Commission has made two investigations of price cutting and has come to the conclusion that legislation will be required to cure it, but that Congress is unlikely to enact such legislation without fairly definite information of the probable effect on competition and prices. Only last June the Commission reported that it would be difficult to provide Government regulation of price maintenance that would bring relief to makers of trademarked goods, without injustice to Consumers and yet meet the test of practical business.

This does not silence Mr. Kelly. He quotes Percy S. Straus, president of R. H. Macy and Company, who was one of the most strenuous opponents of the bill at the committee

hearings, as saying, "I am perfectly willing to agree that there is a type of price cutting which is bad for the dealer who practises it and bad for the manufacturer on whose merchandise it is practised. We make goods under our own brands. If nationally advertised brands are sold at uniform prices, in self protection the prices of our own brands must go up."

Mr. Kelly disagrees, and suggests that Macy should lower prices of its own brands and take over the business of the nationally advertised brands. He cites sales of nationally advertised products of well known value at a loss of five per cent of the price in the same store where private brands are sold at the same price and yet yield a profit of forty-one per cent.

BUT price cutting is not the only cause for believing that the Government is going to regulate business more than it has. Anti-chain legislation is still more significant. Whether it is due to envy or hatred, the retail merchants' associations of the Middle West and South have shown astonishing ability in the last six years in persuading legislators to introduce bills hostile to chain stores. The record thus far is: 1925 — 2; 1927 — 12; 1929 — 62; and 1931 — 90. The percentage of increase is — well, figure it out for yourself. The progression is something more than geometrical, it is almost astronomical. Such a growth of antagonism as this suggests more than demagoguery. It will not do to blame all this on benighted retailers or politicians seeking new sources of revenue. Small merchants are strong and politicians take their cues where they

get the most votes. It is all very well for chain store men to say that "chain baiting" has become a "profitable racket" for radio orators, but there is something more than that in such a record as this. No matter how glib a tongue a self appointed representative of the "peepul" may have, he could not very well collect enough money from gullible retail merchants to form home guards of "minute men" for the defense of small town dealers, unless there was a strong feeling in such communities against chain stores.

North Carolina, South Carolina and Mississippi have taxed chain stores. Kentucky and Mississippi have graduated sales taxes imposed on all stores. Similar laws in Maryland, Georgia and one in South Carolina have been declared unconstitutional. One has been proposed for the District of Columbia. More significance is added to that because the District, you will remember, is governed by a committee of Congress. Now that the Supreme Court has shown the way, there is little doubt that within a year or two we shall have at least forty-nine laws against chains.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding the constitutionality of the Indiana chain store tax law, announced last May, not only startled everybody in the food business, in and out of chains; but it has become the greatest stimulus for more to follow.

Indiana passed a law in 1929 requiring the payment of annual license fees of \$3.00 on one store; \$10.00 on each additional store up to five; \$15.00 up to ten; \$20.00 up to twenty; and \$25.00 on each addi-

tional store over twenty. Then a man named LaFayette Jackson brought an injunction. He owned 225 grocery stores and found that he had to pay \$5,443.00; while 225 grocers, owning as many stores individually, paid only \$675.00. An Indianapolis department store, doing \$8,000,000 worth of business a year and operating 124 departments under one roof, paid a license tax of \$3.00. Mr. Jackson's 225 grocery stores did a total business of only \$1,000,000 a year, yet he had to pay a tax 1,800 times as high as that paid by the department store. Mr. Jackson was shot to death in one of his stores by a holdup man a few days after the decision of the Supreme Court was announced. A petition for a rehearing of the case has been promptly denied.

Parts of the decision are worth considering. It says that it is not the function of the Court to consider the propriety or justness of the tax. Oddly enough, the average business man still has the old fashioned idea that a court is established especially for those two things. The decision adds that it is not the business of the Court to seek for the motive or to criticize the public policy which prompted the adoption of the legislation. To a business man this reference sounds as if the court knew perfectly well what the motive and policy were. To chain store men the disclaimer is nothing short of a crawl. The decision continues: "It is our duty to sustain the classification adopted by the Legislature, if there are substantial differences between the occupations separately classified. Such differences need not be great. The past decisions of this Court

make this abundantly clear." This statement makes it abundantly clear to business men that the Court is bound by precedents rather than by business considerations. It makes it quite as clear that the conditions of both sides are left untouched. The chain store men, of course, contend that the essential differences are those they have introduced for more efficient distribution. The independents contend that the most important differences are the unfair advantages gained by chain stores.

In bringing out the truth of the opposing views, the Supreme Court has helped not at all; but, with all it has said in the past against discrimination in class, the Court goes further on this score, thus, "The fact that a statute discriminates in favor of a certain class does not make it arbitrary, if the discrimination is founded upon a reasonable distinction." That will not appear particularly complimentary or satisfactory to the better thinking retail merchants of the country, who have contended for years that all they want is the elimination of unfair trade practices, with special emphasis on price concessions extorted by chains. If, now, with this decision as a precedent, retail merchants continue to seek discriminatory legislation against chains, how can they consistently hold to their objection to price discrimination practised by sellers in favor of chains? Then, this odd statement occurs in the decision: "That there are differences and advantages in favor of the chain store is shown by the number of such chains established and by their astonishing growth. More and more persons, like the appellee, have found

advantages in this method of merchandizing and have, therefore, adopted it."

A few years ago many people thought they saw many advantages in playing the stock market. Not so many see so many today. Assuming the former conditions to prevail in times of prosperity, should stock speculation be taxed? There is a thought for Congress to suppress the hysteria of hope. The Court's reference to astonishing growth is not particularly encouraging. As a matter of fact, the independent retailers far outnumber the chain stores; and, as for growth, the voluntary chains, or coöperative groups of wholesalers and retailers, have attained, in five or six years, the numbers reached by the old fashioned chains in about seventy-five years. If astonishing growth is to be a measure of taxation, why should not voluntary chains be taxed about twenty-five times as much as the older chains?

Every one knows that the principal advantage in the chain store business lies in buying power, used to obtain price concessions from manufacturers. Manufacturers have gone so far as to say that if chains and independents were on a price parity, there would be no more chains. To own their goods in their stores at the same cost as chains do is all the competent independents need or have a right to ask. But the conclusion of the decision begs the question and raises another. It reads, "The statute treats upon a similar basis all owners of chain stores similarly situated. This is all the Constitution requires." Business men need no longer wonder why it has been amended so often;

they may think that it should be more.

The dissenting opinion sounds much more like what was expected. It reads: "It appears that the advantages attributed to the chain store lie not in the fact that it is one of a number of stores under the same management, supervision or ownership, but in the fact that it is one of the parts of a large business. In other words, the advantages relied upon arise from the aggregate size of the entire business, and not from a number of parts into which it is divided." The dissenters have seen the point and stated it. Whether we like it or not, in the business world size does make power and power is apt to be abused to extract unfair price reductions from manufacturers and others from whom large corporations buy. Against such price concessions, when they are disproportionate or unwarranted, no single retailer can successfully compete. For that reason the Van Camp decision is more important to the individual retail merchants of the country than is this one of the Supreme Court. In the Van Camp case, the American Can Company had to pay triple damages for favoring one customer over others. If all prices were based only on quantity, quality and services, without further concessions, the competent retailers would have no fear and should ask no favor.

The dissenting opinion concludes, "For want of a valid ground upon which to stand, therefore, the classification should fall, because it is made to depend not upon size, or value, or character, amount of capital invested, or income received, but upon the mere circumstances — already

irrelevant so far as any of the advantages claimed are concerned — that the business of one is carried on under many roofs and that of the other only under one." If this is sound economy, and it sounds strangely like it, the retailers had better go into the roofing business and make a protection large enough to cover all their heads. If the chain store companies had taken the trouble years ago to cultivate a little good will in the communities into which they penetrated, they would not find themselves now in their present predicament. It may be untactful to tell them that they have only themselves to blame, but a few of the more enlightened men among them have seen the errors of their ways and are trying to correct them. If they will stop bullying those who sell them and those who compete with them, they will stand in a much better position in legislative halls.

In the discussion of these subjects, an idea has been floating about for years that needs explanation or explosion. It is that fifty-one per cent of a business is necessary to monopoly. Leiter, Gould, the elder Morgan and a few others used to say that control of a third was enough. But the census of distribution shows that chains do twenty-eight and a half per cent of the food business and that the total sales of chain stores equal twenty-one and a half per cent of the sales of all retail business in the country. Far less than this Congress has thought monopoly before now.

A recent instance shows the indirect influence of the large buyer and how the effect of monopoly is produced without intention or the

existence of actual monopoly. A few years ago the large wholesale grocers in the Eastern part of the country were ready to buy their year's supply of canned fruits and vegetables. They waited word from the canners of California about the prices to be set on the new crops. Letters and telegrams from the East became insistent. At last the canners said that they could not name their prices until they had signed contracts with Mr. Armour. At that time Armour and Company was the largest buyer of canned fruits and vegetables in the United States, but that does not mean that the firm bought anything like half of the output. The large buyer may fix prices by domination without the intention of doing so. If a seller sells to his largest customer at cost, or below, the loss must be made up on others.

MOST of what has been written and said in the last few years on the subjects of mergers, price cutting, chain stores and other factors in the case indicates the tendency toward further Government regulation. These things may not be reasons, but they are causes. They show trends. There is nothing to compel one to take all that Congressmen say as absolute, but before now their talk has resulted in action. That and the amazing growth of legislation antagonistic to chains are significant. The hand loom workers of Great Britain may have accomplished nothing a century ago, when they killed operators of machine looms and started bread riots in the streets of London; but some people in this country are now showing signs of being weary of efficiency and econ-

omy. There are even signs of reaction against the so called Machine Age. We must decide soon whether we want the rule of big business, with all its advantages and disadvantages, or whether it is better to let up a bit. Senator Couzens and the others might be right. At least the men of the food industry must rid it of trade abuses or take the consequences. If they do not clean up their business, the Government undoubtedly will.

Under the sanction of the Supreme Court, every State in the country will

make laws against chains and big business. Price parity and elimination of unfair practices ought to be enough for every competent individual merchant. Surely that is not revolutionary; or, if it is, was not this country started by something of the kind? If any merchant asks more, he is asking the nation to support him. It may be better to have two systems of distribution, the one as a check upon the other, than to have either dominant, with all that that may mean of sloth or greed.

Chinese Sunset

BY FRANCES HALL

THE hills are monkeys crouching
In hostile camps each side the valley;
Their wrinkled, blue-black skins
Shine through their gray, mist-matted hair.

Upon the bending boughs of day
The sun's ripe, lush persimmon hangs
Above the hungry, dark-lipped western mouths.

Sharp, eager teeth are in the sun's bright skin;
Rich juice runs out along the slaving jaws.
The last faint tinge is licked away.

The eastern horde is silent,
Saving, shrewd;
They hold their sugared-ginger moon
In calm, black, epicurean hands.

The western gluttons bide their tense, round-bellied time,
Knowing the gods are with them —
They will have silver-sugared ginger in the cool night hours,
Leaving that other raw-boned, dreaming camp
Only the cloudy, unstrained wine of dawn.

Madame Zero

ANONYMOUS

Adventures of a man (nameless because of his growing persecution complex) who is trying to obtain from the Secretary of Labor permission to travel with his wife

I MEET many Americans here in Nice; old Americans and young ones, well heeled and borrowing money, drunk and sober. Some of them have been here a long time, and some have just arrived. To these recent arrivals, I have been confiding my intention of returning to the United States. The reactions of most of them have not been encouraging. They tell me the United States is in a bad way. Thousands of laws have been passed in my absence, and none have been repealed. It is easier to be arrested than it ever was, and easier to be murdered. Business is on the rocks; nobody is making any money except the gangsters. As far as I can gather from these returned travelers, the population of the United States now is about one-fourth murderers, one-fourth lawyers, and the rest bankrupt. I should leave well enough alone. I should stay in Europe, where good big cold foaming yellow ones can still be had for five cents.

Nevertheless (but very hesitantly, like a man going to the gallows of his

own free will), I have been making preparations to return. I feel a strong urge to be back again among my own people. I have been in Europe several years. I have done nothing of importance in that time, and I feel the urge to be of some use. I should like to leave the world better than I found it. I should also like to make some money. And a person can not be of much use in a foreign country; he must be among his own people.

Now, it would seem that an American citizen, born in America of American born parents, and with an American passport in order, should have an inalienable right to enter the United States. I had always entertained that naïve idea. In practice, the matter is not so simple as that. It is enormously complex. It is true that I can enter the United States myself, if I can pay for a steamship ticket. But I can not travel with my own wife. Congress has legislated. It has done such a good job of it that I can not travel with my own wife to America or to any place else (barring

a few countries like Switzerland) without formal permission of the American Secretary of Labor; and then we must go to America first.

It is hard to imagine that Congress has done such a thing on purpose. Yet it is certain that lawmakers, when they mess into human affairs, do some fantastic things. I have heard that a mother of ten children was sent to jail for life in Michigan because she sold a small quantity of what the majority of civilized people in this world drink every day. I have heard that when the United States bought the Virgin Islands, the chief industry of those unfortunate islanders was the manufacture of the best rum in the world; that the United States forthwith imposed upon them the blessings of Prohibition, and when a local editor naturally protested, he was clapped into jail without trial for contempt of court. I have heard that a white Canadian War veteran from Vancouver strayed south across the border to Los Angeles — and was thereupon arrested and shipped off to China, at American expense, because it happened that he had been born in China, and therefore, in the eyes of Congress and the Secretary of Labor, had to be a Chinaman. It is hard to believe such things without having seen them, and I have not seen them. If a person believes such things, then he must also believe that the officials who order them are either demented or criminally careless. All the Congressmen I have seen appeared rational enough.

Reluctantly I have come to the conclusion that the worst things said about Congress must be true. Reluctantly I have decided that all

members of Congress should be isolated as dangerous paranoiacs, along with the Secretary of Labor, because they form an irresponsible menace to public welfare and security; bent only on destroying people, and undoubtedly doing it. Admittedly I am biased, but I have some evidence to offer.

MY OFFENSE, it appears, is to have married a French wife. If I had found the most beautiful girl in the world in Kenosha, Wisconsin, it would have been all right with Congress; but I found mine in France. If I had not married her, it would be all right too; she could not have gone to America without permission of the Secretary of Labor, but she could go any place else. But we were married. Now, what ought Congress to do about a proposition like that?

For my part, I confess that I can not see that it is any business of Congress. I see no reason why any government should do anything about it, and I know of no government in the civilized world that does do anything about it except the American Government. I had the naïve idea that an American was entitled to marry whomever he pleased, and that it was nobody's business except his wife's and his own. Congress, however, has acted. It has originated a new theory in international affairs: the theory that a wife should be regarded as having a nationality different from her husband's. Here is a conception that should be the joy of bureaucrats of all nations. It opens up a brand new field of official pestering. So far, American officials have a monopoly

of it. If a Frenchman should happen to marry an American girl, for example, there is nothing for French officials to do about it. His family may not like it—but common courtesy prompts them to welcome the new member of the family with a kiss on both cheeks—and the Government does the same. It is assumed that she is entitled to the ordinary rights of a Frenchwoman. French officials may not pester her. This is easy and simple. But the United States Congress has passed a law. The practical effect of this law is that I can not travel with my own wife.

This law provides, unlike the laws of other countries, that Madame does not automatically obtain the nationality of her husband. Laws of other nations naturally specify that she loses her own nationality in marrying an American. Thus any foreign woman who marries an American (with one or two exceptions) automatically loses all nationality, becomes officially a zero, with no legal existence. The American law specifies that she may become an American if she goes to America and lives there a year. But she may not go to America without formal permission of the Secretary of Labor. To the Congressmen who voted for that law, this may have seemed reasonable enough. In practice, the thing is monstrous. The difficulties which have been put in the way of getting that simple permission from the Secretary of Labor are tremendous. It requires from two to four months to obtain that permission in any case. In the meantime, as has been noted, it is impossible for an American to travel with his own wife any place else.

If the Secretary of Labor approves of the new member of the American family, he may then recommend to the Secretary of State that the Secretary of State recommend to the appropriate consul that the consul grant an American visa on her passport. On what passport? Since Madame has lost her nationality, where is she going to get a passport?

This, it appears, is just one of those little things that the lawmakers forgot.

The first inkling I had that I had committed an offense in the eyes of Congress, and was to be persecuted, was in Belgium. The Belgians are unofficial about their frontier. That is, the officials do not wake you up at midnight to inquire about visas or your supply of tobacco. Thus we voyaged unmolested from Paris to Ostend.

The awakening came when we decided to make a sea voyage to Lisbon. A very pleasant Portuguese consul said he would be delighted to give us visas to enter Portugal, but Madame had to have a passport to put the visa on. Madame had plenty of other papers, but visas were for passports. I cut short the story of the ensuing nightmare; of expensive visits to consulates of three nations in Ostend, Antwerp and Brussels, of the wavering conviction that such things could not really be among civilized peoples; of the final proof that they were. To America, she is French. To France, she is American. To Portugal and Belgium, she does not exist. She had no legal right even to return to France, without a French visa—on what? She can go only to America—with

the consent of the Secretary of Labor. How long would it take to get that? Two to four months. If you have money enough to live that long, very well. If not . . .

ONE of the things I like about France is that the officials, about three times out of five, are reasonable. They do not take too seriously the vagaries of lawmakers. French law might state most formally that Madame was not French, but the official at the frontier knew better. Thus we were able to return to France, and so to Nice.

Hence to the American consul, representative abroad of Secretary of State and Secretary of Labor. Wanted—permission lawfully to travel to the United States, only place for Madame, as long as she is married to me, to get a nationality.

My American passport, the marriage certificate, and perhaps a birth certificate for Madame might be enough documentary evidence for the Secretary of Labor—but it is not. An American citizen abroad, desirous of asking permission to travel with his own wife, must have: eight photographs, two American perjurers, and eleven documents, two of them possibly unobtainable. It sounds crazy. It is absolutely true.

The documents: 1, American passport; 2, marriage certificate; 3 and 4, two birth certificates for Madame; 5 and 6, two copies of her *casier judiciaire*, showing her crime record if any; 7, medical certificate; 8 and 9, two executed copies of Department of Labor Form 633, of which more later; 10, passport for Madame, apparently unobtainable, since Ma-

dame has lost her nationality, until we find a police official as generous as the frontier guardian; 11, last but not least, my own birth certificate.

My own American passport, be it noted, is not enough to show the Secretary of Labor I am an American. It is enough for everybody else in the world, including all other officials of all governments, including New York immigration officials—but not for the Secretary of Labor. You must have a birth certificate to get a passport; and you must have the passport anyway; but in addition, the Secretary of Labor must have a copy of your birth certificate for himself. How is an American in Europe going to get a birth certificate? Write home, perhaps, to a friend or relative, asking the victim to take his place in line at the court house. Whether a birth certificate can be got that way I don't know yet. If it can, it surely doesn't prove that the man who gets it in Europe was born in America. In any case, it means at best another month's delay.

The meat in this formidable stew is Department of Labor Form No. 633. It is in the form of a letter which you address "To the Honorable (*sic*) Commissioner General of Immigration." It consists of six long legal pages, four to be filled out and two containing directions. At first glance it appears to have been written by several thousand lawyers. But at the sixth or eighth reading, comprehension dawns, and you acquire the certitude that it is the work of Leopold and Loeb. It begins with a sentence more than two hundred words long, not counting blank

spaces to be filled in, and with the rules of grammar suspended. It ends with spaces for the two American perjurers to swear they have known the victim two years and believe he is telling the truth. How is an American in Europe going to dig up two other Americans who have known him two years?

From time to time, when I have nothing else to do, I add to my collection of documents. Some day I may have eleven. Some day Madame may get a French passport. Some day I may get my birth certificate. Then, with documents, photographs, and two perjurers, we may go to the consulate and ask for permission to travel. All of this, it must be borne in mind, is to permit an American citizen to travel with his own wife. This is not Soviet law, or Turkish. It is American.

IN A city not mentioned, I happened to have coffee with an American consul and a vice consul. Some of the things they said on the subject have remained in my mind.

"We've had a lot of trouble with that 1924 law."

"We're not Congressmen, you know."

"Yes, after you've got all your papers you must wait two to four months. Count two weeks for your petition to reach Washington. It goes to the bottom of a pile and there may be two or three thousand in the pile. Then it goes to another pile at the State Department. You have to count one to three months for that. Then two more weeks for it to come back."

"Yes, you're just hung up here until you get your answer if you put

in your petition. You're lucky you have an income so you can wait that long."

"There are some rather pathetic cases. There was an American who married a Polish girl. They went to Paris. There they went broke. She was with child. Well, the American of course had to go back to America to make some money. Our Government wouldn't let him take her with him, and since she had lost her Polish nationality she couldn't get a passport to go back to her people in Poland. She died. The verdict was that she died of starvation."

THERE might, I figured, be an easy way to get around this law. Until the very last I felt there must be a loophole. I clung to the conviction that Congressmen could not be altogether crazy — not a majority of them, anyway. In the infinite processes of lawmaking in Washington, something, I thought, had just slipped. Until the very last I could not believe that the American Congress, composed of apparently sane men, had intentionally made it illegal for a comparatively respectable American to travel with his own wife.

The way out, at first glance, looked easy. Instead of taking a ship to New York, we would just take a Canadian Pacific liner to Montreal. Arrived in Montreal, I would simply take the night express to Washington, see my Congressman the next day, and demand an end to this nonsense. It looked easy.

The weak point in the scheme, of course, was that I would probably have to get a new flock of documents to do business with the British Empire. Instead of doing business

with two gangs of officials, the American and French, I would now have to do business with three gangs. And it has been my experience that British officials are just as vicious as American officials. Both of them take laws seriously. Our own passion for laws is undoubtedly of British origin. And if the British are not as imaginative as we are in the manufacture of laws, they are probably even more barbarous in their execution. We both have this fundamental characteristic; we believe that the more laws and lawyers pester the public, the more God is pleased, and the better somehow for the public. Man is inherently sinful, so the more he is made legally to suffer, the better.

The scheme does not work. I have just received a letter from the Canadian Legation in Paris. The Canadian Minister states that, although American and French citizens are not required to have visas to enter Canada, there is an agreement between the Canadian and American Governments whereby Canada will not admit any persons planning to go to America unless their documents to enter America are already in order.

Now here is one triumph for American diplomacy.

WHAT objective in life the Secretary of Labor may have, outside of destroying people, I don't know. If I saw him in Washington I suppose I would think he looked like a rational and eminent man. Very likely, at night, when he kicks his knees up under the covers and reviews his day's work for the nation,

he feels he has done very well. He surely appears sane; I never saw anybody in Washington who appeared insane on the surface. Nevertheless, after some months of meditation over Form 633, I have become convinced that he is a paranoiac. Congress undoubtedly passed this law, but Congress didn't list those documents or concoct Form 633. Congress didn't demand a birth certificate for an American in the presence of an American passport.

Somewhere, far beneath the surface, there must be what Congress thought was some reason for this persecution. It is necessary, no doubt, that America should have an immigration law; there are millions of persons in Europe whose presence would not be desirable in our country. There must be a law to keep them out. But it surely is not necessary to put an American and his wife in the same category with Bulgarian brigands.

Why, then, is it unlawful for an American to travel with his own wife? Was Congress afraid of an epidemic of foreign wives invading the home industry, perhaps rolling their eyes in unfair competition with our own vampires? Was it perhaps the serious view of Congress that American women need a tariff to ward off foreign competition, the same as sugar beets? Or does a majority of Congress seriously feel that, if Madame was able freely to travel with her own husband to America and lawfully cook my supper therein, she would add to unemployment, imperil the morals of the young, or promote Bolshevism?

Automobiles Will Come Back

BY JOSEPH LEDWINKA

Who sees, through a gloom of congested roads and declining production figures, many encouraging possibilities

IN THE number and frequency of changes and improvements, the automobile has had few parallels in American industry. New models have been introduced each year and each new model has included substantial improvements over previous models. So far has it progressed as a piece of machinery that today a large number of the twenty million or more owners in this country are wondering what the future can hold for the automobile and the automobile industry.

In some quarters the opinion persists that the automobile has been improved just about as much as it ever will be. In others there is a feeling that the motor car will be a victim of its own vast numbers. Some observers contend that the time is fast approaching when the roads of this country will be so crowded and driving will be so irksome because of traffic congestion that millions of persons who now drive their own cars will forego this dubious pleasure, sell their automobiles and depend on taxicabs for whatever motor transportation they need.

Still other self-constituted authorities — and they are legion — contend

that the automobile industry will not reach its 1929 production peak for another score of years. They point to the decreased motor car sales of the post-stock-market-crash era to prove their statement. Declining motor car sales, they say, are an indication that the average motorist no longer trades in his old car for a new one every year or two. Their theory is that today's motorist realizes that his car will stand up for seven or eight years and he is determined to use it until it is worn out.

Like all forecasts made by the general public or by persons who predicate their statements on pure theory unsustained by facts, these forecasts are inaccurate.

Actually the automobile industry today is on the threshold of a new era. It is destined in the next decade to ascend to new heights. Its effects on the economic life of the country will be far reaching and important. As a piece of machinery the motor car will be more efficient than ever before. As a thing of beauty it will rival any vehicle ever built. The general public may call this statement nonsense. But the general public called Henry Ford's plans nonsense.

IF AMERICA'S motoring millions were to be permitted a peek behind the scenes, they would be amazed at what is going on today in the laboratories, experimental shops and testing grounds of the industry. They would find hundreds of engineers busy at their drafting boards, hundreds of chemists working over their test tubes and retorts, hundreds of experts on metals, textiles, rubber, alcohol, gasoline, wood, glass and other products, all developing, planning, testing and experimenting that the motor car of tomorrow may be cheaper to own and operate, more durable, more comfortable, safer, faster and more beautiful.

Few industries strive so for perfection as this one; few are so hard to please and go to such great efforts to improve their product. Primarily, this is because it has paid. Changes in motor cars have been rapid. They followed closely one upon the other. The old wood body has given way to the all-steel or steel and wood body; safety glass has replaced ordinary glass; four-wheel brakes have taken the place of two-wheel brakes; wire wheels have supplanted wood wheels; tires have been made to last longer; gasoline has been developed to eliminate engine knock. Every change has made the motorist's dollar go farther; every change has made the new automobiles more attractive to more persons and has resulted in owners being dissatisfied with their old ones.

In constantly changing models and improving its product the industry has set a rapid pace for itself. If its vast plants are to be kept in operation this pace must be maintained. And these vast plants must be kept

going. The economic future of the country depends to a large extent on their being kept in operation. They are geared to mass production and only with mass production can they turn a profit for their owners. Furthermore, far reaching and peaceful influences are back of the industry. It is basic, affecting seriously the progress and the success of the steel industry, the glass industry, the textile industry and the rubber industry. Its progress is so important that a sharp upturn in automobile sales and production will favorably affect several hundred lines of business. Let automobile production be sharply stimulated and factory whistles in hundreds of cities the length and the breadth of the land start calling men back to work. One-tenth of our population is directly or indirectly dependent on the automobile industry. In 1929 eighty-five per cent of the output of the rubber industry went into motor cars, as did nineteen per cent of the iron and steel, sixty-seven per cent of the plate glass, fifteen per cent of the copper, twenty-seven per cent of the lead and eighty per cent of the gasoline; and finished cars alone furnished 3,600,000 carloads of freight for the railroads.

So important an industry can not stand still, and it can not go ahead unless it improves its product. Therefore, it will improve its product, and the motor car as we know it today is destined to undergo important and radical changes in the next few years. First, it will be changed in appearance. This change will result not only from the public's demand for new style cars but also from sound engineering principles. And it will cause an enormous upturn in sales.

THE car of tomorrow will be fully stream-lined, oval in shape and as different from today's car in appearance as today's is from the one-horse shay. Today's car is a cumbersome vehicle, not unlike a 1931 milk wagon. There is neither rhyme nor reason in its shape and general layout. If engineers were permitted to start in fresh and build an automobile, unhampered by precedent and without taking into consideration immediate salability, the fruits of their work would have only the vaguest resemblance to today's motor car.

Engineers have long realized the necessity for stream-lining automobiles. In recent years they have learned more about its beneficial effects. Tests have proved conclusively that the present shape and general lay-out of automobiles is responsible largely for their high fuel consumption. At thirty to sixty miles per hour a properly shaped body will travel through the air with one-third the resistance of an improperly shaped body. In other words, an automobile properly shaped — or fully stream-lined — has but a third of the resistance of present models. Engineers know that air resistance today is the greatest part of the total resistance of a motor car. By minimizing this resistance automobiles will be made considerably faster at touring speeds without increasing the size or horsepower of their engines.

The layman's answer to this is: "We don't need faster cars. As it is today the average motorist has never driven his car as fast as it will go. He's afraid to. So why build more speed into a car?"

But the engineer realizes that the

motorist is definitely interested in fuel economy and stream-lining will permit him to go twice as far on a gallon of gasoline at touring speeds as at present. This makes it a decidedly significant development to the motorist. It also makes it an economic factor, in that it will reduce the nation's gasoline bill by several millions of dollars. Moreover, the all-steel, stream-lined car will be safer; it will have a lower centre of gravity and will be considerably lighter, a factor of importance in decelerating and braking which will make it easier to stop the car at high speeds.

Considering the many benefits of this principle, one wonders that it was not adopted long ago, not only by the automobile industry but by the railroads, as well. The bullet has always been partially stream-lined, racing cars have been stream-lined and in more recent years the airplane. It has added many miles per hour to the speed of airplanes, and the autogyro is expected to take on increased speed when its rotor housing is so designed. Yet the automobile, used by upwards of twenty million persons, is still a clumsy vehicle offering a considerable and unnecessary resistance to wind.

On the surface this subject might seem relatively unimportant in its potential effects on the industry as a whole, but the contrary is true. We have in the automobile business an unparalleled condition. First, the country is in the throes of a serious economic depression. This alone results in cautious buying and has forced thousands of persons to decide to operate their old cars a few years longer than usual. Add to this the fact that today's motor car,

although a decided improvement over that of three years ago, is not much different in appearance. In other words today's car from an appearance standpoint is not noticeably out of date. This means that thousands of persons who once refused to be seen driving an old-fashioned car can still drive one three years old without loss of prestige, because the three-year-old car does not look its age. Such motorists will probably use their cars for five or six years. And in this way the normal replacement market is seriously disrupted.

In previous years the same condition was true to a lesser degree, but each time some radical improvement or change came along to save the day. The self-starter, the four-wheel brake, the balloon tire, the six-cylinder car, all had a tremendous effect on automobile sales. Changes such as these have been the very life blood of the industry — but since the depression we have witnessed none so radical. True, there have been improvements, but they have not been sufficiently revolutionary to make motorists dissatisfied with their present cars to the point where they would purchase new cars.

Students of automotive merchandizing believe a radical change in design will do more to stimulate the industry than any other single factor. Such a change, they contend, will provide the rejuvenation the industry needs today. And the stream-lined car will bring about the desired change in conditions. It will be the next great stimulus to increased automobile production. First, because when it makes its bow on

the streets and highways of this country, every non-stream-lined car will be out of style. No one will have to lift the hood or listen to the motor or transmission to determine whether or not an automobile is stylish. A non-stream-lined car will be as conspicuous and as easy to detect as a woman in a hoop-skirt.

Bearing these facts in mind, one is inclined to wonder what keeps the stream-lined car from making its public appearance. It is sound from an engineering point of view. It is no more difficult or expensive to manufacture from a production angle. It has been tried out in wind tunnels and on roads and highways and its value has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. Certainly manufacturers, usually quick to sense the need for change, ought to sponsor such a car right now.

True! But here we encounter a typical instance of the timidity of the industry. At this point the manufacturers say, in effect:

"We believe in the stream-lined car. We know it's a better product and we think it's ridiculous to build automobiles in their present shape and lay-out. But the public will be afraid of a fully stream-lined car. It will be too different, too radical. The public wants its changes gradually. The stream-lined car must be an evolution if we are to get the public to accept it."

One may question the soundness of this theory but the fact remains that the industry will do nothing about it until some exceptionally courageous manufacturer leads the way. Then all the other manufacturers will fall into line and there will be a mad rush to prepare new

models to meet the demand. Automotive history will thus repeat itself.

BUT stream-lining is only one phase of the future of the automobile, although the most important individual development and the one with the most far reaching implications.

The motor car's power plant has been improved to a large extent in the past decade. It runs more smoothly than ever. It is more durable and seldom breaks down. It is quieter. It yields more power per cubic inch of piston displacement. But even with all of these improvements automotive engineers are striving to make the engine better, lighter and more economical to run. Only recently a prominent manufacturer introduced a four-cylinder car with the smoothness of a six. This smoothness was obtained by mounting the engine so that it rocked in a cradle-like structure and absorbed vibration.

In addition, the Diesel engine holds promise of one day being used in motor cars. A few years back this was considered an engineer's pipe dream. At Indianapolis a Diesel-powered automobile covered the entire 500 miles in the 1931 Memorial Day race without once stopping. Previously the same year a Diesel-powered airplane broke all non-refueling endurance flight records. Tomorrow's automobile may very likely be powered by a Diesel engine. In this event crude oil will be used instead of refined gasoline and fuel costs will be sharply reduced. A Diesel-powered stream-lined automobile would doubtless go four times as far on a dollar's worth

of fuel as a non-stream-lined, gasoline-engined car does.

Also, the industry is waging a terrific war on body noises. Quieter motors, free wheeling and more nearly silent transmissions have served to reveal heretofore unsuspected body noises. That squeak which to you, a motorist, is merely an annoyance, may very well cost a million dollars to eliminate and the industry pays gladly for it. In the manufacture of all-steel automobile bodies thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent in experiments on electric welding, as a result of which steel automobile bodies are now one piece. These developments will make the body of the future practically noiseless.

While automobile manufacturers are striving to better their products, fuel experts are continually at work in an effort to improve motor fuels. The introduction several years ago of ethyl gasoline and of various high-test gasolines for high compression motors is an indication of the fruitfulness of their work. The lubrication engineers are equally busy and are working in collaboration with automotive engineers to the end that the motorist may use fewer grades and types of lubricants. Right now a motorist who tries to lubricate his automobile in accordance with the manufacturer's specifications has a hard job on his hands. In a few years at most this task will be greatly simplified, because the manufacturers and the lubrication engineers have put their heads together and are working out simpler methods and different types of construction.

Surely, no one has more persons

working for him than the motorist. That he may get greater pleasure and enjoyment out of his automobile, numerous city planners and traffic experts are busy today planning the highways and streets of the future. The multiple lane, express highway is only a few steps away. Before we know it we will see wide, super-highways running from coast to coast. These immense roadways will have one lane for local, slow traffic. Other lanes will be laid out for high-speed traffic, with additional lanes for busses, motor trucks and commercial vehicles. All curves will be banked to permit high speeds. Intersections will not bother the motorist for he will go either under or over them. These super-roads will skirt large cities and follow the line of least traffic resistance.

We can see this trend in many ways. In New York City, for example, the bridges over the East River have had added to them upper roadways for non-commercial vehicles. In the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River a minimum speed of thirty-five miles has been fixed. State parkways and highways now keep the left hand, or centre lane, open for passing cars and slow moving vehicles are required to keep to the right. These are steps in the right direction.

We live in an age of speed and the motor car manufacturers in building the car of the future have taken cognizance of the fact that the new school of thought in traffic control inclines to the theory which holds that high speeds are necessary. Many States have either raised or abolished the speed limits and today fine motorists for reckless driving

rather than for speeding. Twenty miles an hour may constitute reckless driving in one case and sixty miles per hour may be safe in another case. In some States the motorist who goes too slowly is fined for holding up traffic.

All of this will have its effect on the automobile business. With wider streets and highways and a more rapid movement of traffic, congestion will be lessened. And when we succeed in that we open up new markets for automobiles.

The same is true of parking. Today the parking situation in large cities is serious. Tomorrow it will be solved. The larger cities of the country are encouraging the building of skyscraper garages which move cars in and out mechanically with almost incredible speed. One large manufacturing company has developed a structure resembling a ferris wheel on which cars may be parked vertically in little cages, one on top of another. A few of these at strategic points will do a great deal to help conditions. Tomorrow we shall see our great public squares acting as roofs for underground parking spaces and large office buildings, hotels, apartment houses and department stores will use their basements and sub-basements for parking. This, too, will reflect itself in the production and sale of motor cars.

To those who talk pessimistically about the "saturation point" in automobiles, these predictions may seem fantastic. But they are not. They are based on facts. They result from a knowledge not only of what is going on within the industry but of what the industry is planning for the future.

The Spirit Wrestler

BY WILLIAM BURKE TEELING

A Story

EVAN EVANOVITCH did not go to the Prayer Meeting. He did not feel he could pray in the presence of his enemies. From the veranda of the business office next the station he had looked at the table placed in the yard. It had been covered with a white cloth, and in the centre was placed a platter and on it the Sacred Loaf and beside it a glass of water.

In two's and three's they had come and stood, the men on one side of the table and the women on the other. They began to chant their dirge-like hymns in Russian, first the men, then the answering women, then both together. Presently, no doubt, the great Wasily would arrive, and he would tell them it was never right to use force, and then later he would hold a meeting and he would decide to eject by force Evan and his wife.

Evan Evanovitch smiled sadly as he looked up at the high mountains coming down to the Columbia River and at the surrounding prosperous landscape that his people had made fertile. Twenty-three years ago now, when he was only nine years old, they had come here out of Saskatchewan — and now they would force him out.

"Well we will see — it is for them, not for me to act." He nodded good evening to Grigory Nicholaevitch, a year younger than himself, who stood sheepishly watching him, and moved off towards his village.

The Doukhobor Community, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, lived in a series of such villages, but a village was made up of only two houses and in each house lived nearly fifty people, and a village was never so large as to hold more than one hundred people. As Evan went to the village he passed the jam factory where he had worked and earned money; but he had never taken the money, he had accepted the alternative and taken his pay in kind.

No doubt he would work there no more, and it would not be easy to earn money, but he would write Russian stories for the Chicago paper; his friend Paul had done it, and why should not he? At any rate it was for them to act, and the Lord would provide, or if not it meant He wished them to starve, and that too was well. He remembered that "Doukhobor" translated into English meant Spirit Wrestler and he felt he would soon indeed be wrestling with spirits of temptation.

Soon he reached his village and passed in through the pear trees. Each of the buildings was shaped like the letter E without the central projection. The two ends of the E were built of brick two stories high and contained the communal kitchens and eating rooms. They were linked up by a low, wooden, one-storied building, in each room of which slept two people, husband and wife or two brothers and two sisters, and still more people were accommodated above the kitchens. Evan Evanovitch proceeded to the left corner room where his wife, Anna, awaited him. Like many Doukhobor women she was large of stature, and wore a bright yellow petticoat, and white blouse and a white scarf over her head and pinned beneath the chin. A fringe of hair appeared from beneath the scarf across her forehead. Her face was red, as Evan at first thought from cooking — but he soon saw it was also from weeping.

"Evan," she cried, "tell me the worst. Are we to go? Has Wasily spoken?"

"No, Anna, my beloved," he said gently, "he is not yet returned — but I think it must come so; it is the wish of the Lord."

Anna bowed her head a moment — but then straightened up, a rebellious look in her eye, "Why, Evan, must it be so? It is unjust, it is wrong."

"Is there any justice in this world, Anna? Wasily and his friends — they are not defeating the Spirit. They are leading our brothers and sisters into his hands. You and I, Anna, we must show them how to wrestle with the Spirit, and uphold John Peripatkin and the others that are already suffering."

"Oh, Evan, we too are suffering. I went in today to bake in the kitchen and Anastasia Wolkoff beat me fiercely, and today being washing day, I went to wash in the bath, and Anastasia and the others would not let me and the children wash, neither ourselves nor our clothes."

"Yes, it is hard, Anna, but they do not mean it. You know some think because Wasily is elected head he has the Spirit of Power entered into him and that is not so. But he tells them how to treat us, and they do as they are told."

"Evan, there is no head, no leader. We are all equal — we all have the Spirit within us."

"You have spoken the truth."

For a while they sat on the bed in silence, then Anna, gazing out the window said, "Evan — and our child — what will become of that — what life will it lead?" Evan held her hand and looked at her fondly.

"Anna beloved, when our child comes, the Lord will have found us a home if He wants the child to live."

"Oh, Evan, how I dread the weeks, the months until then."

Again they sat in silence on the bed, in the growing darkness and waited.

IT WAS after eight o'clock and nearly dark when two motors could be heard approaching the station. "Here he comes, here he is!" shouted with almost childlike excitement bearded peasants, and strong moujiks, as they rushed to the door of Wasily's home. The prayer singers, now hundreds strong, continued their hymns a little louder and two cars, covered in dust, like those of a general and his staff, drove up rapidly to the house. Wasily in a blue suit

with a straw hat, and the stick that he never discarded, jumped out and greeted the Elders. Then with uncovered head he gradually approached the Sacred Table.

"Greetings to you, Wasily, the Lordly one," murmured the prayers.

Wasily bowed low. "Greetings to you Children and Brothers." And they in turn bowed respectfully.

Twice more they greeted each other, and then standing at the table, he preached to them in Russian and with many a moujik's expression.

He told them of the woes of education, how today education had brought on the invention of machinery and the unhappiness of the educated who could not find work. He spoke scornfully of capitalism and continued for some time, but then his face changed its look; he began to speak of the burnings and the explosions.

If it was not done by God, and he knew it was not, then it was by the Evil Spirit, and they must wrestle with the Evil Spirit — and he had proof it was by the Sons of Freedom. Their creed was hypocrisy; it was indeed as he said "not worth the shell of an egg," and they were given to "nothing but dirty and rough violence."

While he was speaking, there were murmurs of approval, for what Wasily said must be right. He told them there were friends of these so-called Sons of Freedom in their midst and they must leave — and every one agreed. When he had finished he moved into his office with the Elders, and they sat down to decide on the case of Evan Evanovitch and Anna, his wife.

Michael Popoff explained to Wasily that nothing had happened since his departure and that Evan had remained obdurate.

"He will not pay the tax — he says openly the debt should be eliminated by now."

"So indeed it is," laughed Wasily, "but he knows naught of that. He can not remain here. He will make others that do not think, think, and those that are disgruntled, more active. He is a danger."

"Indeed, Wasily, he is a danger," reiterated the Elders.

"It is a pity," sighed Wasily. "He is our best educated man. We would have found him useful to write for us and explain us to the English world. That, indeed, is why I did not force him out with Peripatkin. But now it is time he must go." He thumped the table. "He must go tomorrow! Come, let us see him and Anna, his wife, give him one last opportunity, and then tell him he must leave." He finished the strawberries and cherries a girl had brought him from the kitchen, took his hat and stick and, accompanied by Michael Popoff and Wasily Kourakin, the Elder of Evan's village, proceeded down the road.

Evan Evanovitch and his wife came out to meet them.

"Greetings to you, Wasily," they said.

"And to you, brother and sister," bowed Wasily in reply. "We are here on a serious business matter, Evan. We have come to ask you for the last time, will you as a man over twenty years of age pay your tax to the head of your village, your tax of \$175?"

"No, Wasily," Evan replied, "you know my answer. I will not."

"Think, Evan Evanovitch, what all this means. From the age of sixteen until you were twenty you paid the amount of \$100 as ordered by the Elder and you continued after you were twenty at the rate of \$175 a year. Why, since 1928, have you ceased?"

"You know why I have ceased. Why have you not turned me out before — with John Peripatkin and the rest — last year?"

"I did not do it because I wanted you to be of use to our Community and I hoped you would relent. Instead you have set an example that is harmful. You know it is not for us to decide about repayment. Most of that money we levy is for interest on the original loan lent us to come here."

"Wasily, I know — but I do not recognize such interest. Over twenty years ago we came here — we borrowed the money to come and buy the land, the land was the security. Over twenty years you have paid what you call interest, and today you must have paid more than the original sum you borrowed and yet you owe the same amount."

"Yes, and if we do not pay the interest continuously, they still have the land as security — and we have worked long to make the land more prosperous."

"That is true, Wasily — but you must stand against such injustice. If you do not believe you should pay it, then you should not pay it."

"That is not the way of the world."

"No, Wasily, but it is the way of the Lord — to wrestle with the Spirit of Evil."

"Evan Evanovitch, you anger me. Tomorrow, the Elders have de-

cided you must leave. Do you hear? You and Anna must depart from our Community — whither we care not."

"Wasily, we have nowhere to go," pleaded Anna.

"Never mind, Anna, beloved," answered Evan and turning again to Wasily, "We will not leave unless you put us out forcibly. We are of the Community as you are."

"Then by the Lord, Evan, we will force you out. I will not have my authority flouted."

"You have no authority. We all have the Spirit within us, and are therefore equals."

"That is not true. I am the leader."

"There is no leader with such authority. We are all equals. That is the teaching of the Doukhobors from the Caucasus. We are all Sons of Freedom. It is for that, Wasily, your ancestors and mine suffered in Russia long ago and it was for that that Leo Tolstoy had us brought to this land. There is no monarch, no leader, no State, and every one is my brother."

"Enough of this. You are a dangerous man; tomorrow you shall go."

"You, too, Wasily, are dangerous. Be careful how you lead our more ignorant brethren from the pure creed of their ancestors."

Wasily turned and walked out with the Elders, in a great fury.

ANNA, weeping, started to gather her belongings but Evan bade her cease. They would not go, or make preparations to go.

She lay down to cry and he went out into the yard to look at the moon shining on the fast flowing Columbia River, from high over the mountains.

While he was there, Grigory Nicholaevitch, who was a year younger than he and as tall, and as fair as he was dark, came to him and told him Wasily was incensing the Community against him.

"Evan, I wish I had your strength of character. Many of us younger ones believe Wasily is leading us astray — we feel you and John Peripatkin must be right — but your life will bring many hardships and here it is comfortable. We have not the courage."

"Yes," Evan admitted, "it is a pleasant life — but it need not be so profitable. This profit, as in the Caucasus before, makes us lose our faith and Wasily is frightened of the Sons of Freedom. They will win yet."

"Yes, Evan, they will win — but why do they burn and pillage?"

"Maybe they do not — at any rate not the right ones. Maybe Wasily would arrange such pillage and lay it to the Sons that they should become unpopular and be turned away — and maybe it is just his enemies."

Evan turned to go to bed and just then they saw Grigory Mikitovitch, carrying something, go quietly past the back of the village. Grigory had not been at the Elders' meeting and Wasily knew it. He was on a mission.

Next day it was reported the grocery store in the nearby village of Drumlea had been blown up, and the police said it was the Sons of Freedom and Wasily was enraged against them and with him the Community, and they proceeded to the chamber of Evan Evanovitch and Anna his wife.

It was not late in the morning, but the room was cleaned, and Evan

was waiting with his wife — but he had locked the door. Evan knew that they did not believe in force, and without force he would not go.

From outside Wasily and the rest threatened much and they said they would burn down his room — but that would mean burning the others. They broke the windows and they broke open the door. Grigory Nicholaevitch and others who were fond of Evan and his wife pleaded with Wasily to do them no harm — but Wasily beat Grigory and the others with his stick across the back, as indeed he and the Elders often beat the members of the Community.

They drew Evan out and also Anna, who tried to take some possessions, but they tore them away because they belonged, they said, to the Community, though much was for the wages in kind that Evan had earned. They kicked them and hurt them, and finally they were left together on the road. Evan Evanovitch was white with anger, and his strong arms had longed to resist and defend his wife and she, too, was weeping with rage and mortification — but they just walked the road and before dusk they came to Drumlea, where there had been the explosion. They went to the house of John Popoff, a cousin of the Elder Michael Popoff, and he was willing to take them into his house where he was practising the Caucasian Doukhobor religion as best he could.

THEY had wrestled with the Spirit of Evil and they had not given way. They remained at Drumlea a few months, and Evan worked an odd day for local farmers and earned some dollars. They lived on the prod-

uce of a strip of land, and they bought almost no foodstuffs from outside. When they had time John Popoff and Evan built a house in which Evan and his wife could live, and in the meantime Anna was awaiting her baby.

In the Community, so they heard, things were not going too well, and Grigory Mikitovitch, the Elder, had been turned out by Wasily. The reason that was given was that he had had charge of some of the Doukhobor Community accounts and that he had taken the money for his own personal use. But he himself said differently, and said that he had done certain missions for Wasily, and Wasily had authorized him to reward himself in that way. Evan, who had seen Grigory Mikitovitch that night before he was expelled, creeping in, believed Grigory, and was not surprised that he, who had not the real Spirit of the Sons of Freedom, had vowed vengeance on Wasily — but it would bring good to no one.

For a long time now John Popoff had refused to pay taxes to the Provincial Government for his house and land because he said the land should belong to every one, but the Government did not agree with him and at last sold his property over his head, including the house he and Evan Evanovitch were building, and turned them all out on to the road again. The officials were not as rough as the Community had been and Evan remarked that the smaller the person you offend, the more roughly, often, he punishes you. Anna was loath to go, but now they had nothing at all with which to pay and they must go.

They all went by foot nearly seventy miles until they came near Karlo where John Peripatkin had established the biggest group of them that had been turned out from the Community, and there they were gladly welcomed. There was a cottage where four men had lived, and who were now in prison for taking part in a nude parade and they were allowed to sleep there.

The Peripatkin Colony consisted of about sixty families, and they had squatted near a small river, near the town of Karlo, but away in the woods and they had cleared some of the land, and they were living there on the produce. Every day whenever the Spirit moved them they undressed and worked in the fields. They said it was healthy, and it was done in Germany and England and elsewhere and therefore why not in Canada? Besides it humiliated the too proud flesh, and they only undressed before others when the latter tried to use violence and arrest them, or had used violence to their friends, for the Lord had said if a man take your over garment, give him your under garment. Such was their philosophy and they lived quietly and harmed no one, and led a Spartan life and wished to be left in peace. Evan Evanovitch and Anna were happy, and he worked and wrote and they shared in the work of the Community.

But the time of the census had arrived. This was a Federal matter, no longer a question for the Province only, but for the whole country. Local men were employed to ask the questions, and local men are not always broad minded. They did not understand the Sons of Freedom.

They were themselves of somewhat Puritanical descent — and they had not heard much of sun bathing, nor did they see that the burning of schools and the blowing up of grocery stores might not be so simply traced to the Sons of Freedom as they imagined. They disliked the Sons of Freedom and therefore they could not understand their attitude toward a census. With the Sons, marriage is a thing that does not begin at any given date; people just gradually fall in love and have children. But then they should remain together if possible for the rest of their lives. Neither do they consider it anything but vanity to remember your age, nor will they register births, and it is a mystery what they do with their dead, for they call in no doctor.

So the Commissioners came to the camp, to the wooden huts near Karlo and they asked the Sons of Freedom all these questions and some could speak no English at all, only Russian, and some only a little, and so Evan Evanovitch and some others interpreted for them, and explained that they knew not their parents, and many knew not their ages, and one was frivolous and said she felt she was a thousand years old. This was too much for the composure of the officials and they arrested ten men, and the ten men included Evan Evanovitch. Evan did not want to go to prison, because his wife Anna would soon have her child, and he dreaded leaving her. Until then they had seemed so happy and the punishment seemed so unnecessary, and the women sorely needed their men folk to work for the little they could get out of the land — yet the men were taken away. And Evan Evanovitch

was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He was well treated and his life was not made miserable though he was unhappy at leaving his wife, and worried much about her.

IN THE meanwhile Grigory Mikito-vitch, who had been away from the Peripatkin Colony where he now lived, doing business of his own, returned to the Colony. He heard what had happened and said that they must not let the matter pass without protest. The women must march to the town and disrobe and walk past the Court House in protest. Not the men, because they would arrest them. But he said they would not touch the women, and so twenty of the women went and they included Anna, because she insisted on protesting for her husband, though she was in no condition to go. As they approached the town, the police heard of their coming and came out armed with pepper pots full of an itching powder and also sticks in case the women should refuse to go home.

When the women met the police and were told to return they refused and quickly disrobed. The police, only six in number, did what they could to stop them and freely used the itching powder. But the women at this became angry and used legs and arms to resist the police and to pass on. There were Community Doukhobors standing near by and they, too, were incensed, not at the action of the police, but at that of the women, and they started in to beat the women and many were badly mauled and beaten before they could return to their camp.

When they returned there, Anna collapsed in great agony at what she

had gone through and two days later she died.

Later Evan Evanovitch was released and returned to Karlo. There he heard that his wife was dead and that he had no child, and that it was even too late to perform the rites expected of all Doukhobors for their dead, six weeks after death. Indeed she had wrestled with the Spirit of Evil and had defeated him. Evan knew nothing for a little time and was lost in an ocean of misery. His brethren came and sat beside him on the long bench and they chanted their hymns and he joined in their prayers, for he felt he was with friends, but his misery seemed too great to be borne.

For a few days he scarce spoke and then one day he asked for Grigory Mikitovitch, who was not truly a Son of Freedom but a non-practising Doukhobor; he had asked for shelter, and that the Sons refused to no one. Then they told him that very day Grigory had been convicted of blowing up a train on which were Wasily and some others, and Wasily and a man from the town of Karlo had been killed and Grigory Mikitovitch was sentenced to death. "It is well," said Evan, but no more. Just then the incensed inhabitants of Karlo, wild with rage after the conviction of Grigory Mikitovitch, were marching on the Colony and soon the Sons

heard them coming and they seemed to sing and be drunk and many of the women were frightened. But John Peripatkin and Evan Evanovitch and John Popoff and Grigory Nicholaevitch called them all together and they sat on the bench with the Sacred Bread between them and they sang the hymns that were their Bible. These hymns had come down by word of mouth to them from the Caucasus, from Siberia, through Saskatchewan to British Columbia, and after today where indeed would any be to sing them again?

Evan Evanovitch spoke to them, "Above all offer no resistance. They can do us no harm, we wilfully have done them no harm. We believe our creed — to deny it would be hypocrisy and we would be bad citizens. If they kill us, then we will be happy. Happier than to be left living like this in daily torture — happy when we are dead because we will have ceased to wrestle with the Spirit and shall be victorious." They all said, "Amen."

And Evan Evanovitch heard them coming nearer and he drew himself up and looked over the river to the mountains and smiled triumphantly, for he was thinking of his misery nearly finished and of Anna who was his wife, and whom he would find. And he knew he was a true Doukhobor.



Our Laggard Theatre

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

*Plays of 1928, plays of the 'Nineties, plays of ancient Greece—
but no plays of the world of today*

SINCE 1929, life in these United States has changed swiftly, sharply and painfully. Depression has succeeded a veritable orgy of prosperity; the national sense of sitting jubilantly on top of the world and having money to burn, has disappeared. In its place, has come a bewildered, injured-innocence feeling of instability. The precariousness which now pervades all jobs, salaries and dividends, has affected practically all of us, and in almost every way, mental, moral and spiritual.

All of which is, of course, a commonplace of fact; but it hasn't yet reached the fictitious world of the theatre, which usually prides itself on being completely up to date. The plays of these closing months of 1931 are plays which really belong to 1929; or to a day even earlier. A few of them touch timeless subjects, and consequently are of no particular period; several of them turn back to the more or less distant past; no one of them, so far, has fully or even approximately reflected that uneasy consciousness of living and being obliged to watch others live on a thin crust of ice spread over fathomless depths of cold black water which per-

vades even those sections of society that formerly took their own security for granted.

John Galsworthy's somewhat scrappy but very interesting play, *The Roof*, perhaps comes nearer than any other to a direct relation with this awareness of insecurity. He shows us various bedrooms in a small Paris hotel, with the people who are occupying them for the night, people who are all deeply interested in their own concerns, and would have, under ordinary circumstances, very little in common. But a fire, started by a drunken wastrel as a joke, sweeps suddenly through the building, and they are all forced to flee to the roof. Mr. Galsworthy's intention evidently was to show that when subjected to some sharp, unexpected test, most people come up to the scratch bravely enough; a doctrine which might have seemed quite startling a couple of years ago. From the lovable old waiter, so beautifully played by Edouard La Roche, to Ernest Cossart's amusing, reliable, entirely middle-class Mr. Beeton, not one of them fails, as several of them had feared they might fail, when the moment of testing comes.

But what brings this fine play home to present-day audiences, what especially makes it a play which has something to say to present-day audiences, is the sudden destruction of the material surroundings on whose stability all these different people had unconsciously depended, and the courage with which they confront that proven instability. Excellently acted by a first-class company, this is emphatically, and for many reasons, a play to see.

The characters of *The Roof*, being almost all of them likable, are in marked contrast to the very disagreeable individuals of Eugene O'Neill's Freudianized version of the old Greek legend of the House of Atreus, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. This is perhaps as well, for that timeless, sinister, and intensely dramatic play of love, illicit or tainted, hatred, revenge, murder and suicide, would otherwise be almost too painful to endure. Decidedly the best thing the most important of latter-day American playwrights has yet done, this trilogy, which takes six hours in the playing, even when cut, follows the old story closely in its main outlines. Ezra Mannon, the Agamemnon, comes home from the Civil, as his prototype did from the Trojan War, and is murdered by his wife Christine, the modern Clytemnestra, with the aid and connivance of her lover, Captain Adam Brant, otherwise Ægisthus. Mannon's daughter, Lavinia (Electra), discovers her mother's guilt and urges her brother, the weak, sensitive, easily influenced Orin, to avenge their father. But Orin's pronounced Oedipus complex makes the whole affair at once more intricate and more hideous, as does

Lavinia's love for Captain Brant, and her jealous hatred of her mother. In no one of them is there anything approaching grandeur, anything of the "magnificent in sin" effect of the ancient Greeks. They are smaller, meaner, uglier in character and motive. Puritanism, something of the old Greek consciousness of implacable, omnipotent Fate, and certain modern theories of psychology meet and mingle curiously in this remarkable tragedy, a tragedy with far less of hope than its Greek original. No pitying Athena descends from Olympus to mitigate the woes of the modern Orestes. The taxing part of Lavinia serves to reveal the full artistic stature of Alice Brady, and Madame Nazimova is at her best as the strange, tortured and torturing Christine. After a rather unfortunate start with Alfred Savoir's unconvincing satire, *He*, the Theatre Guild has achieved one of its greatest successes in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, a play whose story is of ancient Greece, of the Civil War period, and of this year of gloom, 1931.

THE *House of Connelly*, on the other hand, is essentially a play of the South as it was during the early 'Nineties. It has been much praised, but the fact that the actors, though sometimes loud, are almost always unintelligible makes it difficult for those sitting back of the very front row of the orchestra to form any adequate idea of the merits or demerits of Paul Green's latest play. It concerns a not particularly interesting, poverty-stricken Southern family of aristocratic traditions, which is apparently doomed to suffer regeneration at the hands of a

girl whose own people are "poor white trash," through her marriage with the weakling son and heir. This marriage, one gathers, does not meet with the approval of the young man's mother, one of those decrepit, tottering old crones who are so often the mothers of youths still in their twenties — on the stage, if not in real life. But mother obligingly expires, and the lovers are united.

Of course, the congenital inferiority of the aristocrat, male or female, to the individual of humble birth, is a fundamental part of the creed of all popular fiction, in and out of the theatre. It is demonstrated again in Elmer Rice's thoroughly enjoyable *Counsellor At Law*, where Third Avenue once more triumphs over Park. In this new play the author of *Street Scene* returns to the type of his greatest success, showing the various persons who come to the office of a prominent lawyer with political affiliations. George Simon, admirably impersonated by Paul Muni, had himself been a poor boy who sold newspapers on the streets. Unlike many of the successful, he never forgot his old friends, several of whom appear in the play. The plot is of the slightest, being concerned with the attempt to disbar Simon made by a certain Francis Clarke Baird, chairman of the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association. Baird hated Simon, who, having come up out of the gutter, was of course the abler of the two, and had worsted the "Mayflower descendant" more than once. After many determined efforts to "get something" on Simon, Baird discovered his one misstep, the faking of an alibi to save a boy from a life sen-

tence. What counts is not the story, but the deftness and veracity of most of the character drawing, the shrewdness and humor with which most of the people are presented, and acted. Only the supposed aristocrats are unreal, though Louise Prussing struggles nobly to inject a little credibility into the part of Simon's 'igh and 'aughty wife. If the general atmosphere of *Counsellor At Law* is of 1928 rather than 1931, it is amusing enough and true enough to human nature to enable you to laugh and be glad. Which is high praise these days.

ONE of the unusual things about this, so far, anachronistic season, is that several of its best plays have been adapted from novels. *Cynara*, built on the perennial theme of a man's infidelity to the wife he really and devotedly loves, is so true to one particular phase of life as it is and people as they are, that you feel as if you were watching an actual occurrence, something which might have happened, moreover, at almost any time and in almost any place; it belongs to 1831 as well as to 1931. Though the part of Jim Warlock, obliged to remain, for the most part, unresponsive while first one and then another woman makes love to him, is rather awkward, Philip Merivale manages to make it neither ridiculous nor unsympathetic, while Adrienne Allen strikes precisely the right note as the shop assistant who was the girl in the case. H. M. Harwood and A. F. Gore-Brown have done a really distinguished piece of work in this play, one of the few no theatre goer should miss.

Another novel adaptation which

ranks with the not-to-be-missed is the admirably constructed murder play which Jeffrey Dell has made from C. S. Forester's *Payment Deferred*. Exceptionally interesting, very dramatic, and moving logically and swiftly forward to an unexpected, ironic climax, the play is notwithstanding overshadowed by Charles Laughton's superb performance of the little bank clerk who was driven by poverty to murder. Here we have a character and a situation belonging to every time and place, though with a certain extra appropriateness at this moment, when so many are finding themselves almost as much in need of money as was William Marple. Mr. Laughton, who, like his play, comes to us from England, does some of the best acting seen on our stage in many a long day, and it is to be hoped that he will not be allowed to go home until we have had a chance to see him in many more parts. Well supported by an excellent company, his playing is one of the outstanding events of the season.

Yet another successful play made from a novel is the dramatization by Edward Knoblock and J. B. Priestley of the latter's wholly delightful novel, *The Good Companions*. That fascinating, richly flavored, robust and very long novel couldn't, however, be properly presented on the stage in one evening, but would need at least a dozen hours for its performance, which might prove just a little too much for even the most resolute of theatre goers. Still, even the comparatively denuded bits of it which are all that can be transferred to the stage during the time allowed, provide plenty of enjoyment, though

it must be admitted that of all the long cast only the Miss Trant of Velerie Trent and the Monte Mortimer of James Baber, seem really to have stepped out of the book. The novel was a tonic for depression, and some of its exhilarating quality remains in the play; for which let us be duly grateful.

Another curious thing about the present season, up to the time of writing, is the quite amazing diminution in number of those plays whose principal reason for being was a forlorn hope that they might prove indecent enough to shock the audience. Managers have, apparently, at last reached the conclusion, so long attained by almost every one else, that the day of shock successes is past and gone. Here at least, the theatre has progressed to 1931. While *The Sex Fable* — what an extraordinary translation of the title of Edouard Bourdet's *Le Sexe Faible!* — was "daring" in the extreme, it was also extremely witty in its reversal of certain familiar theatrical situations, and though it might be one of those plays no really nice girl would take her mother to see (mothers nowadays seldom waiting to be taken), it relied on its cleverness to appeal to a metropolitan audience. Ronald Squire as an ubiquitous, entirely worldly maître d'hôtel, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as a Countess of a type better left undescribed, Helen Haye as the scheming mother of a marriageable son — not daughter — and Rafael Corio as the gigolo who was tired of gigoloing and wanted to go to work, did some excellent acting in an amusing satire, which nevertheless proved too much in the mode of 1929 to last in present day New York.

THOUGH changed conditions have made things doubly difficult for those plays which belong to earlier, more prosperous times, a few have managed to overcome all obstacles. The deft dialogue and often amusing situations of Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* arouse interest in the rebellion of a man who grows tired of being a mere purveyor of luxuries for his silly wife and ungrateful children, the more readily because the part is played by the always likable A. E. Matthews, and has an excellent foil in the "hearty" Alfred Grainger of Eric Cowley. But though Ronald Jeans' thoughtful, if very pessimistic *Lean Harvest* gave Leslie Banks an opportunity to do some excellent acting as the ambitious Nigel, and might also in its presentation of his misery have been expected to carry some consolation to an audience beset by falling dividends, it set forth the embittering effects of poverty a little too remorselessly for its own welfare. Poverty, combined with too much mother, was the stumbling-block in the way of the agreeable young couple of John Golden and Hugh Stange's weakly constructed *After Tomorrow*, a play which began a good deal better than it ended. Mildly amusing, and with Donald Meek as the amiable, down-trodden husband, it might have survived a good while in a less rigorous season.

Marred by occasional and quite unnecessary grossness, Elmer Rice's *The Left Bank*, a study of American expatriates in Paris, is so true and vivid in its presentation of character that it holds attention in spite of the fact that the questions it discusses are of a type which was very

much to the fore — a couple of years ago. In fact, its theme seems rather less up to date than that of the revived and frankly antiquated *Streets of New York*. For Boucicault's old drama dealt with the panic and depression of 1857, which seem to have resembled the panic and depression of 1930-31 more than a little. Deftly staged and played with just the right, delicately contrived touch of burlesque, the stilted old drama makes you laugh until your sides ache, even while reminding you that what is happening now has happened many times before. Moffat Johnston as a villain any audience would enjoy hissing, Rollo Peters as the ineffably gentlemanly hero, Dorothy Gish as the sweet, gentle, modest-violet heroine, and Jessie Busley as the landlady with a heart of gold, are the most important members of a thoroughly capable cast. And stilted, bombastic as they are, these 1857 representatives of what we now call "the white-collar" poor, with their inability to find work and their terror of being dispossessed, seem in a way astonishingly modern. Which may have something to do with the fact that this revival, originally intended for only a comparatively short run, has held the boards with amazing tenacity.

Another, and very different revival, is that of Sheridan's brilliant comedy, *The School For Scandal*. Here we have Ethel Barrymore as the loveliest, most radiant of Lady Teazles, arch, graceful, charming, daintily artificial in the earlier scenes, revealing the real, warm-hearted woman hidden beneath the powder, brocades and elaborate manners of the period, at the sudden, dramatic

falling of the fateful screen. As an all-round production, this new *School For Scandal* leaves little to be desired save a slight speeding up of the general pace of the playing, a little more distinctness in speech on the part of McKay Morris' handsome Joseph, and a little more irascibility on that of Mr. Gore-King's otherwise admirable Sir Peter. The necessary cutting has been discreetly done, and transported back into a world of minuets and lace ruffles, gallantry and glamor, the fascinated spectator forgets the dust and turmoil outside, revelling in grace, wit and romance.

For the plays of yesterday seem, if not more out of date, certainly more alien, and alien in a more irritating manner, than those of long ago. They remind us too sharply of a too recent past. Charles Surface, auctioning off his ancestors and laughing at his creditors, is so definitely of another age that he is merely amusing. But stage figures obviously living in a world which, while ostensibly that of today, is

yet one whose stability is taken for granted, or whose interests and pursuits are primarily those purely — or impurely — sexual ones which now seem a good deal like fiddling while Rome is burning, can hope for little sympathy at a time when "the facts of life" have suddenly assumed an aspect different from that once implied by the too familiar phrase. The stage of today is still reflecting the world of yesterday and of years before, a world which tacitly took for granted the continued and continuing existence of much that has either suddenly vanished, or else proved utterly unreliable. Events, it would seem, have moved too quickly for the playwrights, and the dramas they are giving us today are still concerned with problems which have either taken on a new and different appearance, or else been temporarily laid aside. Let us hope that they will soon catch up with things as they are, and so bring about the much needed modernization of our theatre, which is now lagging far behind the times.



That Servant Problem

BY ETHEL PEYSER

*If servants have filled more prison cells than any other class
of women workers, perhaps their employers deserve
the blame*

OUR traditional conception of the servant problem must be revised to meet modern, social and economic changes, even as a new orientation is needed on marriage and every other question.

While working in a religious organization given to the betterment of women, I was convinced, if never before, of the difficulties in the solution of the problem of home service. It was during the time when the bomb-shell of the two-shift day was hurled at a group of the "ladies," those arch-beacons, who spread the light of their gold throughout this organization, as long as *their* homes were unviolated by change. These "ladies" had settled upon the healthful hours of labor for working women (save in their own institution), and were aghast when it was suggested that the wage earners in their respective and respectable homes should also be awarded definite hours and definite human prerogatives. I was prepared to see among these welfare workers a willingness to depart from the old and an alacrity to embrace the new. They had rightly upset the factory owner, in a moulding of new

schedules for new conditions, but readjustment for *themselves* was out of the question.

It is plain then, that the fundamental trouble is that feudalism is still in its last stages in the home, even in the home of the so called intelligent woman. Like beauty, the trouble lies in the eye and the heart of the beholder. Not always in the maid, but often in the mistress; not in the conditions, but in frozen bonds to tradition; not in the open eye of clear perception but in the squinting eye of willful obstinacy, and in a monolithic antagonism to facing facts. This is proved because little has been done to solve the problem save hysterical inveighing against existing conditions. The little that has been accomplished is merely (save in sporadic cases) a haphazard sliding into alleviations enforced from the outside.

Notwithstanding the impasse, women who do advocate sensible changes in the home régime are called visionaries or, even worse, Reds, and the smearing of this color over every new idea is holding back comforts and the necessary new

elegancies which should be born even in a transitional era. No one considers the stage coach practical today. The reason is obvious.

Specifically the problem asserts itself when the maid is engaged. It is inherent in the tendency of the employer to minimize the difficulties of the job and to gloss things over with vain promises. So the maid entering upon the new work finds everything to be utterly different from what she has been led to believe. Later, the employer blames the maid for the explosion, for which she herself has planted the charge. Whereas, had she painted the kettle a little blacker, or even in its right colors, the maid would have been agreeably surprised rather than rebellious. For example, if when hired a cook is told that she will have to prepare an extra series of meals for an upper caste servant, she would know beforehand what her duties were. By not forewarning her, a well planned battle ensues. This sort of thing happening in the totally unstandardized home amounts to dishonesty. But women, sorry to say, are too afraid of not getting a maid — if only for a day of hysteria!

Dishonesty again prevails where a friend of the mistress decoys the girl with promises of higher payment. The girl is blamed for departing without reason, even though she has been pledged to secrecy by the so called friend. Both the friend and the maid are culpable, there is no question about that. Certainly the friend is more so. If honor is a concomitant of breeding, mistresses should look to their own characters before trying to train the peasant or expect perfection from her. Henry Fielding, when

speaking of servants felt this to be true, for he says in *Tom Jones* that the trouble lies in the "want of what is called virtue in mistresses . . . for in their dishonor there is a kind of contagion, which like poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it."

Another form of dishonesty rears its head in some of the "offices" or employment agencies, to which both the mistress and the maid repair for mutual alliances. In these strongholds the lady is assured by the agent that she "knows all about Mary," and paints her in glowing colors. Mary is consequently engaged, but it is soon revealed that the agent knew nothing of Mary, for Mary proves utterly inept. The office gets Mary back time and time again for recurrent fees. The ladies pay them and repeatedly go through the same process. In any like dilemma the employer would consult doctors, lawyers or other experts. In this, nothing is done, but to suffer the same experience until it has become sewed up with tyrannic tradition. The housekeeper then either puts up with it all, or does her own work, rather than attempt to understand something of the nature of the struggle and its possible cures.

INDEED, the problem could be solved and is, where the mistress has breeding based on the will to understand. One of the things she must learn (if she abhors ructions, as she should) is that no maid will think that her home is as idyllic as she does. Too few employers realize this. Yet in an investigation a decade or two ago, it was found that domestic servants filled more cells in

prisons and reformatories than any other class of women workers! Despite the fact that many of these "perfect" homes have been training schools for prison careers, there are few mistresses who do not expect *gratitude* from the servant, commensurate with the prized atmosphere of their homes. "Some of my maids," said a woman to me, "leave me because they can get higher wages elsewhere." I assured her that such was the custom with all wage-earners. "But," said she, utterly confounded, "I did everything to make them happy and they didn't show the least bit of gratitude." I ask, why should a maid be grateful to the extent of taking less money than she can earn? Does any business man blame an employe for leaving for a better job and does he whine about ingratitude?

Now let us see what "everything to make her happy" means. It often means self-complacent, misguided giving of concrete things, which do not compensate for privileges granted graciously, for well timed criticism and kindness in general. I know of one typical instance. Delia was delightfully housed, but was never permitted to have company in her sitting-room-bedroom. She was sent to church in the station-wagon, she could use the radio when no one was at home, she was allowed to go out one night a week, she could go to the movies occasionally, if she *asked* to go, but at all costs, must be home by 10.30 p.m. How many of us would enjoy a night out under such a régime, particularly if "home" was thirty minutes from the nearest theatre? When Delia left, her mistress complained bitterly, "I don't

understand how she could have left me after all I did for her. She's just like all of them! They're a different breed! They're all ungrateful wretches!" This happens over and over again. Yet a thirst for gratitude is a Utopian demand. How much of this ambrosia do we get from friends and relatives?

There is the chronic complaint, too, that the maid-of-all-work insists upon having every night off. Of course this *is* a trying demand. But when you stop to think, it is most natural. A maid living in the one maid house, is on duty from about 7.30 or before, until she goes to bed. She is actually never off duty. Do you know of any other class of workers who submit to that? But some one argues, "It wasn't like that in my mother's day." That is true enough, because in our mothers' day, house-maids like other women, had not tasted of the new freedoms, and because generally speaking they had the companionship of other maids, and the servant quarter had a life of its own. Today a maid is usually alone, due to lack of space, decreased immigration and the factory lure, so the burden of work is cast on a rather solitary day of toil. This is a decidedly important set of angles on the "company" question. For no matter how much you talk and try to entertain a maid, she, unlike a dog, prefers her own kind. Furthermore, withholding the privilege of freedom after the day's work has tended to make the servant a *rara avis*, and to keep wages up, for the most independent spirits fly to the factories, where they have definite hours and definite prerogatives and tasks. This action in my opinion is an uncon-

scious yearning, not only to raise their social caste but for *standardization*. The only solution in this dilemma is to engage the itinerant worker by the hour, and allow the maid free evenings after her eight to twelve hours of work in order to perserve the serving classes and also to make an attempt at systematization.

ALTHOUGH at present we have no systematization nor standardization, the ignorant peasant is expected to make swift adjustment as she goes from home to home, wherein the work schedules and tools are totally new to her. If she doesn't adapt herself at once she is called "stupid" and "slow," whereas the new office worker, in business, where things are more or less standardized, is given sufficient time to adjust; in fact the loss of time in "human turn-over" is definitely computed and discounted. Facile adjustment is a superior accomplishment. Indeed, when you realize that "the ability to adjust to new conditions" is one of the best definitions of education, how can illiterate and inexperienced people be expected to spring full fledged to mastery in the most poorly organized field of labor — the home? Sensibly married people, business associates and committee members recognize that it takes time to re-adjust and that this period must be endured patiently in all new alignments of living and working.

Unfortunately, whether fitted or ill fitted any one can marry and employ servants. The money necessary is not predicated on wisdom or knowledge, and the lack of standardization gives the ignorant house-

keeper no practical working basis. This lack of a formula is always painful, but more poignant, when it comes to the coöperation of the mistress with an upper caste servitor. Here the lady has to forge her own tracks for smooth running. Trouble is in the offing for two reasons: the relations between the family and employer must be laid down and the relations between the higher caste maid and the other servants must not blow up. This demands finesse in lieu of codes and standards. The mistress has to cope with a more socialized being, than the so called menial. She is not used to giving suggestions, she has always given commands. The moment she has an employe impinging the least bit on her own social groove, her past rooted in feudalism asserts itself, and without control, the results are resentments and continual divorcements.

Many women have to solve the difficult problem of keeping the higher caste assistant happy, particularly the one who has a more or less *idée fixe* about eating with the family. It certainly is not comfortable to have a stranger always in our midst, therefore a solution must be found to circumvent this condition. When engaging such an assistant, if the employer grips the situation at the beginning in a kindly and tactful way there is usually little trouble later. I know a woman who has a complicated household with secretary and governess, who when she engages such staff members says approximately: "I feel that you need your privacy as well as we need ours. Of course I am very anxious, when you are in my home, to make you as happy as possible and I know that

when I give important dinners or when there are intimate gatherings planned, you would be as uncomfortable as we should be, if you felt you had always to be in evidence." This puts the prospective incumbent, who is so often a lady, in an advantageous position. Should this handling not be appreciated this is the time, not later, to end the relationship. But if the assistant agrees to take the post and if the cook has been forewarned, as I suggested above, about preparing extra meals, everything should go smoothly.

An experience of my own illustrates another fact. I have a flat in a building where the engineer's wife is kind enough to leave her quarters to help me occasionally with my housework or when I have extra guests. This young woman has never been "in service." Obviously she can not be treated as many treat their maids, if for no other reason than the one that she would never come to me again. One day during a tea I was giving for some journalists, the young woman spied a well known novelist, and asked me to introduce her. I did so with pleasure and the novelist being a well-bred woman took it with graciousness and ease. However to some women this would have been a frightful moment! It would have been to the woman who said to me this week: "Fancy, Mrs. A—, when she sat down at my table, bowing to the maid!"

It is from this two code system of manners that maladjustment often has its inception. One set is invoked with equals and another set with servants, which is patently due to a lack of breeding, for ingrained courtesy is not turned on and off like a

fountain. One evening I dined with a friend whose maid was far from perfect. As she maladroitly passed the dishes, my hostess reprimanded Mary with distressing vigor and frequency, to the embarrassment of the guests — and Mary. Why she never flared up and dropped the china I am not psychologically equipped to say. Probably Mary's ancestry was more royal than her mistress's. Later, however, we heard that Mary left and that my hostess was highly indignant, for she was convinced that she "had done everything to keep Mary contented." If she had, it wasn't what would have made any of her confrères ecstatic.

Again the two codes come into play in the case where the maid breaks or treats certain possessions without respect. For some reason the peasant (or her equal in our social scale) is expected to have a high regard for rare linens, china and glass although she probably has never previously experienced them. I have seen a hostess fly into a rage when she saw the maid wipe a spot off the parquet floor with a dish towel, while the matter of a guest blotting a spilled cocktail off a highly polished table with a rare damask napkin she took with a smile, although the varnish remained as everlasting testimony of a crass lack of consideration. Could the mistress be as polite to the maid when administering rebukes, peace would not be so often torn on the rack of bad manners.

As well as a double standard in manners, the double standard of judgment exists. This is well drawn in the instance of a woman I know who would not engage a girl because

her nails were manicured. She felt that too much of her working time would be used in "fripperies" and that she "would be too high and mighty." Yet this woman discharged a maid because she had a personal odor. Bathing takes time. Such amenities are essential among our equals. Why shouldn't they be at least equally important among house maids, with whom we come into such close and continual contact?

INEVITABLY we arrive at another phase of the problem, that of the rise in wages (which at this writing shows signs of clearing up). This has been an irksome hurdle, but with the rest of the modern inconveniences has to be taken with reasonableness. That the servant who used to receive eighteen to twenty dollars a month, receives nearly as much a week, rankles. Unconsciously, more is expected of one or two maids today at that price than was of four to six in the olden days. A young woman I know, who married from a wealthy home was always changing maids. She was continually comparing what was done in her father's home with four maids, to what was being or not being done in her own, with one! I tried to convince her that it was due to her own lack of management, for I have seen the one-maid ménage conducted as if there were at least two maids operating. But it was a useless effort on my part, for she visited all the faults upon the maid and none on her own ignorance of housekeeping. Domestic reformation must be first tried by the employer. She must learn how to coöperate, how to banish non-essentials, and how to keep calm.

Women who started out with inherited maids of the ancient and more comfortable régime are most unhappy, when by the force of circumstances they lose their "inheritance" and find themselves utterly unfit to manage their own homes. Yet over and over again these are the women who blame the servants and fail to see the motes in their own eyes. There is nothing more vitiating and distracting for the trained worker than to have to work where the issues are never defined. What must it be for the ignorant worker in the home, where there is no standardization and no firm guiding hand!

That many servants request different food from that of the family is not a very serious problem and should be easily understood. How many times have we ourselves, in foreign parts, yearned for home dishes! It is certainly easier occasionally, should we have foreign help, to buy a little "local color" rather than have the stomach dictate domestic earthquakes.

Among other complaints is that "We keep our maids even when we don't like them, yet the moment they are displeased, they leave." Can any one be sure how long they have been displeased? And how do you know that they haven't sensed your dislike? It may be that they have long been wondering what to do and have decided finally that their action (in leaving) will speak louder than their untutored pronouncements? Again these dissatisfactions come down to a lack of understanding on the part of the employer.

It would be unjust, well-nigh madness to say that the fault lies

only in the mistress, although I believe seven-eighths of it does! There are bad servants and many of them, yet it is time that the criticism of *some* should not blacken the whole genus and that the mistress be led before the bar. Indeed I have known cases where the most accomplished housekeepers in the most ideal matrix of good breeding, have had the most calamitous experiences. I have seen maids impertinent, utterly unscrupulous, demanding, thieving and even cruel. With servants as with equals, it must be realized that these things will happen — and when they do, write it down to the vagaries of human nature.

Yet notwithstanding all this and the rigors of this era, there are still honorable and kind maids. Only this month I have heard of two corps who are staying on severally, with two financially broken families, in one case taking a small stipend and in the other nothing but bed and board, rather than leave their employers in the lurch. This speaks, of course, as well for the employers as for the maids. But it certainly proves

what may ensue if a solid entente has been established . . . from both sides of the *un*-equation.

Therefore if this subject be treated as are other questions, a way out can be reached. It will never be solved by throwing up the hands and resorting to emotional transports or resting the blame on the "ungrateful wretches" in an attempt to wrest it from ourselves. It will never be solved until the employer realizes that feudalism has passed; that gratitude is outworn coinage; that there are other homes as good as hers; that she is not a paragon of behavior; that she is not beyond the need of expert advice; that one code of manners and one code of judgment will dispel much trouble; that servants need recreation and will demand it, as among the tenets of the New Freedom; and not until employers standardize the home and the maids learn a little more about what is needed in such homes will the feud between mistress and maid end.

If civilization has progressed we can not expect to see a galley slave in an electric kitchen.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



STACKS and stacks of books, a year nearing its end, the country air rich in the pungency of burning leaves, this last one of the things every one with a keen sense of smell should be thankful for; and besides all these interesting matters, the Landscaper has

recently visited in the Eighteenth Century. Not, to be sure, by using one of Dr. Einstein's numerous extra dimensions — there are five now and pathetically few of us have ever caught up with the fourth — but by no more sensational means than a train trip to Charlottesville, Virginia, where, at the invitation of Mr. Jefferson's University, a group of Southern writers collected for a week-end. It might have been a solemn and portentous gathering somewhere else, with much discussion of life and art, and what to do about the culture of America, but it turned out to be no more than a gracious two days spent in pleasant company, giving many people the opportunity of seeing each other in stimulating circumstances who might otherwise have had to confine their contacts to New York tea parties. These institutions, the Landscaper feels, are a bit hard on leisurely-minded Southern-

ers; certainly his own experience is that by the time he has hatched a reasonably intelligent remark, his companion of the moment is talking to some one else.

The ease and spaciousness of Mr. Jefferson's day cling curiously to Charlottesville, and how-

ever much one may feel the famous Lawn and Colonnade to be completely anachronistic, they, with the other older buildings on the campus, preserve something American in spirit — they have an artistic integrity as the honest expression of an age and of the minds of the men who made it. This quality is, of course, wholly lacking from most of our college campuses, which are so often not only ugly in themselves but offensive because of the fundamental dishonesty of their architecture. Perhaps it would be dangerous to cite examples, but the Landscaper might as well admit that he is thinking of Yale at the moment. . . . It is more than a little strange that our architects, with all the styles to choose from, and all the periods, are still able to exhibit such shocking taste. In New York and all our cities good new buildings go up side by side with monstrosities; the general level

is raised little if any. But all this is leading us pretty far afield. It would be, however, difficult to think about Thomas Jefferson at all without thinking about architecture; Struthers Burt said at the Charlottesville meeting, contemplating a room at the Farmington Country Club that was done by Jefferson: "I admire Mr. Jefferson, but it must have been a nuisance to have him drop in for a call and start changing things around to suit himself."

Mr. Jefferson's Gadgets

NO BORN gadget-maker, such as Jefferson proved himself to be at Monticello, with his dumb-waiters, filing cabinets, folding beds, weather-vanes that registered indoors, and all the rest, could have let things alone. It was a century for changing things, anyway, for changing ideas and altering the face of the universe. The characteristic man of the century was interested in everything; he knew how to work with his hands at his own gadgets and how to toy agreeably with ideas that were as dangerous as T.N.T. He kept tremendously active, no doubt, because of the stimulation of this combination of hand and mind. Mr. Jefferson should have written a better political document every time he sat down to the table in his study that was also a filing cabinet, for in the back of his mind must have been the feeling that he himself had been responsible for the tool he was using. Just as he must have felt a glow of pride and accomplishment every time he glanced out of his study window and saw which way the wind was blowing. There is no space here for a development of this theory, but the Land-

scaper is confident that one of the lacks in the present age is this connection between the things we use and our own hands and minds. Can our psychologists and philosophers find a substitute for this most essential gratification? It will be easier perhaps to alter the fundamental nature of man himself.

But no more digressions for the present, not even a little stroll from the narrow path to talk about the glories of a New England autumn. The 1931 publishing season is near enough at an end for us to try to take stock; it will go down in history as a year when a great many good books died at birth because of economic conditions, and when most of the country's book buying was confined to a score of titles, many of them good and worth while, to be sure, but receiving unusual attention because of the unwillingness on the part of any one to take a chance. Reading increased, according to reports from the libraries; book bargains were everywhere, handsome editions of the classics to be had for less than the cost of a 1931 lunch, and the drug-stores full of slightly aged but very good volumes. Circulating libraries showed gains universally, as might be expected. It is a little early to say what is going to happen to the retail bookstores that have felt the pinch most severely, but some are gone already, and others will almost inevitably follow; the bookseller has a very hard time weathering any storm because his margin of profit is so small in the best years. More books were published in 1931 than in 1930, as the Landscaper has suggested previously, and this in the face of the widespread talk of reduction in the

number of titles. In many respects the situation is not an encouraging one, but it will improve as general conditions improve—if, as and when, as they say in Wall Street. The Landscaper risks no prophecy about the return of prosperity, as he has just finished reading *Oh Yeab?* (Viking Press, \$1, ten per cent to the Fund for the Unemployed). This is an hilarious collection of pearls of wisdom from the nation's great men, interspersed with charts and graphs.

The Wish as Father

THE Landscaper has been trying to make some serious deductions from this delightful little book, and has reached the conclusion that the larger part of the optimistic statements which now sound so utterly absurd is the result of wishful thinking, and no more than another illustration of how prone people are to believe what they want to believe. Of course, Mr. Hoover as an engineer should not have gone quite so far as he did, but Mr. Hoover is now a politician whose future depends to a large extent upon economic conditions. This makes him want things to be better, and wanting them to be better, he says they are going to be. Economic prophets are at a great disadvantage, anyway; perhaps the soothsayers of other days might not have had such an easy time of it if there had been charts and graphs to face them down with. *Oh Yeab?* is at once an amusing and a disheartening book; it ought to make every prospective prophet for 1932 think twice before speaking. This will be a distinct gain, since very few of them even thought once before speaking in 1929, 1930, and 1931.

Not Many Masterpieces

ONE is privileged to doubt that any masterpieces of fiction have seen the light this year, although, as usual, there is no dearth of good novels. Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth* has made the most remarkable showing of any piece of 1931 fiction, remaining a best-seller month after month; it is, as has been said here before, a thoroughly worthy effort, with the very good chance that it will be completely forgotten five years from now. Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* holds its own, a quiet and lovely book, admittedly experimental in its method, and to be enjoyed without excitement. Evelyn Scott's two-volume *A Calendar of Sin*, the third book of a trilogy which contains *Migrations* and *The Wave*, is an important and significant work with many admirable features and a good many faults, which has not had the appreciation it deserves because of the \$5 price. This price business is not the whole story, however; it is only fair to add that Mrs. Scott is not always easy to read, and she makes few concessions to the type of reader who likes his fiction predigested. Grace Zaring Stone's *The Almond Tree* is somewhat inferior to her delightful *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* because of the difference in the material; her handling of the new book is again highly finished and successful, and stamps her as one of our most intelligent novelists. It is quite by accident that the four books mentioned are by women, but while we are on the distaff side, a word might as well be said about Margaret Ayer Barnes' second novel, *Westward Passage*, which is the story

of an incident in a woman's life, taking place principally on a transatlantic liner. She meets a former husband, now become a literary figure, and finally has to choose between him and her more commonplace but very useful present husband. Her choice is eminently correct from the point of view of the potential popularity of the book, which is mildly interesting, but not at all a distinguished piece of work. It lacks the solid qualities of Mrs. Barnes' Pulitzer prize novel, but one may safely predict that it will find many readers.

A Serious La Farge

OLIVER LA FARGE's second novel — speaking of Pulitzer prizes — is called *Sparks Fly Upward*, and is a story of Central America, in which Esteban, a half-breed, is the principal figure. There is power in the book, and it is well written — indeed, it seems to the Landscaper a good deal more important novel than *Laughing Boy* — but it will not be so popular as its far more romantic predecessor. There are few other American novels of the year that deserve singling out. John Erskine's newest, *Unfinished Business* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), the account of a man who was sent back to this earth after he had been killed in an automobile accident to finish some of the things he had wanted to do, is readable, but will not add anything to the literary reputation of the author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *A Buried Treasure* (Viking Press, \$2.50) is the tale of the discovery of a pot of gold and its influence upon a rural com-

munity. It reveals Miss Roberts' very striking gifts of good writing and excellent construction, and is a delightful book, a finished piece of work that one does not need to compare with her more significant novels. Edna Ferber's *American Beauty* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is the essence of New England and its changing fortunes, the scene laid in a part of the country that becomes nearer and nearer to the heart of this observer as he knows it better. Miss Ferber's book is excellent reading, and is one more of this list that ought to be a safe choice for Christmas or any other gift day. It is not without faults for the critics to quarrel over — Miss Ferber remains, for some rather inexplicable reason, a cut below the first rank of our novelists — but it has movement and color, and the theme is richly American. The Landscaper has read few first novels this year that seemed to him to hold any large promise, the one of the lot that remains freshest in his mind just now being Caroline Gordon's *Penbally* (Scribner, \$2.50), the story of a Southern family and its passion for land. Miss Gordon has many of the qualities of a successful and estimable novelist, and it is to be hoped that she will go on with the good work.

Mr. Galsworthy Again

THE current English output is also without anything very startling, even though it includes *Maid in Waiting* by John Galsworthy (Scribner, \$2.50), which is not a part of the Forsyte saga, although it has a few Forsytes in it. It is really a story of the nobility of an English girl, lovely to look at, and all full of

the tradition of Albion. It would be a little foolish to insist upon its merits, which are several and not to be ignored, but it is not first-rate Galsworthy. It moves in a lively manner, there are many people in it, it poses some interesting moral questions, and there are spots of beauty in the writing, of course. One of the principal characters is an American whose talk is entirely incredible, and it amused the Landscaper to find Rebecca West complaining that the talk of some of the English characters was equally incredible. Mr. Galsworthy has not the ear for ordinary conversation; in one of the little stories that is a connecting link between two parts of the second section of the Saga he tries to reproduce Southern colloquial conversation and succeeds only in making himself ridiculous. There is every reason to believe, however, that *Maid in Waiting* will be popular; Miss West has commented most interestingly in a recent essay upon Galsworthy's loss of standing with the critics and gain of popularity with the reading public.

Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) is the logical development of the individual technique Mrs. Woolf has used in her previous novels such as *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. It has six characters, and is made up of their soliloquies; it is static, although plenty happens in it, thus the title. Ink has been spilled over its meaning. The most ingenious explanation the Landscaper has seen was that of Isabel Paterson's, who went back to Aristotle for the answer and brought her reasoning down through Kant's *Ding-and-Sic*; in short she be-

lieves that Mrs. Woolf meant to say that the inner essence of her half-dozen characters remained entirely unchanged no matter what happened to them; that, in Mrs. Paterson's exact words, each remained "everlastingly susceptible and everlastingly the same." Perhaps Mrs. Woolf was not fully conscious of the philosophical implications of her novel, but the theory is certainly a good one to play with. Whatever the explanation, there is beautiful writing in *The Waves*, from which one may have an emotional experience. It remains, however, an experiment, and can not in the nature of things reach a very large public.

Margaret Kennedy as Satirist

MARGARET KENNEDY'S *Return I Dare Not* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is a brilliant satire upon the life of a writer who has been variously identified, but who may not be quite so definite a person as the target of *Cakes and Ale*. The Landscaper would not miss a book by Miss Kennedy, and insists to this day that her *Red Sky at Morning* is a much finer novel than the public could be persuaded to believe. Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is another long, long novel, about which there will continue to be differences of opinion. It deals with the fortunes of a theatrical family through several generations and is lively with incident and swarming with people, a good and satisfactory book to read, although hardly a novel of the first water. A. A. Milne's *Two People* (Dutton, \$2.50) is a novel of happy married life which really has a good deal more to it than appears on the

surface, and which, if this article reaches your eye when you are trying desperately to decide what to give some one for Christmas, is a pretty safe bet, unless of course, it's Dorothy Parker you are wondering about. . . . Mr. Milne writes with a graceful and charming touch.

Other Good Novels

THERE are a number of other novels that deserve more than a mere mention, but space grows short. *Job: The Story of a Simple Man* by Joseph Roth (Viking Press, \$2.50) is one of these; it is the touching account of the life of a Jew who comes from a Russian ghetto to New York, holds tight to his faith through many ordeals, loses it and curses God, and then recovers it at the last, a story told with the greatest simplicity and understanding. *The Thief* by Leonid Leonov (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, \$3) is a very long novel of life in Soviet Russia that has been called a classic of contemporary literature, and which seems certain to be read for years to come. Henri Fauconnier's *Malaisie* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a translation from the French by Eric Sutton, is a shrewd and colorful tale of life in the Malay Peninsula, which was awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1930.

Mr. Ade and the Saloon

BOOKS about America, past, present and future, never stop pouring from the presses, and the Landscaper has seen no more delightful volume recently in this category than George Ade's *The Old-Time Saloon* (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, \$1.50), a well-illustrated small book that claims to be "neither wet nor dry,

but history." It will have distinctly wet implications to all its readers who are old enough to remember what the Great American Saloon was really like; one of the stubbornest battles the Prohibitionists have had from the outset has been to make all the people in this country believe that the saloon was a sink-hole of iniquity and an ante-room to the lower regions, when so many thousands remembered it as something else altogether. Mr. Ade's book is humorous in spots, but on the whole, rather sad than otherwise. The speakeasy is no more a substitute for the saloon than what the speakeasy sells is a substitute for what used to be sold in the saloon. There are excellent drawings for Mr. Ade's book, in addition to its other attractive points. Considerably less pleasant a bit of reading, but one that ought not to be neglected by those few citizens left who believe this may still become a land of liberty, is Ernest Jerome Hopkins' *Our Lawless Police* (Viking, \$3), with a foreword by Zechariah Chaffee Jr., of the Harvard Law School. Mr. Hopkins has made a study of police methods in sixteen principal American cities and finds a remarkable unanimity of evil. The third degree persists in spite of all efforts to stamp it out, illegal detentions are common everywhere, and unnecessary brutality an established part of American police practice. This sort of exposure may help matters, but to get at the bottom of them, there must be a change in the whole system of judicial procedure — a change, really, in the whole attitude of the average citizen toward the law and its enforcement. At any rate, Mr.

Hopkins lets us know how bad we are.

Books on the Depression

AMONG the recent books bearing directly upon our present economic plight is *Wages and Wealth: This Business Roller-Coaster* by Roy Dickinson (Princeton University Press), Mr. Dickinson being associate editor of *Printers' Ink*. He believes that something can be done to keep our business system on a more even keel; that the heights and depths may both be avoided by the right sort of planning. *Successful Living in the Machine Age* by Edward A. Filene, in collaboration with Charles W. Wood (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50) is by a successful retail merchant who believes in the Machine Age, and who thinks that Mass Production will yet make us all happy. He looks for higher wages and lower prices, as well as shorter hours, when we have mastered the system, giving all the opportunity of leading a life of leisure, and in general bringing about Utopian conditions. The Landscaper is very frankly skeptical, but Mr. Filene is certainly an intelligent observer, and he says his say well. It is encouraging to find some one willing to stand up for the Henry Ford theory of higher wages and shorter hours, which always had a pleasant sound about it to all of us, even if some of us distrusted Mr. Ford as a thinker on economics. *Frankenstein, Inc.*, by I. Maurice Wormser (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill, \$2.50) is considerably less comforting. Mr. Wormser tells the story of the growth of corporations in this country, and how the nation's business has passed

into the hands of a few very large organizations, which in most cases are laws unto themselves. Mr. Wormser holds these large corporations responsible for much of the current depression and altogether makes one rather unhappy about the future of the nation. Some of his figures are startling and appalling, especially when we pause to consider that this is the nation where individual enterprise is supposed to flourish as nowhere else. Another book in very much the same key is *The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda* by Ernest Gruening (Vanguard, \$2.50), which is a complete exposé of the machinations of the various power combines in different parts of the country. A good deal of similar material appeared in the newspapers two or three years ago, but most of it has been forgotten, no doubt. The complete invasion by the power companies of the newspapers, the schools, the churches and all other public institutions constitutes one of the most amazing chapters in modern American history and of course the end is not yet. One of the gravest dangers of literacy is that it opens so many channels to the minds of the thoughtless, and as might be expected from human history there is always some one standing by to keep the channels filled. Mr. Gruening has done an important book, and one that certainly ought to be read, although it will not, in all probability.

A Fine and Beautiful Book

THERE'S a heavy dose of pessimism, so perhaps this is as good a time as any to pause a few moments over a book that has very little to do with pressing problems or

anything else disagreeable, but which is beautiful in its own right, and which deals with a subject that still interests its millions. This is *The Horse in Art: From Primitive Times to the Present*, by Lida L. Fleitmann, one of the few women M.F.H.'s in the country, and long known as a horse-woman of unusual accomplishments. William Farquhar Payson is the publisher, and the price is \$15, but if you know some one who loves horses, there ought not to be any further debate over what present to select. The book is quarto in size and has 112 illustrations in full tone; Miss Fleitmann — in private life Mrs. John Van S. Bloodgood — has ranged the world for examples and has told the complete story of the horse from the very earliest times to the present. As a work of scholarship, the volume is remarkable in its thoroughness, and but little likely to be supplanted any time soon, if ever. The style is admirable, and the pictures all that anybody could ask. For his own pleasure, the Landscaper has not seen a book this year he would rather own than Miss Fleitmann's, and he sees a good many, one way and another. The publisher deserves a share of the credit for having treated a fine piece of work in so dignified and worthy a manner.

Two Books About T. R.

AMONG recent biographies there are two lives of Theodore Roosevelt, including Henry F. Pringle's impartial study, done with the greatest thoroughness, and offering a good deal of fresh material because of his access for the first time to some 75,000 unpublished letters. Harcourt, Brace are the publishers and the

price is \$5. The other book is narrower in scope, and more in the nature of a personal memoir, but thoroughly interesting, nevertheless. It is *Roosevelt in the Rough*, by Jack Willis as told to Horace Smith (Washburn, \$3). Willis was one of Roosevelt's favorite guides; a confidential relationship grew up between them that gave Willis deep insight into the heart and mind of Roosevelt. Parts of the book will arouse controversy; parts of Mr. Pringle's book have already started trouble: the Spanish-American chapters of Mr. Pringle's study, which check in general with Walter Millis's *The Martial Spirit*, one of the Landscaper's heavy favorites among recent books. Roosevelt was strangely bloodthirsty in those days and wrote with delight of shooting a Spaniard, who "doubled up like a jackrabbit." Afterward he wasn't certain this really happened. . . . But in Roosevelt many American traits were strikingly exemplified, and Mr. Pringle's life becomes a study of national characteristics too often to be comfortable. He has made what appears to be the most important attempt to date to weigh the Rooseveltian character and achievements and to strike some kind of balance between the faults and virtues.

Speaking of American characteristics, another of the current biographies that wants reading is *Phantom Fame, or The Anatomy of Ballyboob*, the autobiography of Harry Reichenbach, in collaboration with David Freedman (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), the life story of a remarkable man, perhaps the best-known press agent in America, and certainly the most sensational. Reichenbach's ca-

reer is interesting enough for its own sake, but it is even more significant as a revelation of the extraordinary power wielded by these fame-makers, who working through the newspapers in the old days, and through all the new methods of distributing propaganda, such as news reels and radio in these times, can make a national celebrity out of anything or anybody from Paul Chabas' painting "September Morn" to Rudolph Valentino. Reichenbach knew the game from centre to circumference, and what he has to tell about his methods might serve as a corrective of such things in the future — he himself was not dangerous, but his kind can be — if one can believe that people cease being suckers merely because they find out how they are being manipulated. This seems doubtful enough. But Reichenbach's book ought to be read; it is another argument against literacy, but then there are the radio and pictures, so perhaps nothing can be done about it.

A New George Washington

BIOGRAPHIES of other great Americans include a splendid study of *George Washington: Republican Aristocrat* by the French historian, Bernard Fay (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), in which the Father of His Country appears as a man of destiny — "last of the great feudal lords and first of the great modern politicians"; *President and Chief Justice: The Life and Public Services of William Howard Taft* by Francia McHale (Dorrance, \$3); *Joseph Smith and His Mormon Empire* by Harry M. Beardsley (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), the first full-length study of the founder of Mormonism aside from authorized

biographies; *Sheridan* by Joseph Hergesheimer (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), a somewhat disappointing study of a general whose abilities still seem in doubt; and *Clarence Darrow* by Charles Yale Harrison (Cape and Smith, \$4), the story of the turbulent career of a contemporary individualist, and a born rebel, who has undoubtedly had no small influence upon the course of civilization in this country during his lifetime.

Books on Early America

STUART CHASE said somewhere recently that it was the duty of every patriotic American to learn something of the early history of this continent and its Southern sister. He was thinking of the high types of civilization that flourished on this side the Atlantic, civilizations as interesting as any in the world. There are two books available that furnish excellent general outlines of culture on the two continents, Gregory Mason's *Columbus Came Late* (Century, \$4) and *Ancient Americans* by Emily C. Davis (Holt, \$3.50), both lavishly illustrated, and written in simple language, with no clutter of archeological terms. Mr. Mason lays especial emphasis upon Aztec, Inca, and Maya, while Miss Davis devotes a good deal of space to the Indian civilizations of our own continent. Mr. Mason also draws some interesting parallels between the earlier peoples of South America and contemporary North Americans, a risky thing to do at best, but one that never loses its fascination for all of us. One of these days the Landscaper is going to write a book on the utter absurdity of comparing civilizations in which he will have to take back

many words of praise he has written for books that have done just this thing. This remark is not intended to apply to Mr. Mason's excellent volume, however. Miss Davis will be remembered as the co-author of *Magic Spades*; her American material in that book has been very much expanded and brought down to date in the new one. Another good book on Mexico is *Old Mother Mexico* by Harry Carr (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3), a gay and light-hearted account of ramblings through the country with an interpretation of the people, made by a Los Angeles newspaperman.

On Russia and India

THE most valuable of recent books on Russia is a reissue of William Henry Chamberlain's *Soviet Russia; A Living Record and a History* (Little, Brown, \$3.50), with one chapter rewritten and two others added. Mr. Chamberlain has a knowledge of Russia equalled by few other foreigners, and his book is conscientiously and reliably done. The most controversial of recent books on India, that other country from which we can not take our eyes and our minds, is *Come with Me to India: A Quest for Truth Among Peoples and Problems* by Patricia Kendall (Scribner, \$3.50). The author starts with the theory that the present move for freedom in India is at bottom no more nor less than a revolt of Hindu and Moslem against enlightened modern influences which threaten the extinction of a reactionary civilization. In short, Mrs. Kendall believes that India would be better off occidentalized, which is a very large question. She found much in the country that shocked her, es-

pecially the carvings on the temples and the worship of the cow, so much, indeed, that some readers will suspect she does not know enough of the history of religion to pass such harsh judgments. The book will, however, please all its readers who believe that our civilization is enlightened and should be taken as a model for the rest of the world. Its author saw what she wanted to see in India, which is the way of travelers, and especially of travelers who write books.

In the section devoted to books about America and its problems, the Landscaper overlooked quite by accident a small volume by Will Durant called *A Program for America* (Simon and Schuster, \$1.25). Mr. Durant thinks we would all be a lot better off if our young people took the oath to obey some new commandments, one of which, the Landscaper noted with a good deal of dismay, is: "I will speak evil of no one." The whole book is piffle, but this commandment is more than piffle: it is dangerous. What this country needs is more and louder evil-speaking. Lots of evil-speaking. Evil-speaking when a man makes an ass of himself, evil-speaking when a public official shows himself a rogue, and so on and so on. It is too bad there is not more time to devote to this subject. But it will be dropped with the final statement that so far as this department is concerned Mr. Durant is free to stick to what is called philosophy and the best-seller lists, leaving the country to get on as best it can.

As usual the good and neglected books lie about in heaps and the Landscaper is totally shent that

nothing can be done about it, especially with a New Year around the corner — not the corner referred to so often in *Ob Yeab?*, however. The funniest book that has come this way, aside from the 57 varieties of picture books now available, is none other than Ogden Nash's *Free Wheeling*, with drawings by O. Soglow, including one of two rabbits that is a masterpiece. It summarizes the rabbit situation for all time

exactly as neatly as Mr. Nash's quatrain hits off the pajama situation:

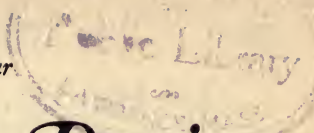
Sure, deck your limbs in floppy pants;
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance —
Have you seen yourself retreating?

No one had a right to expect *Free Wheeling* to keep to the high level of the earlier Nash volume *Hard Lines*, but it does, and we shall leave you with it, if there are any copies left.

Nereid's Funeral

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

BEYOND the last tree templed island, there
The foam grew small and died within her hair.
Lighter than the white network on the sea
Was her white body's patient symmetry.
No word she said, no thought was in her mind
Save of the sea and the sea whipping wind
That spread black weeds like chaplets on her breast,
The strange preliminary of her long unrest.



The North American Review

VOLUME 233

FEBRUARY, 1932

NUMBER 2



Apéritif

Tears Kill, Noises Boom . . .

ONE of the few cheap pleasures left in life is following the pursuits of scientists. For instance, in a recent medical symposium at the Institute of Hygiene, Amsterdam, Holland, the learned professors came to a conclusion that the common cold most often results from the patient's getting chilled, and that the best remedies are the ones that come down from antiquity, such as staying in bed, influencing perspiration and so on. New-fangled things, like sprays, drops and inhalators, are apt to be far less effective than their manufacturers, of course, believe. Mr. Hearst is publishing a work whose burden is that a civilization probably higher than our own existed long, long before history dawned, and that we are only now beginning to retrieve the treasures of its knowledge. One hardly knows what to believe.

Then Dr. Lester Hollander of Pittsburg has reported to the American Medical Association the case of a woman whose right eyelid became seriously inflamed for no apparent reason. But by careful ferreting the

doctor discovered that the cause lay in her husband's hair tonic, which pervaded the bolster, thence her eye and left a residue of subtle poison, which should serve as some kind of warning. The husband had no trouble.

Sir Arthur Eddington, as probably most people know, contends that the universe can not burst because it is bursting right now and has been for some ten or twenty billions of years — a comfort of immense proportions on the eve of a disarmament conference.

As for MM. J. Constantin, P. Lebard and J. Magrou, they have ascertained by the most arduous investigations that a trip to the mountains is as good for potatoes as it is for some of us. Seed potatoes from strains which had grown for many years in low-lying parts of France were transplanted to highland fields on the slopes of the Alps and there grew just as they would have at home. But then seed potatoes produced on these highland plantations were returned to the lowlands and grew markedly more vigorously. No one knew why, but there it was.

At St. Mary's hospital in London it was demonstrated beyond doubt that the movies can be good for human eyes, perhaps even human faces. A scientific motion picture was shown of a germ culture under the microscope, to which had been added a droplet of human tears. The germs gave evidence of great distress, swelled, liquefied internally, burst their surface membranes or dissolved, and finally disappeared entirely, proving that tears can kill germs. Never again should you feel like slapping the sentimental lady behind you who cries when the happy ending is not quite yet in sight.

More fun are the inexplicabilities. On the afternoon of November 18 last year citizens along the coast of Holland heard booming sounds and felt vibrations of the earth. There were no thunderstorms, though the sky was overcast, no gunfire practice by warships nearby, no earthquake intense enough to cause the vibration, no evidence of a suggested huge meteor passing over the locality above the clouds. Phenomena called "fog belches" have been heard there before, but never felt to shake the ground. Dr. E. E. Free thinks the affair is likely to join "the considerable list of other mysterious booming noises, whistling sounds, musical tones and so on which have been reported at intervals during past decades and for which no satisfactory explanation has been discovered." Charles Fort will probably have a solution.

Similarly, Dr. Maurice Faure of Nice has discovered data to show that inexplicable suicides and accidents frequently occur in different places at almost the same instant —

suicides in which the victims had no motive, accidents in which people's minds apparently ceased to work for a few moments, as drivers who unaccountably fail to see approaching cars. He believes there is evidence that these upsets of mentality coincide with outbursts of the Northern Lights or with other manifestations of earth electricity thought by scientists to depend upon the sun.

Again, there is the case of the invisible policeman — a menacing idea. On October 14 of last year a young student at Oxford drove his car directly into a policeman and killed him. He and three reliable witnesses swore they were unable to see any one in the road until after the collision, when a corpse appeared. Oculists, lighting experts and other scientific men have formulated only one satisfactory explanation, that the background beyond the policeman and toward which the student was driving must have had exactly the same reflective power for light as the clothes of the officer, so that he vanished against it just as an ink spot does on a dead-black wall. Optical illusion, in other words. Prestidigitation, and very hard to believe.

But to get back to more definite practicalities, Dr. B. P. Roth of London has found by scientific investigation (X-ray pictures, studies of stresses and strains) that high heels are better than low. Certain rude critics have intimated that scientists are extraordinarily apt to find the result that they set out to find in an investigation, but no such comment can be made in this case. Dr. Roth, there can be no doubt,

has been stepped on too often by these healthy but dangerous instruments.

Most useful of all, however, is the discovery of Professor Leslie A. White of the University of Michigan. Emulating Mr. Will Cuppy, he has sought how to tell his friends from the apes. Evolutionists and psychologists regard the difference merely as one of degree — intelligence greater or less, emotions of the same kind but different intensity, skill with tools on different planes. Not so Professor White. *He* says apes can not swear, and he means taking oath. They do not understand the use of symbols, as men do — as politicians do.



Love in Utopia

YOU will remember reading three weeks or so ago about Mrs. Albert K. Ross who prayed and was sent commandments, forty-seven in number, to apply to her husband. The aim was to put their marriage on a business basis: her husband was to obey them or be reported to a lawyer who would see that the marriage was "forfeited." Rather, the first few offenses would subject the culprit to fine; after the third Mr. Ross had to be good. That Mrs. Ross also bound herself to do certain things, such as "never to be unreasonable in their personal relations," and that she set herself no limit to her own transgressions is proof of the Lord's continuing sagacity.

Nevertheless, her idea was a sound one, which could well be applied to

other human relations — the employer-employee, for instance — and with many of her directions taken over bodily. She was to receive a stipulated salary for her own use as return for performing the housework, but with every increase in his income it was to be raised by two-fifths of his increase. How would this be for the worker (wife) in Mr. Eugene (husband) Grace's steel mills when bonus time came around?

One clause read: "That you can never divorce me for any cause whatsoever unless I give my consent." Mr. Wilson says they tried this in the Mexican economy. No employers ever squirmed with such pain, but unemployment was reasonably voluntary.

Another read: "That neither of us shall be compelled to account to the other for our hours apart from each other. That we shall both be entirely free to come and go as we please without explaining our actions to each other unless we wish to do so." Enforce this in business, and funerals, illnesses, weddings and a large crop of other social necessities would slump in a manner that not even the stock exchange could equal.

But this is Utopian, of course. The Ross marriage, instead of being on a solid business foundation, is bankrupt. There is one thing, however, that would be of lasting benefit. A clause near the end of their document read: "That neither of us shall permit any interference in our marital affairs by any friend or relative." And there *are* too many movies about the sad plight of stenographers whose employers have jealous wives.

W. A. D.

What France Really Wants

BY MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

And an estimate of her ability to get it

IT IS no longer a question of whether France dominates the European scene. That she surely does. The real question today wears quite another face. We must ask instead: Actually how strong is France? Upon the answer depends in large measure the immediate future of Europe, and perhaps also of the entire world of capitalism.

It must be remembered, first, that France is the most intensely nationalistic country in Europe, and probably can well afford to be under normal economic conditions. French diplomacy has always actively supported French economic interests, both at home and abroad. Moreover, French public opinion is well-disciplined, at least to the extent that all the influential organs of public opinion are either owned or controlled by the industrialists and financiers, who in the last analysis are the real rulers of the country. (No French Government can survive without the consent of the Paris press, that is, without the consent of the industrialists and their bankers. The close watch the French press keeps on the Government was pointedly demonstrated by the French correspondents in Washing-

ton during Premier Laval's recent visit.)

Being largely self-sustaining, France feels that she need show little concern for the stability of finances and currencies elsewhere in Europe (and in this France differs radically from England, whose trade depends for its existence upon the maintenance of healthy international exchanges and sound foreign currencies). France sits on her heaps of sterile gold, dipping into them occasionally to dole out financial largess to her political friends (for the sole purpose of keeping them friendly) but otherwise is at no pains to put her gold reserves to work. In fact, her investments abroad are almost exclusively governed by political considerations. She has few, if any, long-term commercial or industrial investments abroad that would necessitate her showing a direct interest in the financial and economic stability of other countries. It is true that France has short-term deposits in several banking centres, but here again political factors are, when convenient, put ahead of economic considerations. The withdrawal of a large portion of her short-term balances from

Berlin banks in April, 1929, precipitated a near-panic in Germany, but this apparently was the result desired by Paris, for it frightened the German delegation into adopting a less resolute attitude at the Paris Reparations Conference. Two years later French bankers came close to wrecking the Credit Anstalt of Vienna when they withdrew their short-term deposits. The French Government was anxious to bring financial pressure to bear on Austria to compel it to withdraw from the proposed customs union with Germany. A few months thereafter a similar withdrawal of French funds from the Bank of England forced England off the gold standard. The same method was attempted with regard to the gold position of the United States. I feel it safe to presume that this movement was designed to serve both as a warning and as a measure of retaliation for the unannounced American intervention in the reparations question in June of last year.

Quite obviously the French financial policy is being directed toward one general end: that the present position of France in Europe shall be maintained. The position of France is based on existing public law, that is to say, on the several peace treaties that brought the World War to an end. France is strong because she has public law on her side. She is weak because she must support this public law with "sanctions" in the form of her own army and the armies of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. France must hold her system together, or else she fails. Unhappily, the French system is founded upon

a purely negative political philosophy — a common fear of treaty revision. It has no economic basis of broad or enduring consequence; indeed, the lack of an economic basis is now threatening to rend it asunder in spite of the united desire of the allies to prevent any revision of the treaties. So the system must be held together, if at all, with ropes of gold.

FRANCE'S task is not an easy one. Several minor mistakes, due perhaps to a feeling of uncertainty, have lately been made in the execution of French foreign policy. Among these may be included the not very carefully considered effort of the Quai d'Orsay to convince the Belgian Parliament that the 1920 treaty with Belgium has only "technical significance." So lame was this explanation that it caused the Jaspard Cabinet to fall ten weeks later, and thus brought about a situation potentially more dangerous from the French viewpoint than had been the original attack on the treaty by the Socialists. About the same time was published the premature announcement of a Franco-Italian naval agreement. The announcement not only completely took in the American State Department, but its inevitable dénouement hurt French prestige in the eyes of the world, and also caused a silly, yet potentially dangerous, war scare. Again, the attitude of France toward Poland has been perceptibly cooler of late, but whether this has been due to "France's disapproval of the violence of the election campaign and of the treatment of minorities in Poland" as one critic has suggested, or to the fear of the Quai d'Orsay that

France may become involved in military difficulties in the east of Europe (a fear paralleling the rise of Russia as a military power) is rather difficult to say.

But these outward manifestations of nervousness or uncertainty have little to do with the real problem confronting France. They merely suggest a lack of confidence which may be attributed to the existence of the larger problem. It can hardly be denied that the hard times have appreciably weakened French supremacy in Europe, a tendency that has been glossed over by the lavish extension of financial credits. Rumania offers a case in point. The Rumanians can not exchange their agricultural surplus with the French or the Yugoslavians, their political allies. Cereals and like products of Yugoslavia are almost identical with those Rumania produces; France is too far distant to make the purchase and transport of Rumanian (or Yugoslavian) products profitable, and besides France has a highly developed agriculture of her own. Whether it serves French political interests or not, Rumania must turn to other countries, primarily to Germany, when her own economic interests are concerned. Rumania has already given reality to this necessity by entering into a preferential tariff and trade agreement with Germany. (The French, with the help of Czechoslovakia, it may be recalled, tried their best to spike this agreement before it was concluded, and the affair at Cernauti almost brought them success.) The same problem faces Yugoslavia, and to a slightly lesser degree Poland and Czechoslovakia. Italy, for ex-

ample, took 28.3 per cent of Yugoslavia's exports in 1930; Austria took 17.7 per cent, Germany 11.7 per cent, and Hungary 7.2 per cent, while Czechoslovakia's share was only 8.2 per cent, and France's less than one per cent. In the same year Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy furnished Yugoslavia with 51.6 per cent of her imports, while Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Poland, and France supplied her with less than 20 per cent. Poland in 1930 bought 26.8 per cent of her imports from Germany as against 7.5 per cent from Czechoslovakia and 6.8 per cent from France. These figures tell their own story.

It must be considered a misfortune for France that her own economic structure is so well-balanced as to permit of her giving little aid in the way of markets to her satellites, and that the geography of Europe has compelled her to base her system upon a group of countries all but one of whom are situated in the agrarian belt of the Continent. There can be no adequate solution of Europe's economic difficulties until some definitive arrangement is arrived at providing for an equitable exchange of the agricultural produce of Eastern Europe for the manufactured goods of Western Europe. France clearly recognizes the importance of this problem in relation to her own political future. But, unluckily, France's self-sufficiency makes it difficult, if not quite impossible, for her to offer anything of tangible value toward a solution. She is in no position to check the growing economic pressure which is weighing so heavily upon the foundations of her system.

So long as this pressure remains unchecked France will be in danger. But seemingly the French are not seriously alarmed, at least not yet. Take, for example, their attitude toward the Austro-German customs union project. French foreign policy was determined that this should not succeed, not only because it appeared to be a disguised step toward the much-feared *Anschluss*, but because it openly threatened the integrity of the French system. Under the stress of their own agricultural crises Rumania and Jugoslavia looked with thinly concealed favor upon the project, and Paris found it necessary to buy them off with financial assistance. But neither the loans nor the subsequent defeat of the customs union plan at The Hague removed the cause of Rumanian and Jugoslavian disaffection, or the economic circumstances which had prompted Berlin and Vienna to enter into their ill-fated arrangement. These economic forces are still active, and they will yet play a large part in shaping the course of European history.

OF LATE the allies of France have taken to quarreling among themselves. Poland, through the *Gazeta Polska*, has had more than a few harsh words to say of the commercial policies of the Little Entente countries, particularly Czechoslovakia. Warsaw has demanded that Prague compensate it for the "loss" of its market for hogs. Similar rancor has been displayed toward Jugoslavia and Rumania. On the other hand, Jugoslavia has felt compelled to refuse to buy Polish iron and steel products unless the Poles agreed

to take Serbian tobacco in return, and Rumania announced an increase in her tariff on yarns and similar commodities, which threatens to cut heavily into textile imports from Poland. At the Little Entente conference held in Bucharest last June this division among the French allies was emphasized once again. Underneath the discussions there ran a current of heated controversy and rebellion, Rumania and Jugoslavia taking sides against Czechoslovakia (and France) on such questions as the customs union, Russian trade (which has been helpful to the Czechs, but decidedly harmful to Rumanian and Jugoslavian interests) and the various other problems now besetting Europe.

Pertinax, the French political writer, recently reminded us that "discontent obtains in the states of the Little Entente about the weak leadership of France, the empty formula of Pan-European economic assistance recommended by M. Briand, and the harsh conditions imposed by French bankers in the matter of international loans." In order to bring pressure to bear upon France, Pertinax continued, "such men as MM. Benes and Marinkovitch (the Czechoslovakian and Jugoslavian Foreign Ministers) have tried since last January to effect some kind of coöperation with Italy despite their previous antipathy toward fascism." Even Czechoslovakia, as Pertinax suggested, is not wholly satisfied with the present French system, notwithstanding her unquestioned devotion to Paris. Only a year ago President Masaryk intimated that Czechoslovakia would be willing, in the hope that Central

Europe might thereby be stabilized, to consider a revision of the Hungarian-Czechoslovakian frontier, a suggestion that naturally enough disturbed the Governments in Warsaw, Belgrade, and Bucharest, and was frowned upon in Paris. But why this dissatisfaction among the allies, and why the desire to bring pressure to bear upon France? Clearly because the economic emergency is pulling these countries toward Germany, while France has no counter-attraction with which to offset this tendency — excepting, of course, her almost limitless credit resources. When Poland begins finding fault with Czechoslovakia the French find it convenient to extend a loan of 400,000,000 francs to the Poles to help build the new railway along the Corridor. When Yugoslavia opens negotiations for a reciprocal tariff treaty with Germany the French arrive on the scene with a 675,000,000-franc loan in time to save Belgrade from this "embarrassment." When the Rumanians, having ousted the pro-French Bratianu Liberals, begin flirting with Rome and Berlin the French manage to recapture their sympathy at the cost of a loan of 575,000,000 francs. But these loans are mere palliatives; they do not go to the heart of the complex problem before the Succession States. They are no sufficient compensation for the huge economic losses suffered by the allies of France.

True, the Little Entente countries and Poland are still bound to one another, and to France, by a common fear of treaty revision, but it would be futile to suggest that this tie will keep them permanently together in face of the many economic

forces now working to sever that connection. The Hapsburg empire was based upon the Danube valley, which forms a natural and logical economic unit. This region may be incorporated into a single economic unit again some day; in any case there are formidable forces moving in that direction. France can not in the long run hope to stem the tide by her financial power alone.

II

I HAVE suggested that the goal of French financial (and foreign) policy is the maintenance of the *status quo* in Europe. But clearly there is a further and larger goal. A superficial examination of French foreign policy in general, and of Franco-German relations in particular, seems to indicate that France merely wants a binding and permanent guarantee of something vaguely described as "security." But what does France mean by "security"? She has the public law of Europe on her side, she virtually controls the League of Nations machinery, her influence over the World Court is not to be overlooked (as was shown by the customs union decision) and she has the protection of the Locarno agreements. More important, she and her allies could within ten to twelve weeks mobilize more than 150 fully armed and equipped army divisions, which could close in on Germany from three sides. The allies also possess highly developed air forces that could be sent on a bombing expedition into Germany on a moment's notice. Opposed to this gigantic military organization, Germany and her potential associates (or rather former allies) could mo-

bilize perhaps not so many as twenty army divisions. Furthermore, Germany has no military aviation whatever, no reserves in the way of heavy artillery and trained conscripts, and no important or effective arsenals. It is true that the Reichswehr is exceedingly efficient and could doubtless be rapidly expanded in an emergency. But the German army is small, and no military student believes for a moment that it could withstand a determined French offensive. Indeed, it has been pointed out that "France and her allies could today overwhelm all effective military opposition in Germany without the slightest difficulty and occupy every strategic point in the country."

Nevertheless France, demanding "security," continues to bear down heavily on Germany. Out of the crisis in Germany have come a menacing growth in ultra-nationalism, a widespread demand for repudiation of the Young Plan, a new and potent stimulus for the treaty revision campaign, and a rapidly crystallizing determination to seek armaments equality with France at any price. Every one of these several developments strikes directly at French policy and the French system. But instead of adjusting her policy to meet the patent dangers of this situation, France has remained inflexible. She laid down extremely harsh terms as the price she wished to be paid for the financial assistance she was prepared to render in the German panic of last summer. And here France came close to overplaying her hand. Domestic public opinion was frankly alarmed by the hostility with which the French

attitude was viewed, not in Germany, but in the United States and England. Certain French political students thought that France could have met Germany half way and still have retained the upper hand. Among others, M. Lucien Romier insisted that a change in tactics was necessary, while a writer in the intensely nationalistic *Intransigeant* took the same view. This latter writer said that the "Russo-German danger would be a far greater risk for French security than the German danger. The day when these two countries, which are both without money, but one of which has an industry and the other an agriculture, should unite their crises and their forces, France would have something to think about when it would be too late." But French statesmanship continued along its chosen course unmindful of domestic criticism and of the rising temper of the German people.

IN HER determination to obtain what she is pleased to call "security," France came near to wrecking Austria and the Bank of England, even though her tactics disturbed or unsettled the economic and banking systems of several other European countries, and practically reduced her ally, Rumania, to a state of bankruptcy. (Not a single one of Rumania's important banks is solvent today; those that are still open have been taken over by the Government.) France's tactics have also extended to the United States. President Hoover's moratorium proposal of June 20 signalized the arrival of the United States on the European scene, without a warning

of any sort, and under circumstances distinctly unfavorable to France. It is conceivable that our heavy investments on the Continent would ultimately and in any event have dragged us into transatlantic politics, but we came at a time when France could least withstand the blow of a direct challenge to her financial policy. It is not clear from the evidence available whether official Washington knew precisely what its moratorium gesture implied. The announcement of June 20 was made without advance consultation with France, although Washington surely must have known something of France's deep interest in reparations and must have had at least an inkling of France's political and financial aspirations on the Continent. Moreover, on his recent trip abroad, which was designed partly for the purpose of inquiring into the German situation, Secretary of State Stimson deliberately chose to enter Europe by way of Italy, a gesture toward a rival of France that was not lost upon the rest of Europe, where special political significance is read into every move made by a foreign minister. (The cordial reception by Washington of Foreign Minister Grandi of Italy has been interpreted much in the same light by a far from uninfluential section of the European press, though it is difficult to see how President Hoover and Mr. Stimson could possibly have acted otherwise under the circumstances.) Thus it appeared to Paris that we had consciously ranged ourselves alongside the treaty revisionists and the opponents of the Young Plan, in short, alongside those nations whom France does not

number among her trusted friends. Whether this was true or not, our action did have the effect of interfering with the "normal" operation of French policy. France was determined to brook no such interference. (She had finally to acquiesce in the Hoover moratorium, though not until her procrastination had destroyed the psychological value of that gesture, because for the moment her opposition had placed her in bad odor throughout the Western world.)

First came the silent attack on this country's gold position, which in time developed into an open and unashamed campaign of sabotage carried on by the press and numerous bankers. Almost simultaneously (when it was reported that President Hoover was contemplating an extension of the moratorium) dispatches from Paris began to appear in the American press, particularly in the *New York Times*, hinting rather frankly at M. Laval's great desire to discuss the economic situation with Mr. Hoover in Washington. After several of these dispatches had been published, and had been brought to the attention of the White House, the necessary invitation was forthcoming. M. Laval came, talked over a number of things with the President, and returned to Paris with the assurance that the United States would thereafter refrain from interfering in the reparations question. The initiative in making any further adjustment in intergovernmental obligations that "may be necessary covering the period of business depression," the Hoover-Laval communiqué said, "should be taken at an early date

by the European Powers principally concerned within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1, 1931." In compensation for this pledge Hoover and Laval agreed that the gold position of both countries must be safeguarded, in other words, the French attack on the American gold position would cease — and it did cease. But America's interest in the preservation of Germany, and of her immense investments in that country, did not end with this return of the initiative in the reparations question to France.

When MM. Laval and Briand went to Berlin in September they carried with them a proposal for Franco-German economic coöperation. As might have been expected, the proposal aroused the deepest suspicion in almost all political circles in Germany (if we except the relatively few moderates who favor a rapprochement with France at any price). Berlin newspapers who generally speak for the industrialists, such as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, took fright at the projected arrangement, while the press of the Left was more frank in denouncing the proposal as a trap for making German finance, commerce, and industry the vassals of the French bankers and industrialists. In this reaction may possibly be found a suggestion of what France actually means by "security."

IT IS widely recognized that until France and Germany can come to some sort of understanding there will never be a firm foundation for peace in Europe. But what more can Germany contribute to such an understanding? At first glance

it appears that she can give nothing at all, in any case nothing that France might consider of value. Germany has subscribed to all the various treaties of peace, non-aggression, and security (affecting France) that have been put before her. Her responsible statesmen have time and again independently voiced their desire for peace and understanding. The majority of her people have shown themselves similarly disposed. Germany possesses no armaments whatever that could be used offensively against France. She has paid reparations to the limit of her ability (though not without considerable grumbling). She has tried economic coöperation on an impartial basis and has found that an unsatisfactory bridge to an understanding with France. What more can she give? Certainly the Government can not hope to suppress all of the agitation for treaty revision and repudiation of the Young Plan; it would require a completely autocratic dictatorship to accomplish that task. Shall Germany, then, give up the new "pocket" battleships she is building? To most Germans these cruisers represent the last tangible symbol of national honor, even of national existence. To stop building these ships (which can not possibly be considered a threat to French security) would be likely to produce a terrific reaction in Germany; many people would instinctively feel that, deprived of this last tangible symbol, Germany would indeed be without hope, which unquestionably would produce a state of mind dangerous to France.

Nevertheless Germany does have something of tremendous value to

offer — her modern and extensive industrial plant. The French industrialists and their bankers want, perhaps not to own, but certainly to control, the industry of Germany. They clearly will not be satisfied until they get it. It was for this that the French at Versailles maneuvered so cautiously, only to be out-voted in the end by the British and Americans (who apparently did not suspect the motive lying behind the many French suggestions). It was for this that the Upper Silesian plebiscite was "arranged" so as to give Poland the principal mills and mineral deposits of that district. It was for this that France supported the separatist movement in the Rhineland. It was for this that Poincaré so hopefully rushed French troops into the Ruhr in 1924. It is for this that the industrialists of Northeastern France are financing the campaign of the French press to hold onto the Saar region until the very last moment. And it was in the hope that German industry might thereby be shaken into their laps like a ripe plum that the French last summer dared risk an internal collapse in Germany. When one reads the history of French diplomacy of the last thirteen years, and the history of the various cartel negotiations, and when one studies the propaganda now being put out with a view to creating sentiment for a Franco-German customs union (which would amount to a pooling of German industrial and French financial interests, Germany having the industrial plant, which is fast approaching bankruptcy, and France possessing the financial means with which to put that plant on its feet —

upon terms dictated by the bankers of Paris!), one gets a very clear picture of what France means by "security." It is not necessary to impute personal or greedy motives to the French industrialists to understand this desire on the part of France. It is simply that France is well aware that a healthy and strong national economy inevitably means a healthy and strong, and therefore dangerous, nation. It is not enough that Germany should be disarmed in a military sense; she must also be disarmed in an economic sense, and France can now see no other way of accomplishing this except by capturing control of German industry. The loss of her colonies, her merchant fleet, the mineral deposits of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar, and Upper Silesia, the mills and factories of these same districts, and the harbors of Memel and Danzig; the derangement of her agricultural economy by the establishment of the Polish Corridor; and the heavy drain on her national economy imposed by the reparations payments, have not been sufficient to reduce Germany to that state of permanent economic servitude so essential to French "security."

III

IN THE execution of her policy France is largely fighting against time. It is a serious question whether the depression will destroy her system of alliances before it has achieved its purpose. Moreover, France's gold power is a two-edged weapon that is spreading seeds of disaster which may before long overtake France herself. By using the financial whip against Germany the French have

succeeded only in stirring up nationalistic sentiment of a character which in itself is menacing enough to French interests. But in attempting to bring Austria to her knees, and later in attempting, let us say, to discipline the Bank of England, the French tended to harm themselves in a much more direct way. Foreign currencies were heedlessly pulled down, banking systems ruined, international exchange rates depreciated, and the international exchange machinery of Central Europe all but "frozen." French trade has been greatly impeded; already the consequences of this blind policy are being felt in France, particularly in the sharp decline in industrial activity, and the rapid growth in unemployment. Moreover, the Bank of France is today technically bankrupt; its assets abroad are frozen; it can not liquidate any of the large loans it has placed in Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, or Poland; its gigantic stores of gold are sterile, not returning to the bank a single *sou* in the way of profit. If it is France's ambition to dominate a financially ruined Europe, she must hasten to realize that ambition before she herself is ruined.

There is perhaps a greater threat to France and her system arising in another quarter. That has to do with the growing military power of Russia. How strong Soviet Russia has grown of late in this respect can only be guessed. Yet it is certain that the U.S.S.R. is spending now approximately \$600,000,000 annually on armaments, while a large part of its industrialization programme has been designed with an eye to military factors. Not only does this

greatly augment the potential strength of a combination of dissatisfied states against France, a combination that might even today outweigh the French system were it to come into actual existence, which is far from being a remote probability, but the very presence of such a heavily armed neighbor can not but have its effect on the attitude of certain allies of France, particularly Poland and Rumania. With France some distance away, but with Russia on one side of her and Germany on the other, Poland, for example, must certainly desire to reach an understanding with one or the other of these two potential enemies lest she be crushed between them. That she has expressed no such desire, but continues to cling hopefully to France, may be attributed more to Pilsudski's ancient hatred for Russia than to any lack of understanding of the problem on the part of her people. France, however, appreciates the seriousness of this problem, which is indicated not alone by the recent comments of several French political writers, or by the somewhat cooler attitude France has been showing toward Poland. France's anxiety has also been revealed by her proffer of a pact of non-aggression to Moscow, and by her request that Warsaw enter into a similar arrangement with the Soviet Government. The Poles promptly opened negotiations with Russia, although they had allowed an identical proposal from Moscow to lie unanswered for more than four years.

It would hardly be incorrect to say that the strength of France has been largely negative, that, indeed,

it is more apparent than real. France can not stop the economic depression, which is threatening not only her allies (and thereby the "sanctions" upon which rests the *status quo* of Europe) but her own economy as well. She has barely managed, with such financial strength as she has, to keep these allies faithful and obedient. She has done nothing to prevent the rise of German nationalism, but has in point of fact so manipulated her foreign policy as to have directly contributed to this distinct menace to her position. Furthermore, France can not prevent the rise of Russia as a military power, which constitutes another menace to the French system and therefore to Europe. France might, as the London *Times* has suggested, turn from her policy of selfishness and use her gold power "as far as possible to save the world from further confusion." She might also come to terms with Germany on a

basis that would leave that country economically as well as politically independent. But here again France has shown weakness, moral weakness, rather than strength. It is conceivable, of course, that France might achieve her purpose and gain control of German industry without pulling down European economy in the process, but it is hardly likely that she could do this without arousing American opinion against her. American citizens control more than one large industrial enterprise in Germany; their investments in that country total three billions of dollars. One can not imagine these American investors sitting idly by while French industrialists and financiers are assuming control of the German industrial plant. And therein perhaps lies the greatest and most effective limitation to French strength, and the most serious obstacle to the realization of French policy in Europe.



The Shining Road

BY RICE GAITHER

A Story

IT WAS four o'clock and there was still a pile of unanswered letters on his desk when Raine got up out of his swivel chair to fling open the window. It was four o'clock and he ought immediately to have sat down again. But there was something refreshing in the light spring air. A breeze swept in from the marshes across the river, rent the curtain of smoke which habitually hung over the city, and came to him faintly laden with the sulphurous odor of burning coal. Some people didn't like the smell of smoke, probably. But Raine. . . . He walked back to his desk, picked up a bit of brass that did not look like a paperweight and stood regarding it curiously. Then at a knock on his door he put it down swiftly. "Come in," he muttered, getting into his chair again to scowl at letters. Oddly, however, when he felt the presence of the girl beside him, "Nothing this afternoon, Miss Dean," he said shortly, without looking up. And when he felt himself alone again he lay back indolently. He lay back and drowsed. Then, though but a moment ago he had been quite certain that she had gone out and closed the door, he seemed to see her standing beside his desk

and to hear her voice like a gramophone.

"Here's that letter from the lumber people, Mr. Raine."

"Yes, I know," he said defensively, and his voice, too, was queer. "But I'm tired now. I'll attend to it tomorrow."

Exactly as if she hadn't heard him, Miss Dean pulled up a chair and sat down to the drawer leaf of his desk. She put her pad and pencil on it and handed him the letter.

"This is important," she said. "Those people are shipping sappy piling for the new docks. We can't have that."

The typed lines of the lumber people's letter ran drunkenly together. But he remembered now. Piling. They were shipping sappy piling and he'd have to put a stop to it.

"Dear Sir," he began obediently. "Your favor of the eighteenth. We can not —" But it was very difficult for him to go on. The air from the open window was like ether. He couldn't get his mind on the words. They slipped into each other and sounded queer. However, he let them go, for he was very tired,

and he wanted terribly to be let alone.

"That's all," he assured her when she did not get up.

She sat there staring at his paperweight.

"That's a queer thing for you to have on your desk," she remarked. "What is it?"

"That," said Raine, feeling that she presumed, "is the throttle to an old engine. I used to run a locomotive, Miss Dean."

"You should have a proper paperweight," said Miss Dean, putting out her hand for the bit of brass.

Raine beat her to it, dropped the paperweight into a drawer and turned the key on it.

"Oh, no," he told her as quietly as he could, and then, rather ridiculously, "It's all I've got left." But he managed the voice of authority. "And now, Miss Dean, if you'll just telephone for my car . . ."

He hoped he could sit there and rest while his car was on the way, but no sooner was Miss Dean gone than Tufts came in with something about a mortgage loan. He came in trailing papers and put them under Raine's nose. It took Raine a long time to get to the bottom of the pile, but he finally did and penciled his initials on the yellow slip. Tufts was hardly gone, however, when the telephone tinkled.

"Oh, it's you, Rose . . . Yes, yes, all right. I know. We are dining out."

ROSE was not there when he reached home, though it was past six by the tall clock in the long room. It seemed to him that she was never there any more, what with bridge

and the symphony orchestra. There was a soft lamp in the library and beside it his evening journal. But of course they weren't going to let him read.

"Did Mrs. Raine telephone you — ?" began the maid, coming up behind him in that annoying manner she had of never making a noise until she spoke.

"She did," said Raine. He threw his cigar into the fire and went upstairs to dress.

Rose came in while he was dressing and was waiting for him when he went down again. Through the velum shade of the lamp behind her, a warm glow fell on her autumn hair and the round arm that lay on the elbow of the davenport in front of the fire. A cloud of something floated airily about her shoulders. She was quite beautiful, was Rose. But she did not look up when Raine came into the room. She was reading. He went over and stood beside her, waiting for her to speak. But it was he who finally broke the silence.

"Going out," he said.

"Yes. Why not?"

Her assumption of power over his evenings angered him. Also he saw the paper she was reading. It was a letter from the leader of an orchestra in New York who wanted to help with the symphony. Raine hated horns and violins and drums beating out of tune.

"I'm tired," he said defiantly.

She lifted her face toward him then and after the moment in which she seemed not to see him, asked: "Why don't you take a rest?"

"Rest?" he echoed bitterly, still seeing the pile of papers on his desk. She was a fine one to be talking

about rest — dragging him out after a hard day. Then: "Oh, I don't know."

He walked up and down the hearth-rug toying with the idea. It was too late for Palm Beach, too early for Maine or Michigan, and as for those Carolina golf places . . . Only he was going to have to get away. He was going to have to leave that pile of letters just as they lay on his desk — with the paperweight on top of them. Miss Dean was right. It was a queer thing for a man to have kept. He almost had a memory of a place he'd like to go. But it eluded him.

The car was waiting for them at the bottom of the terraces. It was a closed car. The chauffeur was holding the door for them. Raine helped Rose in among the cushions. He was about to follow her when by some strange impulse he stopped suddenly.

"You don't mind if I drive," he said.

He could see that she didn't want him to. But it was rather nice sitting out in the wind. It rested him, somehow. He put a foot on the starter and when there was a responsive whir, switched on the head-lamps. They made a white path through the dark.

"Ever been in the cab of a locomotive?" he asked his chauffeur.

"No, sir, I never have."

It was strange how memories came crowding back on him tonight. There at the wheel of his car he could absurdly fancy the track tilting and swaying under him, the twinkle of red and green and yellow lights telling him where the yard ended and the open road began: the long straight road. Almost he could see the bright

converging lines of steel shimmering before him as the white glare of the headlight tunneled the dark. Almost he could hear the clarion of the locomotive's blast flung back from far hills across swamps; almost feel the breath of rivers, sheening, opaque at dawn.

It was hot in the Montstuart house. The room smelled of orange peel. A blue haze hung over it. But through the smoke he could see faces. There was Starke of the First National and Travis of the Machine Works and Pharr of the Cotton Mills. He hated Starke. Starke spoke in a mincing manner about the Little Theatre.

And the women? They had loud voices and they drank too much. All except one. She had never been there before. She had a soft voice and eyes like blue flame. He took her out to dinner and told her about a brown little house he and Rose used to live in when he ran the engine. There was a grape arbor in the yard and a rose trellis over the front gate. And the engine? It had been beautiful, running the engine. He told her about the absurd donkey that had got on the pilot one night and wouldn't get off on any account. She laughed and clapped her hands and it was lovely until he realized that the whole crowd was listening.

Starke said: "Fancy that," and Rose looked white about the mouth.

Rose and Starke went off together after dinner. Through the arch of the doorway he could see them sitting in the cushioned corner under the stairs. They talked very earnestly together, and every now and then they looked at him. Perhaps they were talking about the symphony

orchestra or the Little Theatre. Or perhaps . . . He knew it had been a mistake for Rose to marry him. Though they had been quite happy at first. The wheels of his locomotive had had a song about the shade under the grape arbor and the vine over the gate . . .

The woman whose eyes burned like blue flame slipped her hand through his arm and drew him out on the terrace under the stars.

"I believe you'd like to go back," she said when they were quite alone.

"I — I've always wanted to go back," Raine answered strangely. "How could you know?"

"I know," she said simply; and they walked together under the trees.

It was while driving home that he knew all at once about Rose and Starke. And his knowing like that without being told was less strange to him than his not having known before. He'd go away, of course. In a way it would be a relief for him to get back to his engine. No more pushing buttons, writing letters, working to get money. But he was sorry for Rose, sorry it was to a man like Starke that she must look for happiness, sorry for his own inadequacy. He wanted at least to tell her that before he left.

"I'm sorry, Rose," he said, "sorry about leading that old donkey into your perfect dinner party."

"Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter," answered Rose. "We're definitely placed, aren't we?"

He was surprised to see that the car had already drawn up at the porte-cochère and that Rose was standing on the step out under the bracketed light. He climbed down and went into the house with her. He

wondered if he ought to kiss her good-bye, but she would have noticed if he had. He went upstairs and put on a gray suit and tossed some things into a bag. When he came down again, the house was dark. He found the lamp in the library, however, and wrote Rose a note. He opened the front door and closed it behind him. Then he walked five miles to the office.

The old watchman took Raine up in the night elevator and switched on the office lights for him.

"I shan't be long," said Raine sitting down in front of his desk.

It seemed to him that his mind worked with extraordinary clarity, as if he had been planning for a long time to go away. After all, things were in good shape. True, there were a lot of letters, but they were mostly silly things that Miss Dean could do. If he had been going to die instead of beginning to live again, his business would have gone on. Loans would mature and be paid, lands would be bought and sold, dividends piled up.

He shut his desk — for the last time — but did not lock it. Somebody else would be sitting there tomorrow. Tufts would take charge, of course. Raine tentatively picked up the paperweight. But he decided not to take it. The new engine would have a throttle, certainly. He pulled the office door to behind him, ran lightly down seventeen flights of steps and made off in the direction of the railroad yards.

HE HAD NO trouble at all in finding the place he wanted, because on either side of the doorway there was a lamp — two eyes of red and green like lanterns on the rear of

trains that go rushing past in the night. Raine went familiarly up the dim stairs until he came to a room in which there were a pine table and two hard chairs, a spittoon on the rough floor and on the walls some lithographs in color.

In one of the chairs sat a man in a blue shirt and a black silk cap. He had a peg leg that stuck out in front of him, a sandy mustache, and, in his teeth, a short straight pipe. By the light of a switchman's lantern he was writing with a pencil in a ledger on the table. At Raine's step the pipe came down and the hand that laid it on the table swung the lantern up in a slow arc. Steely blue eyes peered into Raine's and then lit suddenly.

"Hello, Eph," said Raine, "What engine have you got for me?"

Eph said, "Why, the same one, I reckon, Sam. Only she's out at Franklin. You'd have to go out and bring her in."

"Yes, of course," said Raine.

He did not particularly enjoy the ride in the Pullman out to Franklin; but when he swung off the train there was a sweet smell in the air, and dawn showed in the east where there were fields and trees pushing the town from under a pink sky. A little way down the track he could see the roundhouse. His old engine was there. Perhaps even now they were putting fire under her boilers. He crossed the square to the hotel and at the counter drank a steaming cup of coffee. Then he sat down on the sunny balcony to smoke. Now that he was here he was in no hurry to go away again. He thought he'd have a walk through the old town before he reported for duty.

It was a lovely time of year to be

back in Franklin. Trees quivered with bird voices, weeds sparkled with dew, the smell of earth came pungent from plowed-up fields. The huckleberry bushes were putting out new red buds. And he knew a field where there was a gully floored with white sand and walled with yellow jessamine. Soon the wild plums would be in bloom, and peach trees in the orchards. Then would come summer and bathing in the river. Raine wondered idly if the further slope of the sand hill would seem hot to bare feet. Summer, then frost and muscadine . . .

It was noon when he got back to the hotel, but still he felt no hurry. A Negro in a soiled white coat was ringing a noisy bell on the porch, and Raine could smell food. He wasn't hungry, and yet a want of some sort crept into the bright day. Then Raine looked up from his chair in the lobby and saw the Negro in the soiled coat holding out an envelope to him. The envelope was big and square and creamy. And inside was a note signed Helen. Strange he hadn't known her name. The note said: "Can you come at three o'clock? I'll be waiting at the brown little house you told me about — with the grape arbor in the yard and the vine over the gate."

Her being near seemed natural enough, but the hour she named startled him. Three o'clock? Why, it was three already.

It seemed to him that he made haste very slowly along the railroad tracks, for it was hot there. But through the sheltered lane he was able to go faster. So that it was only a little after three when he ran up to the door and knocked. Oddly the

door was shut and there were dead leaves in a drift against it. He went calling around the house. And when he found the other door shut fast he beat on it. Surely she hadn't come and gone. She would have waited half an hour. He took the note out of his pocket and read it again. Three o'clock, it said, and at the brown little house with the grape arbor in the yard.

Perhaps she was a little late herself. He sat down on the steps to wait for her. But there was something wrong about the place. He passed his hand over his eyes and looked again. There was no arbor in the yard. The lawn had grown up in weeds and there was only a tangled mass of green where the arbor used to be. He ran out into the yard and picked up one of the fallen posts. It crumbled in his hand. When he looked up at the house he found it gray, not brown. He ran quickly to the gate. There was no vine. The weeds had choked it and it had died.

Uneasiness grew upon him as he left the place; and when he came to the tracks again and saw the roundhouse below the station, he began to run. Suppose Eph hadn't sent the telegram! Suppose they hadn't put fire under the boilers of Raine's engine!

Things had certainly gone to pieces since he left the company. It was dark inside the roundhouse and he stumbled. After a bit, however, his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and he could see the rails all corroded with rust, and the sort of grass that can live without sun growing up in the black earthy floor. The shed seemed almost empty. He thought for a moment the old engine

wasn't there. But yes, he saw it now, standing in its accustomed place. It was quite cold, however. He looked about for somebody to complain to; but there were strangely no people in the roundhouse. Raine had to go outside and walk a long way to the office of the master mechanic.

"Eph didn't telegraph?" he asked, trying to keep the annoyance out of his voice.

"Oh, yes, we have a telegram," admitted the master mechanic, "but I'm not sure the men are going to stand for this. There are a lot of firemen waiting around for that job."

"Oh, that'll be all right," Raine assured him. "I know the boys'll be glad to have me back on my old run."

But when he looked about him at the men loafing in the master mechanic's office, he recognized none of the old faces. And when he walked up to the railing of the dispatcher's office and looked through the register, the signatures, even the numbers of trains and engines seemed strange. After some searching of the leaves, he found Strong's name and Adams's. Strong and Adams, however, had never been friends of his, and even they were at the opposite end of their run. He looked eagerly for Bob Small's bold handwriting. Not finding it, he asked a young man in a green eyeshade.

"Small?" repeated the young man doubtfully. "I don't know any engineer by the name of Small."

Raine turned back to the master mechanic, his annoyance getting the better of him.

"Are you or are you not," he demanded, "going to fire up my engine?"

"Well," said the master mechanic,

"to be perfectly frank with you, that old engine hasn't got a throttle."

Throttle? Raine seemed to remember something about a throttle. Good God, he hadn't left it on his desk, had he? How could he have come without the throttle to his engine? He couldn't go back and get it now. Tufts and Miss Dean would make him sit down at his desk and Miss Dean would pull out the drawer leaf and make him write letters. Even if he slipped back at night, the watchman would be on guard. The whole town would be looking for him, probably. Besides, there wasn't time. He wanted the throttle now — this moment.

"It seems to me," said Raine reasonably, "that we could find another throttle."

"We could, of course," agreed the master mechanic. "But if you haven't got it, how do I know you're Raine."

Raine stole back to the roundhouse. He was grateful for the blackness now. He was very careful not to make a noise stumbling over the rusty rails to the old engine. He climbed into the tender. Yes, there was coal. He got down again and fumbled in the segment where they used to keep light wood. He carried three heavy pieces into the cab and opened the fire box. He struck a match and the fat caught. By the light of the flame he could see the water gauge. The boilers were half full. Very quietly he put in some lumps of coal, and, when they were hot, threw on some dust. Slowly the steam rose. He found the oil can under the driver's seat, and, getting down out of the cab, filled all of the

oil cups. Then it was time to throw on more coal.

He could hear voices, and a screen door flapped on one of the office shanties. But he was well hidden there in the dark. He lit a lantern and went over the engine from pilot to tender coupling. She was in remarkably good shape. Then he got back into the cab and took his seat. He sat there staring at the lever which had no handle, sat there wondering what he should do next. For now it was getting dark outside. Through the wide door he could see the switch-lamps come out like stars — yellowish white stars that pointed to the open road, the white shining road, stretching through night into the dawn.

It was strange that he should have come back without that handle for the throttle. Why had he kept it through all the years if only to leave it useless and absurd on the polished surface of his desk? An engine throttle should be on an engine. His hand groped for the sleek brass only to find itself impotent on the stumpy lever with its intractable rod.

Could he move that rod? His disused fingers were like water. But the steam stood high in the gauge in front of him, and the engine panted. He pulled again. The rod seemed to yield a little, but the lever held fast. He pulled until pain blinded him and he could no longer see the white beckoning lights. His fingers — were they strong enough? He put his whole weight against them. Then suddenly with a roar the engine shot forward out of the roundhouse and was speeding along shining rails.

The air revived him. It was like that — wind in a man's face. The

light of his locomotive made a white path through the dark. The black wall of the woods glistened as he went rushing past. Little towns with high steeples slept in quiet valleys. A city shone on a far hill and a lake glittered under a crescent moon.

He was glad now that he had come back. It seemed strange that he had stayed away so long. What a place his office was! He almost disbelieved that pile of letters — yellow and white sheets stacked up nearly to the ceiling. And one was never able to open a window for fear they would blow away. Funny that anybody should have wished to keep them from blowing away. The truth was he had been afraid of Miss Dean. Absurd, but true.

He had been afraid of Miss Dean. And of course he had always known how Rose felt toward his engine. It was Rose who had really taken him away from it. He would have stuck to her, too, if it hadn't been for Starke. The rhythm of wheels singing of shade under a grape arbor and vine over a gate came to him sadly now. But still the wind blew in his face. He loved rivers in which stars shine, and the echo of a siren flung back from mountains across marsh . . .

Raine got down out of his driver's seat and began to throw coal on the fire. He had always considered it dangerous for an engineer to leave his seat, and yet, a moment ago, the road had seemed clear. There was, to be sure, a certain luminosity beyond the reach of the headlight where the shining rails seemed to converge, and now, when he went back to the lookout, it had grown larger and brighter. But even now it

was only something which he could not explain, and he finished firing before he took his place again.

Raine had thought at first it was the sun. But a glance at his watch showed him that the time was only a little after midnight. There were clouds ahead like smoke, or there was smoke like clouds. The bottom of the clouds was red with a reflected light. He couldn't see the light — not quite. But a sort of fear came over him. Had he been right to come out on the road alone? What signals had flashed past him when he had left his seat? And what was that strange red eye that came up over the horizon?

It was a train. He knew now. In half a moment it would be upon him, unless he could pull back that lever with the missing handle. Stop. He had to stop. He had to bring the engine to a stop and then reverse it. Sweat broke from his brow as he put out his hand for the throttle, groped blindly for the rod, the stiff, obdurate rod. He grasped it, pulled. He put his weight upon it. But of course it stuck. He tried to pull the rod as if it had a brass handle on it. But his fingers melted like ice. He shut his eyes . . .

THE débris of the collision was still falling with an amazing, an unreal legerity, when Raine opened his eyes. It seemed to him that the air was filled with white and yellow sheets. Letters. He could see now that they were letters. And he was leaning back in a swivel chair in front of an open window. There was a red ball in front of him as the low sun hung over the marshes on the other side of the river.

He blinked at the familiar room. There it all was, just as he had left it: the smooth mahogany of his desk, the architect's drawing of the Raine building, the map of that land down on the lake which he had drained and terraced. And a moment ago he had been rushing toward death. He must have been asleep. But if he had been asleep, why was he so tired? And why did he wish to sleep again, to dream that old dream of pain and death? Of woods and fields and the empty house and the shining road on which a man may die?

Letters. It was really too late for work. Only there was something he must do if he could remember what it was. He pushed the buzzer on his desk and watched Miss Dean come in and pick up the sheets scattered all over the floor and put them in a neat pile on the corner of his desk.

Miss Dean, waiting, pointed to something in his hand.

"Oh, that," said Raine, giving her the bit of brass that did not look like a paperweight. After she had put it on the pile of letters, he said: "Miss Dean, did I give you that letter to the lumber people?"

"No, Mr. Raine. You told me there was nothing more today."

"I'm sorry. Do you mind?"

It was a long letter. But he finished it somehow. He locked his desk, took up his hat and topcoat and answered the telephone which tinkled.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I know. We're dining out."

Rose wasn't at home when he got there. But she came in while he was fussing with his tie and was waiting for him in the drawing room when

he finally got dressed. She had her back to him, but he could see over her shoulder that she was reading a brochure on the Little Theatre.

"Where are we going tonight?" he asked, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "I'm very tired."

"We're going to the Montstuarts'," Rose answered without turning. "Why don't you take a rest?"

He walked up and down the hearth-rug toying with the idea. It was a little too late for Palm Beach, a little too early for Maine or Michigan, and as for those golf places in the Carolinas . . .

"Oh, I don't know," he said after a moment. "Where is there to go?" Then he cleared his throat and began: "Rose —"

Rose said: "You were a little late tonight. Don't you think we'd better be starting?"

He helped her into her coat and followed her to the car. It was the landau. The chauffeur was holding the door for them. Raine handed her in among the cushions.

"Mind if I drive?" he asked. And though she answered only, "That's rather a queer idea, isn't it?" he took his place beside her.

It was hot in the Montstuart house. After dinner Rose and Starke went off together and sat in the corner under the stairs. Raine looked about him for a moment. The room, loud of voice and smelling of orange peel, was hazed with smoke. Unnoticed, he pushed open the door that led out to the terrace. There in the starlight he stood a long time waiting. But no one came. He walked along under the dim trees.

Growing Pains of Progress

BY JOHN T. RULE

The twin forces, invention and mass production, which have brought about the Machine Age, contain the seeds of each other's dissolution

THE history of applied science in industry has been, and always should be, the history of the replacement of useful products by others of superior utility. In the past it has been possible for us to hail the advantages of the new while ignoring the pains caused by the decline of the old, but under our modern capitalistic structure the latter are rapidly becoming a major obstacle to progress. It is time we realized their nature and gave them the attention they require.

That the process of replacement is continually taking place, without any general realization of its extent, can be shown by a striking example. Last fall ten freight cars constructed of high strength aluminum alloy were put in service on a Middle Western railroad. They have greater strength and larger capacity than their equivalent steel brothers. Each weighs, empty, eight and one-half tons less and is therefore capable of carrying eight and one-half tons additional pay load. It is estimated that this will mean an added earning of \$1,200 per year per car. At this rate these cars will pay for their

added cost in less than three years. They are therefore a decided economy.

This is but one item in the substitution of aluminum for steel. Reduction in weight means a reduction in inertia. Less weight and less inertia mean more power and less operating cost for any moving part. Consequently every steel machine that involves motion is subject to improvement on this point by the substitution of aluminum. In 1930 thirty-eight per cent of all aluminum produced in this country went into transportation, that is, into automobiles, street cars, railroads, airplanes, and boats. The all-aluminum motor is a well advertised example. The aluminum truck body and the aluminum street car have already established themselves.

Also in 1930 the first handbook of structural aluminum was issued. It was patterned after, and gave comparable data to, similar steel handbooks of the last quarter century from which every building of any size has been designed. On the Empire State Building in New York about seven hundred thousand

pounds of aluminum spandrels replaced two million pounds of steel usually used for the purpose.

The inference is certainly not that aluminum will entirely replace steel but that certain particular functions formerly fulfilled by steel are definitely being taken over by the lighter metal. Even at present price differences this superiority is recognized. Since the introduction of modern methods of extracting the metal from its ore the price of aluminum has dropped from \$755 per ton in 1905 to about \$470 per ton at present. As the price differential becomes less the fields where the substitution is feasible will become more numerous.

Aluminum is also making serious inroads into the domain of copper. High tension lines formerly exclusively copper are now, above 30,000 volts, about sixty per cent aluminum. There are at present over 300,000 miles of aluminum transmission lines in this country.

It is, of course, impossible to determine how far this encroachment will continue. Certainly there are uses of both steel and copper that can never be acquired by any other metal. But the fact remains that a product that is superior for certain specific purposes is forcing out an established, but inferior one. The latter must either develop new fields, replacing something else, or suffer a contraction in demand.

RESEARCH and inventive genius have produced the innumerable products, machines, and methods that make up our modern life. Each year brings forth its crop for doing better than which is already being

done competently. The advantages offered by electricity and oil demoralized the coal industry and presented the world with a major industrial problem. The plight of the coal miner is a blight on our civilization, and the financial distress caused by the depreciated value of plant and equipment within the industry has been a contributory cause to our economic ailments. The advantages of the gasoline engine destroyed horse raising and the carriage and harness industries. The cheapness of rayon has played havoc with silk. The advantages of concrete and brick have sharply limited the uses of wood. In the field of machines and methods the bus, the truck, the automobile, and the pipe line are strangling the railroads. More elementary still, the superiority of machinery over human hands has pauperized the small farmer and filled our cities and towns with the unemployed.

Naturally, there is a reasonable expectation that the superior of the present will, in turn, be displaced in the future. The development of the Diesel engine is a potential threat to the manufacture of gasoline. The dirigible threatens the ocean liner. More obscurely, the vegetable fibre, ramie, eight times as strong as cotton or silk, has been known for 2,000 years but its commercial decoration has baffled generations of research men. It is said that many fortunes have been squandered in attempts to solve this problem. In the 'Eighties the French Government had a standing offer of \$25,000 for a workable method or machine. An amazingly simple solution, though as yet unexploited and commercially

unproven, has recently been reported. The possibility of its success may be dynamite to cotton, rayon, and silk.

Fantastic stories of marvelous discoveries that have been suppressed by threatened industries have been in circulation for years. There is the persistent report of an incredibly cheap motor fuel, the right to which was purchased and suppressed by a leading oil company. There was the powerful electric battery that could be recharged in one or two minutes that would have established the electric auto and replaced every filling station with a charging station. An oil company supposedly suppressed this also. Though such tales are more probably fiction than truth, their existence is due to the recognition of the possibilities of a new product bringing a fortune to the inventor and disaster to an established industry. They symbolize the concentrated dreams of hundreds of inventive minds that are constantly striving toward some such discovery.

Further examples either actual or potential are unnecessary. Every schoolboy knows innumerable industrial substitutions from the semifaddish — mercurchrome for iodine — through the utilitarian article — lamp chimneys and oaken buckets are nearly gone — up to the major industry.

WHEN the American Indian became acquainted with the rifle the manufacture of arrow heads was doomed. In its primitive way this was the first American industry to be forced into the discard by the introduction of an inherently su-

perior product. It was not a very painful readjustment. It involved no army of stockholders and financial houses having a monetary interest in arrow factories, and having sufficient voice, backed by voting power, to enlist legislative and financial discrimination in protecting its "rights" and "interests." It involved no expensive chipping tools, no machinery for making chipping tools, no flint quarrying equipment, no quarry machinery manufacturing plants. It involved no "Flint Chippers Union" whose members, being forced out of their chosen work by the decrease in demand, could, or would, do nothing else of a lucrative nature and consequently drifted into starvation or the acceptance of charity — eventually to be questioned and annoyed by voluble political and social committees who succeeded only in obtaining a little notoriety for themselves.

No such problems arose. The flint chipper, being also a farmer, hunter and fighter, simply ceased chipping flint, threw his chipping bone away and did a little more farming, hunting, and fighting, plus rifle cleaning. Probably the champion chippers lost a little personal prestige. Certainly an interesting technique was relegated to archeology. But that was all. The rest was gain. Such are the advantages of simplicity.

Even so short a time ago as the appearance of the first automobile the decline of the carriage industry was a fairly simple process. The problems that confronted the manufacturer were undoubtedly extremely difficult, but his distress did not spread far beyond his own industry.

His business died a lingering death but it was possible for him to salvage the wreckage by converting his plant and machinery to the manufacture of automobiles. If he failed to do this, the suffering was confined to a limited number of stockholders. His working men were capable of finding and performing other work. Thus the number who suffered, while by no means negligible, was still so limited as to cause very little disturbance to our national structure. We reveled in the superior advantages obtained from the automobile and were able to forget the moderate amount of tragedy involved in the passing of the carriage and the horse.

So simple a solution is no longer possible. The specialization and intricate fabrication of our modern industrial and financial world has brought about a condition where such replacements cause a dislocation to the entire structure that seriously mitigates their advantages.

In the first place intense specialization makes it impossible for men trained in one field to be of equivalent use in any other. One of the outstanding phenomena of American life is the thoroughness of the individual's knowledge of his own business, as contrasted with the meagreness of his information and curiosity and his consequent lack of understanding of other subjects. The steel man knows his steel but, with exceptions, that is all he knows. Our investment bankers, undoubtedly financial experts, when forced into contact with production, are the bane of the production man's existence because of their quite general inability to grasp production

problems. The coal miner, unable to get work, still remains a coal miner. The technical man, physicist, chemist, metallurgist, is a complete nonentity in strange surroundings.

Years of experience in the specific, narrow field of a particular job are the prime requisite for obtaining a position in industrial America. The young man can not take life and work as he finds it. He must either choose, or be thrust into, a definite, narrow channel long before he can attain breadth or understanding enough to enable him to adjust himself to any changing business perspective. Financially he must specialize or die. The rigorous attention demanded by modern competition forces him to know so little beyond his job that he must cling to the one thing throughout his lifetime regardless of the conditions in his field, for he is on the level of a common laborer, and an incompetent one at that, in any other.

The threatened contraction of a major industry thus creates a man power that, not only to maintain the calibre of its existence, but to protect its very life, is forced to interpose every conceivable obstacle in the path of progress. Nor is it possible or desirable to abandon such men to their own devices. Their very presence in our business world is a disruptive force to so delicate a mechanism.

In the second place, equally intense specialization of plant and machinery is absolutely essential in producing any one specific product efficiently and economically. The modern factory is a one-purpose factory. Its value and the value of the machinery in it are usually

quite negligible for any other use than that for which it was designed. Almost without exception every building now constructed for industrial manufacture is designed from foundation to smoke stack for the purpose of making one specific product. The smallest detail is made to yield the utmost efficiency in the particular function it is meant to serve. Steel mills, automobile factories, and all the rest, are useless for other purposes. The bonds secured by such plants, considered gilt edge because of the construction value behind them, are worthless if the product produced is no longer salable.

This is even more true of machinery. The demand for standard machines has consistently shrunk from year to year. Each operation, however small, is best performed by a machine designed to do most efficiently that one thing. Mass is all that is necessary to bring that machine into existence to force out the standard all-purpose machine. Enormous sums are spent on complicated mechanisms whose only purpose is to manufacture some penny article in quantity. In any mass production industry, and few are not, the amount of machinery and equipment capable of being put to other uses, in the event of decline in demand, is nearly negligible.

THUS we are not only confronted with unusable man power but with unusable plant and equipment out of which investors can not get their capital and which therefore intensify the general distress.

But even this is not the whole

story. For, in the third place, our industries, with few exceptions, are not today controlled by the individuals who work in them. Though they are not Government-owned they are, in a very real sense, nationally owned. Banking and brokerage houses have diffused their stocks and bonds among countless individuals and companies throughout the country. All industry is enmeshed in this amazing intricacy of financial structure. The number of individuals who are directly interested in any sizable corporation is large enough to have a considerable voice in any external action that might affect it. They are consequently capable of interposing many obstacles in the way of any progress that carries the threat of decline for their industry.

The present plight of the railroads very aptly illustrates these facts. The truck is rapidly replacing the railroad freight car in the field of the short haul and the less-than-carload lot. The pipe line is supplanting the tank car in the transportation of liquids and gases. The automobile and the bus have reduced railroad passenger traffic to a new low figure year by year. In the specific field that each of these devices covers the new method is definitely superior to the railroads' in either cost, or utility, or both. But the distress caused by this progress is felt by every individual in the nation.

It is safe to say that every bank, every trust company, every insurance company, and every stockholder of these companies, as well as every railroad stockholder, is a direct financial loser by the intro-

duction of the superior forms of transportation mentioned. Of course all of us gain by cheaper pleasure, cheaper gas and oil, and more convenient package delivery. Some of us gain by investing in the new. However, the holder of ten shares of railroad stock sees directly the loss to himself involved in a dividend cut and immediately wants the Government to "do something about it." He sees also that railroad distress causes steel distress and lumber distress and, in an ever widening circle, even sealing wax distress and cabbage distress. He himself adds to this where he, personally, can make a gain; that is, he takes his family on a vacation by auto instead of by rail.

In this case the superiority of the new is great enough to insure competitive success. Therefore financial interests behind the railroads turn to the only possible source of relief — discriminative legislation.

The power that can thus be brought to bear upon legislative agencies to preserve a threatened industry is here strikingly apparent. Some months ago a hearing was conducted in Washington relative to freight rate increases desired by the roads. In general the outstanding characteristic of all products on which an increase was asked is that they can not be carried as successfully by trucks. In other words, the railroads were, in effect, petitioning the Government to allow them to tax all industries that must ship by rail in order that they may successfully compete with trucks in fields where the truck is quite definitely superior. The request was made on the ground that "some-

thing must be done for the railroads" for their distress is a national calamity and they must be protected at all costs.

It is noteworthy that during the entire hearing to date, the question around which the discussion has revolved has been what to do in order that railroad income might be preserved. It has been the common assumption, even by those opposed to the raise, that the roads should not be permitted to face disaster.

This is quite true, but is not the universal acceptance of the fact dangerously near a recognition that we must prohibit progress because progress will cause a loss to us all? Are we admitting that disaster to the railroads will cause such acute disorders that we dare not improve on them as carriers? If this is so the pains of progress have caught up with the gains.

More definite still in its direct refusal to recognize superiority in favor of widely diffused capital is the recent decision of the Ohio Public Utilities Commission on the application of the Cleveland, Canton and Columbus Motor Freight Company to increase its equipment 300 per cent.

The high points of this decision were:

We do not feel that this (the increase in equipment) is justified unless we surrender to the argument that there shall be no limit placed upon freight to be hauled over the highway, except the capacity of the transportation company to secure business, and the capacity of the truck or trailer to transport the same, which would necessarily mean a further drastic draining of the source of revenue of the rail lines.

We are not ready to subscribe to the prin-

iple that trucks shall be permitted to make unlimited inroads upon the rail lines. There is a proper place for each classification, and the application to increase the tonnage capacity of the applicant's equipment 300 per cent indicates that if this equipment is to be used the business of this transportation company will be supported by convenience rather than by necessity.

Briefly, a shipper can not ship by truck if it is more convenient to do so, but only if it is absolutely necessary to do so. A clearer case of the protection of the inferior from the superior, and the recognition of a necessity for so doing, could not be imagined.

Similarly street railways throughout the country have turned to politics and legislation to destroy their inherently superior competitors. The service car, quicker and more convenient for many, has been legislated out of existence in many localities. The introduction of natural gas, a very cheap fuel, is being fought in many cities by resort to charter privileges by public utilities that have a tremendous investment in plant and equipment.

THE severe depression that is now upon us has unquestionably been furthered materially by the existence of just such situations as we have been discussing. During times of prosperity the industries that are suffering from partial inroads made by new products and methods may even be expanding in total volume of sales at a somewhat reduced rate. However, in times of adversity such industries are the first to feel the effects of reduced demand. As the severity of the depression increases, the marginal cases are more and more affected. For example,

aluminum may have succeeded in reducing the functions of steel by five per cent. It is, of course, the profitable five per cent. In times of prosperity the steel industry may expect a normal expansion of six per cent (the figures are purely arbitrary). Thus it would actually increase its business one per cent in a narrowed field.

However, in times of depression the industry would cross the line between expansion and contraction, and would be forced to reduce its forces and cut its dividends much more quickly than if the competitive product had never appeared. In the coal industry the demand for coal in relation to the facilities for production has been reduced to a point where even in peak periods it only rises to the level of the slimmest sort of profits.

Consequently we have a condition existing in which many industries, large and small, are losing enough business to superior competitors to make their aggregate distress very decidedly a depression factor.

We are thus in a difficult position, confronted with a problem of major importance. In our discussion of the railroads and utilities, or any other industry facing a competitor, there is no intent to criticize adversely, for there are many points of merit in the positions they have taken. It is the intent to force a recognition of the problems brought about by the fact that the whole trend of our capitalistic system is such as to make increasingly difficult the type of progress on which it has been built. If the process continues we quite definitely will arrive at a condition such that it will be easier for

all of us to reject inventive progress in favor of financial security and universal comfort. In other words, we shall have reached the peak of our pyramid and life will become a stable, rigid proposition. It will be comfortable and safe, but historically meaningless and ineffectual.

The serious difficulty is that every fundamental premise of the capitalistic system contains within itself the factors causing the trouble. The scientific mind, the keystone of our civilization, not only leads to invention and discovery but to specialization and mass production. These are

the two sets of forces that were originally apparently compatible, but each contains the factors that ultimately tend to destroy the other's effectiveness. It is a question of fundamentals, not of monetary expediency. If we foster progress, prosperous industries always will be subject to unforeseen decline brought about by invention and discovery. They must attempt to encourage this progress on the one hand and, on the other, to develop a technique for reducing to a minimum the growing pains inherent in the throwing off of the outworn.



Manchurian Muddle

BY FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT

Who discusses the factors involved and suggests a remedy other than League intervention

WHY should the white races "butt in" as peacemakers when two yellow races are enjoying a family fight? This question concerning the Manchurian muddle has been asked me so many times in recent weeks that the first response has become almost stereotyped — and radio-ized. I answer it thus, "Because these yellow races learned some of their diplomacy and all of their fighting technique from us, therefore we should teach, if we can, a technique of peace; because the plans of the Japanese military party, if unchecked, will lead to an even wider worship of materialism and force in that land; and because a generation of Chinese students is turning, in bewilderment and discouragement from dependence on the League of Nations toward a consecration to military and naval force as the only effective international argument." Sometimes I add, "And because, just as in 1914, there is the making of a first-class world-wide war in what now seems only a family affair."

Within the past few days there arrived a letter from a student leader in Japan which gave the sober con-

viction that economic determinism coupled with crass materialism is sweeping that country and that "unless this is overcome now it will in a short time become an actual idolatry of gold and possessions." From the mainland, just across the Yellow Sea, a Chinese college dean wrote, "Are we to be driven, in spite of our convictions, to turn to a big navy and a powerful, well-equipped army as our only means of national salvation? Is there then in all the world no peaceable means of settling difficulties?"

What is all the fuss about?

Primarily it is about a territory known as the Three Eastern Provinces, or Manchuria. This is a region roughly shaped like a tortoise hanging by its tail, the head forming the Korean peninsula. It is about the size of America's five wheat States — Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska. Or imagine a section lying north of the New England States, a country equivalent to the land between Boston and Chicago reaching from Buffalo to South Carolina.

Within its boundaries there reside about twenty-nine million people,

but, even so, the land is sparsely settled. The soil is very fertile, suitable for the growing of wheat, *kiaoliang* (a kind of millet) and the soya bean. Half of the world's production of this last-named crop comes from Manchuria. There is coal in most parts of the province while more than thirty other minerals are found in commercial quantities, ranging from gold and silver to iron ore. Shale oil is extracted in paying amounts. Game and fish are abundant. There are excellent harbors and rapidly developing port cities.

Just as soon as we leave the description of the country we hear contradictory opinions because of the radically conflicting interests. There are a few concrete statements upon which there is more or less general agreement but the interpretations of these are poles apart:

(1) Manchuria has been in turmoil for the past decade. Japanese say this is due to Chinese intrigue and banditry; Chinese say it is due to Japanese efforts to stir up trouble as an excuse for exerting force.

(2) There has been friction between Chinese farmers and Korean immigrants. The Chinese accuse the Japanese of inciting the Koreans so that the police of Japan can be called from the railway zone for aid; the Japanese on the other hand accuse the Chinese of underhanded oppression of inoffensive aliens.

(3) A Japanese military officer named Nakamura was captured and killed by Chinese in Manchuria. The Japanese version is that this man was within his rights in traveling in the Three Provinces and was

wantonly shot; the Chinese claim that with a false passport this officer, wearing civilian clothes was making military maps.

(4) On the night of September 18, Japanese troops attacked and captured several cities along the Chinese railroad lines. The Japanese version is that two Chinese soldiers were seen to blow up a section of railroad track near Peitaying, that when the Japanese outpost attacked these men they were fired upon by hidden Chinese soldiers, and that thereupon the Chinese barracks were attacked and captured; the Chinese affirm that the attack on the barracks was unprovoked, the Chinese soldiers being asleep when the firing began, and the Chinese suggest that any bombing of the railroad which may have occurred was the work of the Japanese themselves.

THESE points of agreement and of radical disagreement show something of the difficulty facing the student of the present situation. Nevertheless there are certain facts and deductions which to me, an admirer and friend of both these Far Eastern nations, seem clear.

First of all, there are the human interests, represented by some 210,000 Japanese and perhaps 1,000,000 Koreans. In Korea these latter are quite a problem to Japan but having been encouraged to migrate to Manchuria they form a responsibility of the Japanese Government. Some of them are bitterly anti-Japanese. Some are Communists. Most are comparatively indifferent as to the form of government, provided only that they have peace and a meagre livelihood. The Japanese in Man-

churia are in a different category. They are for the large part soldiers, merchants, railway employes, officials, either in the army or in the semi-governmental railroads and mines. Japan claims a special position in this region because of her people.

They are living here, because of the treaty rights which form Japan's second claim to a "right of way" in Manchuria. These treaties go back in effect to the close of the Sino-Japanese War. In 1895 Japan secured title to certain rights in Manchuria, which she was obliged to relinquish at the armed and firm request of three European powers. Following Japan's defeat of Russia in 1904 there was another treaty, which vested in Japan the rights and concessions in Manchuria secured by Russia during the preceding decade. These included a lease of the South Manchurian Railroad with a zone on either side, certain coal and iron concessions, and the right of Japanese citizens to lease land throughout the province. Too, Japan has not yet relinquished her claim to extra-territorial rights in China and these treaty rights are applied to her subjects in the Three Provinces. In addition there is the Treaty of 1915, which China so bitterly resents and insists upon repudiating. These "Twenty-One Demands" were in five groups: (1) railway, mining and concession rights in Shantung Province, (2) extension to ninety-nine years of important leases in Manchuria, (3) the control of the sources of iron supply in Central China, (4) special rights in the coastal provinces of China, (5) the right to furnish the police of China and

advisers in financial, political and military affairs.

A Chinese President signed the treaty but no legislative body has ratified it. In 1923 the Chinese Government repudiated the entire series of demands, as having been exacted by force in a time of peace and as never having been legally ratified.

The Japanese, however, insist upon the validity of this treaty without, in recent official notes, actually mentioning it. They cover this under the blanket clause "all treaties." Mr. M. Miyasaki writing on November 11 from Yokohama, states the case thus, "Japan does not intend to have her treaty rights challenged. She considers that her treaties with China concluded 'with all the solemnity of international usage' and including the 1915 treaties are as valid as any other treaties in the world."

The third point in Japan's claim to special rights rests upon her heavy investments in Manchuria. Late trade reports show that \$850,000,000 are thus tied up in railroads, mines, and other forms of Manchurian property, two-thirds of the total Japan has invested in all of China. An exceptionally fine series of railroad lines is under the South Manchurian Railway Company, an organization of vast proportions, the officers and directorate of which are under appointment by the Government of Japan. There are two immense coal fields held by Japan, the Fushun and Yentai fields, from which the empire is said to derive half of its entire annual coal supply. Other mining concessions have been developed by the Japanese, while harbors, docks, and building enterprises use huge sums of money.

When one realizes the immensity of these investments, the nearness of this area to Japanese territory (Korea), and the imperative need for the raw materials for a country rapidly becoming industrialized, he must be partial indeed if he is unable to see how powerful such arguments appear in the eyes of the Nipponese. He would be a blinded ultra-patriot, if he did not confess that his own Government would probably be swayed — if not actually moved — by such considerations!

But his eyes would be equally faulty if he did not see that another race has a valid claim to special rights.

There is an historical basis for this. Manchuria for almost three centuries has been considered part of China. In 1644 the Manchus, a race closely related to the other peoples of Eastern and Northeastern Asia, swept into China and defeated a decadent ruling group, establishing a new dynasty. Although "outlanders," these new rulers were, as many other conquerors of China, accepted and swallowed up in the great race. They added their own territory to that previously considered Chinese, and until 1911 reigned over the united empire. Manchuria was a part of China.

But there is in addition the human argument, similar to the Japanese argument — but fairly burying it in overwhelming numbers. Where the Japanese since 1905 were able to build their Manchurian population only to 210,000, the Chinese have increased since 1911 from about 15,000,000 to 28,000,000. The Japanese number only about seven-tenths of one per cent of the entire popula-

tion, and, including the Koreans, comprise less than five per cent.

Not only so, but the Chinese are migrating in great waves. The movement began a decade ago when banditry, a severe drought and fear of Japanese activities in Shantung Province drove millions of Chinese to sweep northward into the more fertile, comparatively unpopulated regions. More recently the terrible three years' drought and famine in Shensi and Shansi Provinces caused still additional hordes to go. For a time the migration was at the rate of a million annually.

This condition causes the Chinese to scoff at the plea that Japan needs Manchuria as an outlet for its surplus population. They point out that the Japanese do not want to go and, even when helped by their Government, go in trickles, while the Chinese farmers, driven by famine, move in floods.

China also claims a need for the communications and raw materials of Manchuria. She insists that by the earlier treaties she has the right to buy back from Japan railroad and other concessions, some of the leases expiring at about the present time. Some properties were to be returned to China without payment.

THESE two fundamentally opposite points of view must be borne in mind. With them as a background one can understand something of the mental processes which led the military party to order the "intervention" in Manchuria. There had been frequent incidents, rasping the sensibilities of all concerned. Chang Tso Lin, the former governor of the province, had been

on the whole friendly to Japan and amenable to suggestion. But when the northward drive of the Nationalists succeeded in 1926-7 in occupying much of China proper, he decided to cast his lot with the new party. The Nationalist flag was displayed in Mukden and other Manchurian cities. Almost immediately Chang Tso Lin was mysteriously killed by an explosion under his private car as it crossed the Japanese railway. The Chinese claim that he was "removed" by Japanese orders, but there is little likelihood that legal proof will ever be produced. His son, General Chang Hsueh Liang, assumed the reins of government and he also was pro-Nationalist rather than pro-Japanese. His Government placed some galling restrictions upon Japanese commerce and banking in the province.

This attitude coupled with frequent depredations by regular bandits or by roving groups of Chinese irregulars became increasingly painful to the Japanese and, the incidents of the summer as detailed in the earlier part of the discussion added vinegar to the wounds. Military action was ordered.

It is highly questionable whether this was decided upon by the Japanese Government, in the sense that Western nations consider governments responsible. In Japan there is the anomaly of two branches of government, military and naval, responsible not to the cabinet or the other representative groups, but to the Emperor, and they have the right to independent action on his authorization. This dual responsibility explains the otherwise inexplicable condition

which has sometimes obtained in affairs Japanese, where the civilian members of the cabinet give out statements as to governmental attitudes which are at that very time being proved false by military or naval action.

At any rate, while Baron Shidehara, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was seeking a pacific settlement with China, the military took action on September 18 in Manchuria and within a very few hours the navy assisted by closing some of the ports. The military spokesmen insisted that this was not war; it was merely intervention! The rapid occupation of the strategic centres of the country followed with very little real fighting. The arsenals were seized by the Japanese. Chinese banks were closed. At the present time (December 12) all except a small zone near the Great Wall is ruled by the Japanese military or by puppet governments set up by this group. Governor Chang Hsueh Liang is governor in name only and has been ordered by the Japanese commander to remain outside the province.

The Chinese troops are utterly incapable of successful resistance. Still divided in rival camps, weakened by two decades of internal warfare between warlords and the gradually growing Nationalist Party, now almost entirely helpless because of a flood that for months has ravaged her rich Yangtse valley from Hankow to the sea, China can not successfully meet Japan with military force — and her leaders recognize it.

She has, though, a weapon more feared by Japan than any armies which could be marshalled. I refer

to the boycott. The Chinese learned as far back as 1908 what strength lay in refusing to trade with an encroaching nation. Japan then insisted upon an indemnity from the Manchu Government for a boatload of contraband seized by the Chinese. Even in that early period when nationalism had been asleep for centuries the boycott is said to have cost Japan in nine months some \$13,000,000. Later boycotts against Japan and Great Britain have proved very effective weapons, until the two-year boycott against Japan following the presentation of the Twenty-One Demands curtailed Japanese trade in China to an amount estimated at more than \$116,000,000.

At the present time China is seething with agitation against the neighboring nation. Student parades of protest are being held in places far removed from the scene of hostilities. Flags are hung at half mast, arm-bands of mourning are worn, social functions are called off. The student bodies divide into small "evangelistic bands" scattering for street corner preaching of anti-Japanese nature and traveling far into the country villages to arouse the rural inhabitants so that they will not buy or use Japanese products. So far these agitations have been without bloodshed, although trouble has been narrowly averted at times. In Foochow, a thousand miles from Manchuria, parading students went past the Japanese consulate shouting their slogans. The consul is said to have warned the school authorities through a neutral consul that a repetition of such tactics would result in Japa-

nese "action." He demanded an apology and when the school authorities refused to give it, the provincial officials were forced to make the apology, because Japanese gunboats were in the harbor.

Just what net effect this boycott is having upon business is impossible to estimate with accuracy. It is known however that some Japanese steamship lines are running to Chinese ports practically empty. English and American papers printed in the treaty ports state that it is hard to find Japanese products on sale, and these statements have been confirmed in private letters to me. With the growing solidarity of Chinese opinion it is extremely probable that the present boycott is the most hurtful Japan has yet experienced, and one can readily understand why the Japanese Government is insisting upon the calling off of the boycott as a preliminary to peace!

There is of course the vague menace of Russian activity on one side or the other in the present muddle. "One side or the other" is a rhetorical form, because Russia's historic and long-standing ambition to gain a foothold at a warm-water port on Asia's eastern shore almost certainly precludes any agreement with Japan. A world traveler, recently returned from Manchuria by way of Siberia, stated that he saw no signs of troop movements — and little evidence that Russia could transport sufficient troops and supplies for military operations.

This menace is, I believe, not a present one. Russia is not ready. But if Japan is able to consolidate her position in Manchuria and secure by force or otherwise new treaty

rights, it is a safe prediction that within a decade Soviet Russia will be her most powerful antagonist — either by arms or by the subtler and perhaps more powerful means of internal radical agitation.

HAVING taken this hasty view of the general situation, we are almost ready to reach some conclusions. First there are two psychological considerations we should honestly examine.

We should realize that in the Japanese we have a justifiably proud and very sensitive race. Their history is long and honorable. Their culture and art form a rich heritage. In the modernization of their empire they have achieved in slightly more than half a century more than any other nation has ever achieved in a similar period of time. I have been amazed — as have all open-minded visitors to their land — at the evidences of what we Westerners term progress. By this I mean industrial, educational, material advance. Now this race with its splendid achievements has been snubbed by Western nations and on at least one occasion "robbed." I refer to the way in which three European nations forced her to give up the Manchurian trophy of the Sino-Japanese War — and then almost immediately proceeded to divide among themselves Manchuria plus two other slices of Chinese territory. At the Washington Conference in 1923 Japan was by quiet pressure forced to recede from her claims in Shantung, again a slight to national pride. The United States Asiatic Exclusion Act has not proved exactly soothing to that pride. We need to recognize,

then, that here is a proud race, one which at present is painfully sensitive.

Equally we must realize that the Chinese are coming to a nationalistic unity, perhaps more inflamed than the nationalism of other countries because it has been repressed and buffeted. During a racial history longer than that of any other nation now existing, they developed a civilization and a culture from which Western lands derived many of the benefits. The mariner's compass, paper, block printing, silk, tea, these are only a few of China's gifts to the world. Her art and her philosophy are the basis for those of Japan. For centuries she despised the rest of the world, tried to exclude it. Then the Western nations broke in by force. Various pretexts enabled the white races to claim special rights, to grab concessions and blocks of territory. The Chinese did not openly resent these; Western force was too great. Time has changed all this. China is rapidly becoming a *nation*, and the very aggressions of other nations are pressing her into unity. Witness the agitations against the Twenty-One Demands, the waves of emotion following the Shanghai and Shameen shootings, the present shelving of sectional rivalries.

Here, too, we find a justly proud race, more sensitive than at any previous time in its history, a bit angry at all imperialism, but now especially bitter against Japan who, she suspects, plans to do for Manchuria what she did for Korea: "protect" it and by degrees absorb it into the empire.

In the face of all this, is nothing

being done? A little! The League of Nations holds solemn conferences — and sends notes, of decreasing severity. For a time following the outbreak of September 18 it appeared that the League would justify its existence. But meeting after meeting was held, wordy discussions were endured by a waiting and peace-hungry public, and that was about all. Mountainous labor was suffered and the mouse which came forth in the Resolution of December 9 was so weak it probably can not live outside a diplomatic form of baby-incubator! The League is “reaffirming” its stand and “inviting” Japan and China to be as good as possible. Even to this innocuous pronouncement the representatives of the rival nations have registered reservations. I see very little to be hoped from the intervention of the League of Nations.

The Chinese leaders do not want to discuss peace until the Japanese withdraw their troops to the railway zone. Japan will not consider peace measures until the boycott is called off. China wants treaties studied and, if unjust, revised. Japanese Government representatives insist upon the validity of the entire series of treaties. In the meantime, the officers of the League of Nations meet and talk, sign resolutions, and adjourn.

To me there seems only one way in which there is a possibility of focusing the world's desire for peace in any effective way upon this Far Eastern crisis. Both nations are “high contracting parties” of the Kellogg-Briand Pact in which they solemnly declare that they will “renounce it (war) as an instrument of

national policy in their relations with one another.” In Article 2 they state, “The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.”

Why not call together, therefore, representatives of as many as possible of the nations signing this Pact, the United States perhaps serving as voluntary convener? Let these men, with the moral authority of the Pact behind them, call upon China and Japan to allow matters to remain in the present status (troops where they now are, boycott still active) and immediately to prepare the strongest possible statement of their respective cases to be laid before a mutually acceptable group of arbitrators *under penalty of being declared outlaws among the nations*.

It is possible that even this means would prove ineffective, but it could not be less powerful than the activities of the League up to the present. And on the other hand, it *might* work. The ancient honor of the samurai might be touched by a well worded appeal to national honor, and the pressure upon the military arm of the Government from the moderate minds of the Government and from the commercial group, hard pressed by the boycott, perhaps would do what the advancing and retreating at Geneva has been unable to accomplish.

Too, this plan would force China to place something more than words and promises before the world. Her “strongest possible case” could not consist alone of slogans and com-

plaints. Legal arguments would need to be bolstered by more national unity, by stricter discipline within China, and by effective measures for the protection of Japanese and their proper interests in Chinese territory.

There is no other method I can see which would settle this matter — unless some nation is willing to go to war on the side of China. This would be an obvious denial of a basic desire for peace, and can not be con-

sidered by those of us who believe in the possibility and rightness of settling international quarrels by peaceful means. If the proposed method does not work, we will be no worse off than we are at present, and we will have explored all available avenues of peace. And until we have tried all ways, we white races will not have fulfilled our duty and privilege as brothers to the yellow nations now caught in a maelstrom of suspicion, animosity, and bloodshed.

The Primeval Present

BY SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

O CITY, index of imagining,
 To what mad, monstrous future do you point,
 As mammoths did primevally, though joint
 And tusk and massive bulk had less to bring
 To this great now than any fern whose wing
 Was mangled by their tread? When years annoint
 You, oleaginous, will they appoint
 You for the generations yet to spring?

The moon beside you sees as even then
 It saw. But what will it see when this dust
 Has never known it walked in human phase?
 Will you prove as the eggshells of a wren,
 Or bulwarks so impregnable they must
 Endure unscathed throughout eternal days?

The Manor

BY SARA HAARDT

A Story

LUCINDA VAUGHN stood in the door, and took a last look at her room. She knew that Ira and Nina were waiting downstairs, whispering nervously, but she took a deliberate pleasure in keeping them waiting this afternoon. She wanted to linger here, thinking all the sharp wounding thoughts she hadn't let herself think as long as she was a guest in their house. Her son's house! She didn't like the room, though she had been very comfortable in it: everything was too new, too expressive of her daughter-in-law's impeccable taste to suit her. Yet, she had to admit that she would have stayed on, if she hadn't felt she had worn her welcome out.

Oh, she could never explain it to any one but herself, but she could tell the difference! Nina had been just as sweet to her, even more insistent about all her little comforts, now that her heart had gone back on her, but she could feel Nina instinctively drawing away from her. Nina was young, her throat was a slim lovely column as smooth as marble, her eyes were as wide and as starry as freshly-opened flowers, and the sight of a crumbling old woman was naturally repulsive to her. But

she didn't, really, care about Nina. It was Ira who filled her with a torturing guilt.

Ira's clearest picture of her was as a young woman, with silly ringlets and a devastating energy. She had been slender too, as slender as Nina, and prettier because of her rounded cheeks and arms. Nina was *too* thin! Later, of course, her hair had turned gray — a solid silver gray like the platinum blonde that was so fashionable now — but it had made her seem younger than ever. And she had never stopped going. It was only in the last year that she had declined invitations of any moment.

Then, one day last spring, she was suddenly aware that Ira was watching her climb the stairs. She was taking them slowly, her heart choking her with every breath, and she teetered about like a ship that had lost its ballast. After all, she *was* sixty-nine, and sixty-nine-year-old women didn't run up stairs like young girls, but she had winced at his horrified expression. He was seeing her for the first time as an old woman. He was fighting against the realization that she was failing, sinking slowly to her death, as he and Nina would one day fail and die.

After that she was conscious of his pained look every time he came near her, in spite of his efforts to be ordinary and cheerful. Oh, no, she wasn't deceiving herself—she had been through the same thing herself! It was natural for young people to shrink from old people. It was part of their gay ruthless make-believe not to want them around where they would be reminded of flesh that actually smelled musty and sagged in hideous purplish pouches. It seemed too terrible that *everybody* had to grow old!

She had thought the same thing herself, in the years that she had been young and gay, and she had made a secret vow that when her time came she would go off as the Eskimo women did and die all alone. A kind of primitive panic seized her as she stood there, her hands trembling with fatigue. She *had* to get away, out of reach of Nina's dutiful solicitude, of Ira's deploring glances. And yet, and yet—she hesitated in the door, scarcely breathing. She wasn't, in reality, like the Eskimo women who accepted their doom simply, implacably. She was a Virginian lady who regarded death as an indignity, an uninvited and presumptuous caller, and in spite of her promise, a Virginian lady she would remain to the end.

"Mother! If you are still set on going we had better be starting."

"I'm coming, my child."

They were waiting tensely, and she stood as rigidly in her pride.

"Do you really feel that you *have* to go this afternoon, Mother?" Nina asked in her smooth round voice. "It's a vile day to be out."

"I don't mind the rain," she said

with a sprightliness she did not feel. She could take a melancholy pleasure in their sense of guilt at seeing her go in such weather. It was a gray November day, with a misty rain blowing. Pneumonia weather, for old ladies.

"We feel terribly about your deserting us for that old ladies' home," Nina protested prettily. "The only thing, it *is* near enough for us to visit back and forth."

Old ladies' home! In her coolly impudent way Nina had stated the exact incensing truth about the Manor. It had been the most elegant hotel in Baltimore when Lucinda first visited it with her parents in the late 'Eighties, with the most commodious ballroom, and the most famous kitchen where the Virginians, who came up in droves after the war, could dine upon terrapin and chicken Maryland in the style to which they had been accustomed. But it had gradually deteriorated into a kind of genteel boarding-house where elderly mothers and grandmothers could be boarded reasonably, away from their families. It was really shocking how few old maids there were among them; they were all married women, like herself, widows who had reared large families, successful sons with pretty wives and adorable grandchildren, and charming daughters with prominent husbands and brilliant social careers.

There were Augusta Britt, and Rhoda Alexander, and Jennie Rountree, and Eliza France, and Mary Lightfoot—all potent, charming women in their day, and now huddling together in the musty

rooms of the Manor for company, matching ills with one another, repeating endlessly their elaborate lies as to why they preferred the Manor for another winter rather than visiting with the children. Well, they had all come along together; over her old life with them there was a sweetness of the past that had a depth beyond the present, but she wasn't the kind of plaguing old ladies they were. Oh, never!

"I shall enjoy being with my old friends," she reproved Nina gently. "I shall have very pleasant company at the Manor. Now, take care of yourself, my deah," Nina's smooth fragrant cheek lightly brushed her withered one. "Come in to see me when you can. I'll be in Sallie Holcombe's old room. Good-bye, my deah."

There was a wavering about her figure in the doorway. She had caught the slight irony of Nina's smile. Sallie Holcombe had died of heart failure in her room at the Manor last week. Her presence in Sallie's room signified, at the very least, that she was taking Sallie's place, weaving in faltering circles from the bureau to the window, from the window to her slipper-chair, from the slipper-chair back to the bureau, her mind weaving the while, as unfruitfully, as wearily.

Well, so she was taking Sallie's room, and so had she a bad heart like Sallie but she'd never let on to them, though the roofs of fortune fell. Oh, never! She squeezed her hands tightly together under the robe, clinging to her pain — her secret — as if, when the truth was known to them, it would be the one thing lost to her forever.

II

"WELL, here we are," Ira was saying with a false note of cheer. "You'd better hurry on in, Mother. This is great weather for the flu."

Lucinda stood quite still, a solitary figure in the fog. The light from the crystal chandelier in the lobby lay in a wide golden swathe across the pavement reaching to her feet; voices floated out to her as the storm-door swung open. But a pained sickishness came over her. She was forsaking the true sound core of society to make her home among the sick and the aged. All her treasured youth was gone, never to be loosened again — all her brightness, laughter, bloom — gone. . . . She refused Ira's arm, and walked stiffly into the lobby.

Immediately there was a stir. Dexter, the head bellboy who ran the elevator at meal-times, came forward for her bags; Miss Eustace, a wizened little body with crimped hair and small blue-veined hands, spread her thin lips in a watery smile.

"It is such a pleasure to have Mrs. Vaughn," she drawled. "We are hoping that she will enjoy her winter with us." Miss Eustace belonged to one of the proudest families among the Baltimore-Virginians; the Eustaces had come to Baltimore from Charlottesville, Virginia, in the first migration after the war, and though they remained as poor as church mice, they banked as proudly as ever upon who they were.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fannie." Ira, who for one brief moment had looked irresolute and uncomfortable, youthfully squared his shoulders and wrote "Mrs. Ira Seaton Vaughn"

with the mangy pen. He became businesslike as he instructed Miss Fannie in an undertone to send the weekly bill to his office. "I want her to have every comfort," he added. "If there are any little extras, you'll see that she gets them, won't you, Miss Fannie?"

Miss Fannie bobbed her head emphatically. Compared with Miss Fannie, Lucinda reflected, her life had been all velvet and roses. Miss Fannie obviously envied her the little extras so generously provided her by her tall handsome son; she should be reassured, uplifted to that triumphant spiritual plane known alone to the mothers of handsome sons, but she felt only the implied doom of her arrival here. The smile she might have bestowed upon poor starved Miss Fannie, died on her lips.

Upstairs in her room, Ira laid the old-fashioned iron door-key on the marble-topped bureau. "Can't I help you get settled, Mother? Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you, my child. You hurry on now, or you'll keep dinner waiting." Swiftly she wanted him to go, before the tears loosened in a flood and blinded her. But he lingered; his dark eyes turned intently upon her, from the door.

"When are we going to see you again? You take it easy now, Mother. Your heart's all right but you'll have to go slowly for a while. Don't forget — we're expecting you back at Christmas. You certainly must pay us a little visit at Christmas."

She nodded glibly. Deeper down, though, in that dark of her mind where she had always stifled unpleasant thoughts, and where she stifled her pain now, she was yielding

to the thought that Christmas was a long way off — as far off as Virginia, where the bells of all the plantations were stilled, and rows of black factories stretched along the rivers where, before, only gardens had grown.

When Jennie Rountree rapped on her door, an hour later, on her way down to dinner, Lucinda had changed to her plum-colored *moiré*, and was waiting for her. Jennie was over seventy, plump and pretty as a cameo, with a gushing manner that concealed her busy little mind continually agape for gossip. She made a little rush for her now, chirruping, "Lucinda, deah! Are you *alone*? I told Rhoda I'd peek in and see if Ira was still with you. The handsome scamp! *Is* he as handsome as ever? We were *so* in hopes he would dine with us this evening."

"No, I sent him off immediately." Lucinda set her lips, and proceeded spiritedly. "Ira opposed my coming away, of course, especially as I didn't tell him until I had made all the arrangements. But *you* can appreciate the situation, Jennie . . ."

Jennie Rountree nodded, and swallowed the saliva that always gathered in her mouth when she listened intently. Lucinda found herself lying instinctively, as Jennie had lied before her. "I wanted to be in town where I could get everywhere, and *see* things by myself. Nina and Ira were always *sweet* about bringing me in but I didn't stand the long drive so well of late. It isn't as if I were a girl any more."

"None of us are as young as we used to be," echoed Jennie, and Lucinda felt her focused gaze boring down to where her heart fluttered

like a wounded bird; "but we still like to *go*, and to *do*. I'd pin my name and address inside my coat, if I were you Lucinda, in case anything *should* happen. Sallie and I always did, even when we went out together. Poor Sallie! She joined us in bridge every evening until the very last." She let her eyes rove about the room and continued in her sharp thread of a voice, "I see you've changed things from the way Sallie had them. She had her slipper-chair over there —"

"I brought a few little things with me," said Lucinda. She always spoke of her possessions deprecatingly; the habit had arisen with all the Baltimore-Virginians after the war when their poverty was inseparable from their pride. As a matter of fact she had brought her famous Sheffield candlesticks, a priceless Stoddard flip glass for flowers, and several Peale miniatures.

"Those candlesticks always remind me of your Christmas dinners," mused Jennie with her fatuous smile. "None of us had much in those days, Lucinda, but I must say we made the most of it. I never tasted such oyster dressing as you used to serve with your turkey, before or since. And such syllabub! Where *are* the cooks in this generation?" She bounced up from her chair, and clenched uncertainly for the door-knob. "We'd better start down, if we want any dinner."

Lucinda was suddenly conscious of a buzzing concerted movement throughout the whole building. Outside, in the corridor, Eliza France and Mary Lightfoot were hobbling along the Brussels carpet with their sticks.

"I'm afraid the doors are open,"

Eliza greeted her. "I was delayed at tea."

"This elevator is a death-trap, in my opinion," Mary cleared her throat with a cackle; "I like to get an early start when it isn't crowded. How d'ye do, Lucinda. I hope you left the children well."

"Very well, thank you," answered Lucinda, but her words, her very presence, were lost in the general scrimmage. The elevator doors banged; actually there was a rush for it, Eliza's stick clattered to the floor, and Jennie's breath blew in asthmatic gusts down her neck.

"Take it slowly, Dexter," commanded Mary. "We are in no hurry . . . no hurry."

She could barely wedge her way through the crowd gathered outside the dining-room downstairs. "Yonder are Augusta and Rhoda up near the front," shrilled Jennie. "Augusta's wearing her wisteria silk and cameos tonight in your honor."

Lucinda smiled but over her masked sweetness there flooded the whole of her fear and her resentment. How loathsome old women were! No wonder their children didn't want them. Breeding, background—nothing saved them. These were Virginian ladies, yammering for their food; Eliza France was actually pounding the marble floor with her stick.

At last the doors swung back. Boston, the head waiter, sped before Augusta Britt, and pulled out her chair for her. There was a great to-do at the tables as the other waiters followed him.

"Whew!" breathed Augusta, and sinking into her chair, she fanned herself with the turkey-tail fan she

carried winter and summer. "What was the matter, Boston? You're getting later every evening. Well, never mind, never mind. How d'ye do, Lucinda. Here, Boston, help Mrs. Vaughn to her place. I hope you left the children well, Lucinda." Augusta was still a very fine figure at eighty years, with her high temper undiminished. She had been known to slap the little Negro girl who waited on her when she was out of humor.

Lucinda nodded. "Very well, thank you."

"We have been looking forward to your joining us," murmured Rhoda Alexander, and Lucinda nodded again. Rhoda, poor dear, never raised her voice except in acquiescence. She was small, with delicate features and a soft fluttery manner. She sat quietly, the hair brooch on her bosom rising and falling gently, but with a nervous eye eternally cocked at Augusta.

"Who d'ye suppose I met on the street today?" rattled Jennie, in her flighty voice. "I declare this clam broth is stone cold, Augusta. I've a good mind to send it back."

"Who?" demanded Augusta. "I'll speak to Boston at once. You, Boston! How dare you serve Mrs. Rountree cold broth!"

"Young Dr. Shackelford, of Christ Church! He told me he was speaking Sunday on the change in the prayer-book. They've left the word 'obey' out of the marriage ceremony. I say it's just as well, just as well!"

"I beg to differ with you," contradicted Augusta. She was a trifle deaf and spoke in a clarion voice. "They ought to leave prayerbooks and old things like that alone. The old things are best. They've stood

the test of time, which is a lot more than you can say for these frisky young rectors. He'll never be the rector Dr. Braxton was, I'll warrant."

"He seemed a genteel young man to me," Jennie gushed in her high key, "and most attentive, *most* attentive."

"I see where they're burying Lucia Perry from Christ Church," interposed Rhoda, eternally at her gentle task of pacification. "My, my, it seems only yesterday she was being married there —"

"Here Boston, you Boston," Augusta interrupted her, "bring in some hot biscuit. How is your guinea, Lucinda? You haven't eaten a mouthful! Boston, I'd like a helping of sage dressing, while you're about it."

Lucinda protested faintly that her breast of guinea was delicious. The packing, and the trip in town, had tired her; her appetite would pick up tomorrow, after she was rested. She was preparing them for her escape to her room after dinner when they gathered in Augusta's room for their rubber of bridge. She simply couldn't suffer another hour of their gluttony and bigotry and snobbery! She had dreaded parting with Ira and Nina but she hadn't realized until now how they had suckled her, or rather, how she had preyed upon their youth for her interests, her strength. She was hungry for them already, she longed to fly to them, away from these raucous old women, and her room upstairs smelling of Sallie Holcombe's stale heliotrope, and Sallie's dead face turned to the blank wall.

III

LIVING drearily on her bed, Lucinda heard disquieting footsteps hur-

rying over the carpet outside her door but she did not stir, except to put her hands over her eyes. She felt so utterly tired, once she was relaxed she had no curiosity about outside affairs. December was here, she said to herself incredibly, the end of the year — of many, many years — and the pain in her heart had steadily deepened. Often, now, she awoke in the night with it, and sat rocking on her bed in the dark, fearful of turning on the light lest some one see it shining through the transom, and rap on the door. Ah, the shame of it, crouching there in the shrouded blackness, to her who, in her proud narrow fashion, had thought of death as touching others but never herself.

There was a distinct bustle in the corridor but she lay still in that drained apathy she had come to know, after one of her bad nights. It was just as well. She would hear all about it from Jennie and Augusta and Rhoda when they came in to tea. She experienced a sense of relief at the thought that they would be too taken up with it to notice the blue circles under her eyes. She didn't feel like entertaining them this afternoon but it was her time to pour tea, and if she asked them not to come they would be reminded of the afternoon Sallie had disappointed them. Now she wouldn't have to exert herself, and they would have something to talk about besides her and Sallie.

Yes, she realized that she had taken Sallie's place, and there was nothing she could do about it. After all, there was a reassuring sense of custom in their company. She clung to any intimation of continuity, even

if she had to swallow a certain amount of unpleasantness with it. What else could she do? Where else could she go?

She had one satisfaction: they did not know about her heart, or her visits to Dr. Debernieri's office. She had never yielded to the consolation of going over and over her symptoms with them, as they constantly did with each other, and as Sallie had done before her. Her terrible shame was intact. There was a pleasurable triumph in that — something that seemed an echo of her youth, her ability to take care of herself, to stand brilliantly alone.

She got up, and smoothed the counterpane where she had been lying down. They would be coming in a few minutes. She took her toilet articles off the top of the bureau and put them in the drawer; changed the water on a vase of laurel; hid her heart medicine in the back of the medicine closet.

A rap sounded on the door. "Oh, how d'ye do, Jennie."

"Mary's dead!"

It couldn't be. Why, not three hours ago, Mary had sat at the luncheon-table sipping her tea and secreting scraps of food in her napkin for her pet parrot. That terrible struggling unbelief came over her again. No, it simply couldn't be! But there were Augusta and Rhoda trailing in with solemn faces.

Jennie held the floor, screeching. "I tell you she was as spry as a cricket! I was talking to her not an hour before and she complained of her head but she was always subject to headaches. It wasn't any time before I heard a *clump* and she had dropped down dead! Just think of it!

What will poor Eliza do without her?"

"Eliza'll have that bird on her hands, first thing she knows." Augusta had herself well in hand though her lips were pinched. "I never did approve of Mary's keeping that bird with this parrot fever going round. Never did! But go on with your story, Jennie."

"It must have been a little after two," continued Jennie, quivering with excitement, "because I had just wound up my watch and I always wind it up early in the afternoon. I hurried out and called Eliza. She said Mary had probably gone out and the parrot had tipped his cage over, but we'd better see. We had to get Dexter to open the door. But by the time we got there she was . . . gone. Dr. Debernieri said it was cerebral paralysis. He said she was dead before she knew what hit her—"

"What does Dr. Debernieri know about it?" shouted Augusta. "If he'd known so much he would have given her something."

"My, my," signed Rhoda, "I thought Mary was looking better than she'd looked for years."

"I thought so, too," echoed Lucinda faintly, and flushed at the concealed reticence of her tone. She sat behind her Repoussé service with a guilty, inturnd expression. She was sorry about Mary, as sorry as she could be, but her own shame was the most that she could bear. "Can't I get you some sherry, Jennie, while Boston is bringing more hot water?" All the tea was gone, and the sandwiches and cakes—rich chicken-salad sandwiches, a meal in themselves, and devil's food cup-cakes with creamy pecan icing. Mary's

death, however saddening, hadn't affected their appetites.

"I take a sip of whiskey every morning," shrieked Jennie. "Elderly people really need it. Whiskey doesn't arouse me, it relaxes me. I put a little whiskey in a glass of Buffalo Mineral Water, or French brandy if I can get it. It's the best tonic there is."

"It sounds like a vile dose to me," stated Augusta; "I don't believe in ruining good whiskey with fizz water. Never did!"

"Perhaps you'd rather have a toddy, Jennie?" asked Lucinda. "Can I mix you a little toddy?" She moved the tray, and brought two Waterford decanters out of her closet.

"The tea is delicious, Lucinda, but I believe I'll have a little toddy too." Augusta waved Jennie aside, and eyed the decanters greedily. "Tea and soft drinks must help Prohibition and I'm against anything that helps Prohibition."

"I'm against Prohibition too," gurgled Jennie. "I never did approve of it. Never did!"

"Poor Mary," sighed Rhoda. She declined her brandy glass and sniffed her bottle of lavender smelling-salts, "how she did enjoy good spirits!"

"Well, they never did her any harm," asserted Augusta, caressing the bowl of her glass.

"They're laying her out in the back parlor," Jennie said with her small hard clarity. "I saw Dexter wiping off the furniture."

IV

LUCINDA had only glimpsed the back parlor since they had turned it into an undertaking parlor

but the thought of Mary lying there with the light from the crystal chandelier shining in her dead eyes gave her the cold shivers. This couldn't be the festive little room, where she had attended so many elegant gatherings, where she had sat in her rose silk, during an intermission at the Arlington Cotillion, shaking her silly ringlets at young Ira Seaton Vaughn!

Yes, it had the same stained glass windows, which had been so stylish in their day, but which now resembled the windows of a slightly rococo chapel. There was the old dark velvet carpet on the floor, the long centre table, on which the casket was placed, and the sofa and chairs upholstered in black horsehair round the walls. The mantelpiece of black marble with its brass candlesticks and borrowed crucifix made an appropriate altar. Only the crystal chandelier, and its cold sparkling prisms, resembling icicles rather than tears, seemed out of place.

"Well, when my time comes, I'll be ready to go," declaimed Augusta. The brandy had warmed her blood but, as yet, it had not softened her tongue. "Mary was always complaining of her head, she said she couldn't see across the room, but I notice she could see the spots on the cards when she had a mind to."

"My, my, I can see her now," drooled Rhoda. Her eyes were streaming tears from smelling the lavender salts too closely. "She always knitted with white needles on dark wool or dark needles on light wool on account of her eyes. My, my, I suppose we all have to go some time."

"We'd *better* go, if we want any dinner," commanded Augusta. "It's

been delightful, Lucinda. You're coming along, aren't you?"

Lucinda nodded. It was impossible to deny Augusta in her voracious gluttony, yet she herself was conscious of being always hungry, hungry, in the curious frantic way of the aged — fearful of losing one word, one morsel, before it was too late.

She found herself racing to the elevator now, clawing at Augusta's skirts ahead of her, the while Jennie and Rhoda clawed at hers from behind. In her haste she not only forgot Mary but also her own heart, contracted like a clenched fist, between her dry breasts.

"Hey, hey, you Dexter, you," called Augusta, thrashing her turkey-tail fan against the elevator shaft, "let us on — wait! — I tell you."

Dexter cracked the door tentatively. "Ah's got a full load now, Mis' Britt. Ah'll be back fur you 'fo' Boston open up de dinin'-room."

"Open that door, I tell you," Augusta shouted, and swept past him. "Come on!"

Lucinda was close on her heels, crushed between Jennie and Rhoda so tightly she could turn neither to left nor to right. Behind her Dexter struggled with the safety door. The lock clicked faintly, there was a louder crack as a coiled black snake snapped over her head, and they pitched down . . . down . . .

Yet, in spite of the speed of her descent, every detail, the dangling of the broken cable, the smeary white faces with their bulging eyes, the loosened flakes of soot, were impressed upon her mind with a searing clarity. For one endless

moment she seemed to be suspended in air; then they crashed.

There was an absolute and climactic hush of sound, and immediately after a babel of voices. The elevator rested on the safety cushions in the basement, with the upper half of its body visible in the lobby. "Is anybody hurt?" screeched Miss Eustace, above the others. "Is anybody hurt? Come here, Boston, all of you—a terrible accident has happened!"

"Oh, Lawdy, Lawd," moaned Dexter, "what we gwine do now, whut we gwine do now!"

"Shut up!" commanded Augusta, "shut up, the whole lot of you! Nobody's hurt. Get that tall stool from behind Miss Fannie's desk, Boston, and hand it down here. Now you climb up on it, Dexter, and help the rest of us out."

Rhoda obediently climbed up after him, clutching her lavender smelling-salts with her free hand. "My, my, it only goes to show we ought to be prepared for what's coming. I'll never budge a step without my smelling-salts after this. My, my, we were nearly ushered into eternity before we knew it!"

"I didn't have time to think where we were going," screamed Jennie, dabbing at the flecks of saliva in the corners of her mouth.

"We were going down in the cellar," snapped Augusta.

"Mary always said it was a death-trap," Eliza France whimpered. "She was wary of it to her dying day."

"Well, we came near to joining poor Mary tonight," jabbered Jennie. "I'm going to take an extra dose of my heart medicine to be on the safe side. But I can't walk up to the

fourth floor to get it! How am I going to get up?"

"We'll have to walk up, no doubt about it," wailed Eliza. "I know I'm in for a siege with my sciatica after this."

"Who said so?" demanded Augusta. "We won't have to walk up, any such. They'll fix that cable before we get up from the dinner table, or I'll know the reason why. I'll start a damage suit for endangering my life, if there's any argument about it!"

"The doors are open," interposed Rhoda faintly. "I think some hot broth would do us all good."

"Where's Lucinda?" yelled Augusta. "Well, I declare, Lucinda, what are you waiting on? Here, you no-account Dexter, get down there and help Mrs. Vaughn up!"

Lucinda hadn't moved. She stood in the elevator just where they had left her, a purplish flush creeping painfully under her wrinkled skin. For she knew something that was yet hidden from the others, she realized with a searing completeness that her secret shame had overtaken her at last. She was dying. It was useless to send Dexter down after her, or to send for Ira and Nina, or to hold Rhoda's lavender smelling-salts close to her nose so she could breathe. She was dying, sinking down, down, to death, another old ladies' home where her youth and her pride lay buried.

She could hear, faintly, a most unseemly commotion above. Her hands caught together, and her fingers interlaced; but when she looked up, the lobby, and all the gaping white faces, had receded into blackness.

Success or Failure at Geneva?

BY HERBERT BRUCKER

Can the world meet France's conditions for disarmament?

THE World Conference for Reduction and Limitation of Armaments has failed. To be sure, it has yet to assemble. On February 2 the delegates of more than sixty nations are to gather in Geneva, probably under a fittingly gray and gloomy sky, to fulfill the promise to disarm made twelve years ago at the Paris Peace Conference. They may labor for weeks, perhaps until the last snow melts from the Salève and sunshine colors the hills in green and the lake in deepest blue. But however long or short a time they labor, their efforts will be largely vain. Only a miracle can alter the present fact that the Disarmament Conference is a failure before it begins.

Four things can happen:

The Conference can be postponed at the last minute because of some major disaster, economic or political. Otherwise the Conference is sure to be held — not because the interested nations really want the sessions to begin, but because they have put it off so long that further postponement is the greater of two evils.

The Conference can meet, report progress to date, and adjourn till some other day. This is likely, being

a compromise between the necessity of meeting and the impossibility of accomplishing much of anything.

The Conference can meet and stabilize armaments at their existing level, or even arrange a slight reduction for the future. This may be forced on the unwilling nations by economic necessity, but even so it would not be wholly desirable. Mere stabilization at or near existing levels would raise a storm in disarmed Germany, a storm that would have unpleasantly serious repercussions abroad.

The Conference can meet and attack its problem in earnest, and therefore end in violent disagreement. This is possible, but it would so aggravate the evil days on which the world has fallen that one may presume it will be avoided by common consent.

Whatever happens, the net result will be the same. No agreement for a major reduction in armaments will be reached.

II

NOTICE to this effect was served one hot day last summer upon a world so preoccupied with economic disaster that it remained happily

unaware of what was going on. On July 21 M. Briand, apostle of peace but also Foreign Minister of France, made public the memorandum on disarmament requested from his Government by the League of Nations. Among a great many other things that memorandum says:

Such are the steps France has already taken voluntarily . . . toward reduction and limitation of her armaments, which have thus been brought down to a level that appears to her strictly to represent the lowest point consistent with her national security in the present state of Europe and the world.

A little further along the memorandum adds:

In reality, it is now the entire international situation that must be altered. What must be found is a political solution. The Geneva Protocol afforded such a solution, in which arbitration, mutual assistance, and the limitation of armaments were closely co-ordinated.

There, in four sentences, lies the failure of the Conference. France has declared publicly that she will give up not a cruiser, not a soldier, not a shell for a '75, indeed not a button on a reservist's uniform, unless "the entire international situation" is altered. And she means it. She has said it again and again since the War, never straying from it in her actions by a hair's breadth.

This alteration in the international situation, this political solution which France declares must be found before she will disarm, is well known to students of the European drama since the War. It is the old device of an agreement of other nations to come to her aid if attacked. Such an agreement was asked of the United States and Great Britain while the Versailles Treaty was written, but

fell through upon rejection by the United States Senate. The same idea in less specific form, but with more universal application, was made a prominent part of the League of Nations Covenant. It became the basis of the Locarno Treaties. It is vaguely implicit in the Briand-Kellogg Pact, though nowhere avowed in the text. And it is the heart of the dead but unburied Geneva Protocol of 1924.

In essence, the idea is simple. The argument runs thus: "We are now at peace. None of us wants war. Yet we know from history that, sooner or later, another war will come. Let us therefore agree now that, if any one of us shall begin a war, all the others will band together to restrain the peacebreaker — by diplomatic and economic pressure if we can, by the sword if we must."

Ever since the wrangle over the Versailles Treaty, this idea has been anathema to the United States. Whenever France has taken occasion to bring it up, Uncle Sam has paid no attention. And when, as during the negotiations over the Kellogg Pact or the London Naval Treaty, he could no longer ignore it, he has somewhat snappishly refused to have anything to do with it. From the French point of view this is unfortunate. For the very essence of the French thesis is assurance that an aggressor nation shall nowhere find a friend, all the others being committed in advance to unite and strike him down. If we remain outside the system, neutral and ready to sell supplies to an aggressor, how can the system work?

The United States is, of course, a black sheep in the eyes of Paris and

the Geneva school of peacemakers; but it is not alone in this. Russia, with an even more deplorable record in Geneva, likewise will have nothing to do with the French security plan. She has proposed outright and complete disarmament for all, but no one has suggested calling her bluff, if bluff it is. Likewise Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria — the losers in the War — shy from an agreement along French lines. Already disarmed by comparison with the others, they see in it, with much justice, a device to prevent them from regaining equality with the victor nations. Italy, for her own reasons, sympathizes with them. And even England, though also a party to the League and Locarno, is resolved against further guarantees on behalf of France.

So it is that Geneva's disarmament house-party will open with the principal guests divided into two groups. On one side are France and the nations attached to her diplomatic and financial apron-strings — Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania. Failing to get France's "new international order" they will disarm no further. On the other side is a heterogeneous assortment including isolationist America, Bolshevik Russia, disarmed Germany, and troubled Britain. This group is united only by a common antipathy to France's political demands for security.

We have then a collision between two methods of achieving disarmament, each backed by some of the most powerful forces in world affairs. One demands security before disarming. The other demands disarmament without further security.

Neither, judged by past performance, is at all likely to give way. That is why the Geneva Conference has failed before it begins.

III

THERE is no such thing as the average American. The nation is made up of too diverse a horde of human beings to be rolled into a single man in the street, however convenient he may be as a repository for something we wish to hang upon all our fellow citizens. It is therefore guesswork to hazard an opinion as to what, down in their hearts, Americans think about disarmament — when, indeed, they think about it at all. But if, admitting this, we nevertheless attempt to formulate the views of a hundred million American individuals the result will be, I think, something like this:

"The United States is the most peaceful nation on earth. Our history shows that, once we get into a war, we can vanquish any nation on earth. But we have no desire for war. Foreign conquest does not lure us. Accordingly we have reduced our army to a pitifully low level, and allowed our navy to become smaller than our national importance warrants. Fortunately we are far away from Europe, with its bloody history and constant bickering. Over there, in spite of the awful lesson of the World War, nations go about more heavily armed than ever, apparently from an innate liking for fancy uniforms and martial display which only too often lead to a grim clash of arms. Perhaps some day those nations will see the error of their ways, and achieve the unmilitary tranquillity which distinguishes us. If

they do, disarmament will be easy. But until then we want as little as possible to do with their rivalries and their political schemes."

Whether or not this is an accurate statement of the consensus of our citizens, it is a homely version of the official position of our post-War administrations. Mr. Hoover himself put it thus in his Armistice Day speech of 1929:

No American will arise today and say that we wish one gun or one armed man beyond that necessary for the defense of our people. . . . We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It can not be too low for us.

Earlier in the same speech, the President had declared:

We are interested in all methods that can be devised to assure the settlement of all controversies between nations. There are today two roads to that end. The European nations have, by the Covenant of the League of Nations, agreed that if nations fail to settle their differences peaceably, then force should be applied by other nations to compel them to be reasonable. We have refused to travel this road. We are confident that at least in the Western Hemisphere public opinion will suffice to check violence. This is the road we propose to travel.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge said much the same thing before him, and the President himself has spoken in similar vein since. So have our Secretaries of State and our diplomatic representatives, whenever occasion arose. It is our settled policy, and at bottom it rests on these two principles:

1. We stand always ready to lower armaments the moment other nations are ready.
2. We will join no political scheme to enforce peace, preferring to treat

each threat of war on its own merits.

These principles are predicated on the assumption that, granted only good will, disarmament may be achieved directly. The United States officially believes, in other words, that the way to disarm is to disarm.

Well, the world has been trying that for a long time. When about six years ago it at last became clear in Europe that the United States would join no political system of enforcing peace, that method was shelved. Disarmament was attacked directly. In December, 1925, the Council of the League of Nations established a Preparatory Commission for the World Disarmament Conference that had been talked about ever since 1919. For when at the end of the war the Allies disarmed the Central Powers, they promised that they themselves would do some disarming soon. Accordingly the Preparatory Commission, after six years had been spent in vain pursuit of the French security pact idea, was to show the way to direct disarmament. Germany was invited, and later Turkey. Even Russia joined after a while. And here too was something the United States could join without prejudice to the national abhorrency of political peace pacts. The Government chose as our delegate Hugh Gibson, nominally Ambassador to Belgium but chiefly a representative to those political activities of the League which it is safe for an American administration to join. Thus the United States became a full-fledged participant in a world-wide effort directed toward disarmament, and nothing else.

Instead of completing its prepara-

tion in a year, as hoped, the Commission did not finish until five years later, in December, 1930. It produced a draft treaty, a skeleton agreement on the technical lines along which the nations are to reduce armaments. The figures to which arms are to be reduced were not filled in, being left to the coming general Conference itself.

How successful was this direct attack upon disarmament? The answer, of course, will not be definite until the world Conference has met and adjourned. But there is reason to believe that the attempt was so unsuccessful that the Conference would not be held at all were it not essential, after twelve years of postponement, to make some overt gesture toward disarmament. In all, more than fifty reservations to the draft treaty have been registered by the participating nations. Russia has reserved the right to present an entirely different plan, all its own, at the main Conference. Germany, which regards the Conference as the final test of the sincerity of the victor powers on disarmament, submitted twenty of the objections and reservations.

In other words, after five years of really conscientious effort, the nations could not even agree on how they would disarm if they did. The direct attack upon disarmament was beaten back. The way to disarm may be to disarm, but the nations simply do not enter upon that way. Something else is needed.

IV

IT TAKES no great gift of penetration to see that what is lacking is an impelling motive. The nations of

Europe do not maintain countless ships, guns, tanks, air squadrons, and regiments because they enjoy paying for them. They do so because the political disputes hanging over from the War make it dangerous to do anything else. In short, they will not disarm until they have good reason to.

An American seeking that reason, however, may well pause. For what reason can he find, save that which would result from carrying out the French idea? A system by which all nations agree in advance to unite in preventing an aggressor from launching war must make it extraordinarily difficult for any one of them to make war. Consequently all nations, under such a system, can feel safe. The compelling reason for large armies and navies is gone, and only a handful of retired generals and admirals and patriotic citizens with high blood pressure remain to regret their passing.

It may be questioned whether the French thesis ever had a fair trial in this country. The nation did, it is true, vote overwhelmingly against one expression of the French idea, the League of Nations. But that was eleven years ago. We can admit now that before the quarrel between President Wilson and the Senate, the country appeared wholeheartedly in favor of the League. The quarrel was as bitter as it was, and the result as decisive, partly because it happened to coincide with a normal reaction after the emotional exaltation of war, and with our disillusionment at the selfishness of our late associates, as revealed at the Paris Peace Conference. The happenings in those

months between the first meetings in Paris and the political campaign of 1920 stained our thinking on the subject to the core.

Also blocking our acceptance of a system of enforcing peace is the tradition of isolation, founded on Washington's Farewell Address and Jefferson's warning against entangling alliances. But to confuse Eighteenth Century entangling alliances with Twentieth Century commitments on behalf of disarmament is not a credit to one's mental powers. The isolation tradition originated and became fixed in a time when Europe was organized around a balance of power. Alliances in those days, and on up to the World War, were predicated upon the division of the great nations into two or more hostile camps. It was clearly prudent for the young, untried United States to refuse entanglements with one or the other of those shifting alliances, in whose recurring conflicts it must surely become embroiled sooner or later.

Unrepentant critics have pointed out, of course, that even with its policy of isolation it did, in the end, become embroiled in the World War. But however that may be, a different sort of alliance is before us now. It is not an alliance with one of two hostile groups of nations, but an alliance with all nations. Such an alliance constitutes political recognition of the fact that the world has become an economic unit. It recognizes that the well-being of this economic entity requires peace as its first essential; and it aims to bring all the political fragments of the world into a single group bent on assuring peace.

Something of all this is reflected,

I think, in the change that has come in Washington's attitude since the world depression became acute last summer, and called for a little closer attention to realities. Both the visit of Premier Laval to Mr. Hoover and the friendly coöperation of Secretary Stimson with the League of Nations in the Manchurian affair indicated a more receptive attitude toward French ideas on security. The Laval visit taught the United States something of the French point of view. And the great lesson which the 1931 economic crisis taught our citizenry is that, in part at least, Europe's troubles are our troubles. So it may be that before these lines are published the Administration, recognizing the necessity of doing something to make the way easy for disarmament, will try to reconcile the American desire for direct disarmament with the French insistence that the danger of war be removed first.

Such a move could take several forms. It might be a new security pact, though so far-reaching an action seems remote. It might be what is called an implementation of the Kellogg Pact. This pact, initiated by France and the United States, and signed by most nations of the world, binds them to abandon war as an instrument of national policy, and to seek settlement of disputes by peaceful means only. But it neither provides these peaceful means, nor specifies what is to happen if some nation violates its pledge and goes to war. Implementation would do this. So far as the United States is concerned, implementation might require merely that we promise to consult with other

signatories as to what should be done when a threat of war arises. It might go further, and bind us not to insist on the historic neutral right of trading with an aggressor nation which violated the pact.

One difficulty much talked of is that of finding the aggressor. Who was at fault, for example, when the Manchurian clash broke out last September? Was it China, whose soldiers are said to have blown up a section of the South Manchuria railway track? Or was it Japan, which made the incident an excuse for a wholesale military occupation of Manchuria? The difficulty was solved in 1924 when, shortly before the Geneva Protocol was written, a group of ten Americans presented a new definition of an aggressor. It was this: that nation is the aggressor which, having agreed to submit international differences to conciliation, arbitration, or judicial settlement, begins hostilities without having done so.

Since this definition was published it has remained the fashion in this country to smile at those naïve enough to believe that, in the heat of oncoming war, the aggressor can be determined swiftly and with justice. Skeptics point to the last war. Who started that? Even now, nearly eighteen years after, no nation will admit being the aggressor. How then could the guilty nation or nations have been found in those turbulent days, when overwhelming tragedy was coming on so swiftly? The question is, of course, academic. We shall never know. The definition of 1924 had not even been thought of in 1914. But no matter. When a similar threat of war arises in the

future, something different is possible—if before then we put into effect the system implicit in the definition. On the face of it, no matter how complicated the issue in an oncoming war, this system will identify the aggressor unmistakably, if indeed it will not keep the armies of possible aggressors quietly at home. Anyway, the test is simple, sure. I believe it was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler who said that a child could understand it.

This definition, too, was embodied in the Capper resolution introduced into the Senate during the negotiations over the Kellogg Pact in an attempt to implement it. For three years Senator Capper's resolution has been buried in the United States Senate. If now it were to be exhumed, or if some similar commitment were formally launched, the whole face of the Disarmament Conference would change. Certainly if the United States enters the Conference with some advance toward the French disarmament thesis in hand, the assumption with which this article began is wrong. The Conference would not fail, but succeed. Just so far as the United States helps guarantee the security of all nations against war, just so far does it make disarmament possible.

v

THERE remains, however, one rational ground for the American refusal to join a universal political system to enforce peace. We are not, as many Frenchmen believe, merely bull-headed about it.

This basis for our position is the fact that acceptance of the French

thesis would take away the right of a vanquished nation to recover. It can hardly be questioned, now that the intense emotional heat of 1919 has cooled, that the peace treaties leave France and her friends on top, and Germany and her friends underneath, so far as the European distribution of power is concerned. An out-and-out political agreement by the United States to help enforce peace at any cost would keep them there.

Historically it has always been the right of a vanquished nation to win redress — if it could — with the sword. The traveler is likely to think that Europe's neatly striped boundary posts, with their brightly colored insignia, were always in their present positions. They were not. Ever since Charlemagne the imaginary lines they mark have shifted, now backward, now forward. Aquitania, a large part of Western France, once belonged to England. Milan was ruled in turn by Spain, Austria, and France before finally joining Italy. Berlin itself was under the imperial government of Napoleon. And fifteen years ago Czechoslovakia and Poland did not even exist.

These peregrinations of European boundaries through the centuries have marked the slow rise and fall of monarchical or national power. Almost always changes in that power came through war. And whenever a nation's boundary lines shrank inward after conquest, no power on earth questioned that nation's right to win its losses back again by war. Indeed it was expected, until 1919, that a conquered nation which in turn conquered its enemy would

take more than its share of the spoils in territory, loot, and influence.

So it is that we may see war for the foul thing it is. We may recognize its tragic wastefulness. We may be aware of its colossal brutality and the moral disintegration which follows it. We may know that, in its modern form, it punishes victor and vanquished alike. We may admit all this, yet we must recognize that war can be a clumsy instrument of right. War gives nations the same kind of justice that English law gave when it sanctioned trial by battle.

It is this historic right that universal political pacts of the League of Nations and Geneva Protocol school would take away. And if such a pact is as successful as it must be to assure peace, it will take away that right forever. Here then is the dilemma: without a universal pact enforcing peace we can have no disarmament. But with such a pact we have injustice to some nations, always.

VI

NEITHER horn of this dilemma makes a comfortable permanent resting place for mankind. But if it is disarmament and an end of wars we seek, we shall be more comfortable on that which provides enforced peace. Moreover, there is a padding which may be applied to this particular horn with a vast increase in comfort. I refer to machinery for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts. Curiously, this machinery is largely ignored in such action as is taken toward disarmament. It appears nowhere, for example, in the draft treaty which

will be laid before the Disarmament Conference.

Possibly this is accounted for by the fact that none but students of the subject are aware of the intimate connection between international judicial machinery and disarmament. National publics are not yet in a temper to support a government which dares to barter the physical assurance given by a fleet of battle-ships or numerous army divisions for a largely untried peace machinery. Yet here, I think, is the one place where the vicious circle of armaments and wars can be broken.

If this is so, the United States is barking up the wrong tree in objecting to security pacts. We refuse to join these pacts largely because they would, by taking from the vanquished the right to recover, perpetuate injustice. Yet it is the injustice, not the security pact, which is evil. The pact is all to the good, since it ends the possibility of war. It is the injustice which should be wiped out. And that can be done if hand in hand with a security pact to enforce peace there goes arbitration machinery or a system of courts which would give a wronged nation relief without resorting to arms. Provide that, and disarmament becomes easy.

A beginning has been made. The League of Nations Covenant makes a gesture of providing for amendment of treaties whose provisions have become irritating with the passing years. The Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague provides a bar before which disputes between nations may be tried. Numerous arbitration treaties between individual nations are in effect to

take care of minor issues. But these beginnings are hopelessly inadequate to the task of providing a safety valve through which the pressure that would ordinarily lead to war may be released. Something of the desired sort was provided in the Geneva Protocol, though even that contained a technical loophole through which France might escape with the entire Versailles Treaty, injustices and all, intact. What is needed is a universal machinery of arbitration, so authoritative that no nation, however skilful its diplomacy, can escape its jurisdiction.

It is not the province of an article on disarmament to elaborate the details of such a system. But it is essential to insist that, without it, hope for disarmament that can be felt in the taxpayer's pocketbook is vain. If the world wants to save the \$5,000,000,000 a year which Mr. Hoover estimates its armament to cost, it must not only take from the vanquished nation its sword, but give in its place the scales of justice.

There are those who protest that the ingenuity of man can construct no scales of justice competent to weigh the issues between nation and nation. Consider, they say, that constant threat of war, the Polish Corridor. It is wrong to cut Germany in two, which the Corridor does. But it is equally wrong to deny Poland an outlet to the sea, which the Corridor provides. Here is a direct clash of national interest. It is complicated, furthermore, by a hundred qualifications, based on history, ethnography, and economics. How then, the critics ask, can you declare Germany right and Poland wrong,

or vice versa? Between them there is no justice. Both are right.

For an answer one may turn to two individuals, or two corporations, when they go to court. Is the issue always a pure black and white, with one litigant wholly right and the other wrong? Or must the court weigh a dozen finely drawn issues, finally striking a balance somewhere between?

Admittedly it would be difficult for a special board of arbitrators or the eleven black-robed justices at the Hague to unravel so tangled a mass of rights as that involved in the Polish Corridor. But is it not reasonable to suppose that these picked men would decide the issue more intelligently, and above all less wastefully, than armies? Once let war begin to settle an issue like that, and it will leave a trail of devastation, bitterness, and destruction through the years, to end God only knows where.

It is, then, only by linking an airtight security pact with a universal machinery capable of settling disputes peacefully that we can find peace. Unless the nations of Europe and the world are suddenly to do the impossible and settle all their bitter political disputes at once in an access of good will, machinery must be provided to make those adjustments gradually through the years, without war. Here is the road down which the nations must march if they are to disarm.

That road leads to happier times than these. But if the world is really to go down it, it will do so knowing this: that nations, easily given to bellicose passion where national disputes are concerned, must resign themselves to trusting causes in which they deeply believe to the mercy of a court; that they may no longer beat an opponent into submission, but must offer reasons for their actions instead; that they must abandon some fraction of the sacred rights of national sovereignty; and that they must give up the formula "my country, right or wrong" as being too like "my mother, drunk or sober."

One need not be of a dyspeptic cast of mind to believe that the day when these things shall come to pass is still far off. And so, when soon the Disarmament Conference opens in Geneva to lift the load of armament off the back of the oppressed taxpayer, and to release every mother from the fear that her son will be a sacrifice to war, we must not expect too much. The ancient habits and prejudices of mankind can not be wiped out by a conference. We may hope that there will be a halt in the race for armament, and perhaps even a slight reduction. But real disarmament is hardly possible. Before that can come the nations of the world—and first of all the United States—must set up those conditions which make disarmament desirable.

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Mexico Reaches a Turn

BY RICHARD C. WILSON

Her trial of socialism is ending in failure

SO MANY fingers have helped stir the pot of Mexico's twenty-year social revolution that there is little wonder that today finds the soup too salty for the average investor to lend much enthusiasm to the national industrial development campaign of President Pascual Ortiz Rubio and his administration. Almost three years have elapsed since shots and shouts of the last rebellion faded away on the plains of Chihuahua and, braced by the confidence nearly three years of internal peace bring to a nation that has witnessed twenty years of bloody strife, the survivors have at last found time to take invoice of the republic's economic structure.

It is traditional in Mexico that brewing internal discontent comes to a head in the spring of the year. That is the season the political pot usually boils over. There is no particular reason why the swarthy *caballeros* below the Rio Grande select this season of the year to load up their carbines and all attempts to find psychological or other reasons are met with a shrugging "*¿quién sabe?*"

With the approaching end of the third year of peace since the abortive

revolutionary attempt of José Escobar was made in March, 1929, the administration of President Ortiz Rubio, guided by the iron hand of General Plutarco Elias Calles, is displaying an air of permanency. The feeling has become general throughout the war-torn republic that so long as General Calles lives — he is fifty-three years old — peace will remain.

However, a pain more acute than that of internal strife has gripped our southern neighbor in recent months. Governmental revenues are at low ebb from the lack of economic progress and the Smoot-Hawley tariff wall of the United States has bitten deeply into the gold reserves of the treasury.

In fact the diminutive Señor Luis Montes de Oca, Minister of Finance, has been as occupied as the small boy who found a leak in the Holland dike. He has called on the best minds of Mexico to aid him in his quest for more gold to appease the *capitalistas* of the northern neighbor.

Mexico's balance of trade is off nearly \$2,000,000 monthly; the international bankers group of New York has demanded at least the long overdue interest payments on

Mexico's \$500,000,000 foreign debt; the treasury sorely needs additional millions to stabilize the decreased exchange value of the peso; tax receipts on the once mighty Mexican oil production have become negligible because of the huge slump in production; and industry and agriculture are at their lowest ebb.

To top off Mexico's Horn of Hunger, the world-wide depression has made itself felt even to the lowly, illiterate peon whose every day contact with civilization is remote.

PRESIDENT ORTIZ RUBIO is a man of a new type in the leadership of Mexico. He is not a military man as were most of his predecessors — Calles, Obregon, Carranza, Huerta, to name but a few. He is an engineer and a diplomat, quiet-mannered and far-sighted — a rare combination in Mexican Presidents. A prominent Mexican recently remarked: "We have a President trying to rule by kindness instead of force for the first time in our history. Only God knows if we are ready for it."

The President's pre-inaugural tour of the United States gave him the opportunity to invite American capital into Mexico to develop the vast natural resources of his country. He succeeded in inducing several business leaders of this country to cross the Rio Grande and each was sumptuously entertained at Chapultepec Castle, that elaborate and beautiful White House of Mexico, situated atop Chapultepec Heights overlooking Mexico City. However, the American dollars which Minister of Finance Montes de Oca so eagerly seeks failed to respond to the wine of the banquet table.

Señor Ortiz Rubio was learning at first hand why American business was declining to add more to the \$672,000,000 this country already has invested in Mexico. At length he began to throw out "feelers" to determine what form — bullets or words — reaction would take to basic changes in the potent, but highly socialistic agrarian and labor laws. The agrarian and labor law issue has been the mainstay of all successful upheavals in Mexico since the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz was overthrown in 1910.

During the thirty-year reign of Porfirio Diaz, the longest of any man in the colorful history of Mexico since Cortes' conquest of the Aztecs, the *capitalistas* or wealthy land-owning class ruled with an iron hand that kept the barefooted, *serape*-clad peon in virtual slavery. His rights and pleasures from life were meagre and he learned to anticipate death as a pleasant relief.

The revolution preceded the overthrow of monarchy in Russia by seven years. Mexico, however, lacked the leadership of a Lenin or a Stalin. Young Francisco I. Madero, whose revolt unseated the decaying rule of the aging Diaz, was an idealist and fell an unsuspecting victim to treachery on the part of gold-greedy compatriots. Hence the turmoil in Mexico after Madero was assassinated continued until the personality of Calles reached its apex about 1924. As quickly as he became President he perfected a consolidation of the divided revolutionary forces to restore a semblance of peace and to give strength to the two fundamentals that had emerged from fifteen years of strife.

The present constitution of Mexico was adopted in 1917 during the heat of revolutionary passion. Out of the passing parade of presidents down to Calles, however, none had assembled the military strength to put all of the provisions of that highly socialistic document into force. In order to bind the agrarians, who were leaving destruction in their wake as they pillaged and burned *haciendas* in their quest of land, and the laboring class, which demanded adequate wages and recognition for their unions, Calles became a radical constitutionalist.

His was a daring step. While it appeased labor and the agrarians it ripped a breach between the populace and the Government by the restrictions it placed on the Catholic Church. The controversy between Church and State, brought to a peaceful settlement by the guiding hand of the late Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, is history.

Division of land under the agrarian law began in earnest and labor gained such strength that its rights in the United States seem insignificant in comparison. The *Confederación Regional Obrera Mexicana*, popularly known as the C. R. O. M., was formed in 1918 with 7,000 members. With the stimulus of President Calles' administration it became the dominant labor organization and leading political faction, and in 1930 had 1,500,000 members.

The labor groups were brought together with the agrarians by the Calles régime to form the *Partido Nacional Revolucionario*, the ruling political party. It is only routine news today to read of the victories of the P. N. R. in municipal, state and

national elections. Its dominance in the political life of Mexico is absolute.

President Calles gave complete enforcement to Article 123 of the 1917 constitution as he did to other untested provisions of that radical document. Its provisions gave labor every guarantee and left capital without mention. Let me quote a few:

In all agricultural, industrial, mining or other class of work, employers are obliged to furnish their workmen with comfortable and sanitary habitations, for which they may charge rents not exceeding one-half of one per cent of the assessed value of the property.

Employers are held responsible for labor accidents and deaths caused by the work done; therefore, employers must pay the corresponding indemnity according to whether death or temporary or permanent disability has ensued, in accordance with the provisions of the law.

Suspensions of work shall only be lawful when the excess of production renders it necessary to close down in order to maintain prices above the cost of production, and when previously approved by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration.

The employer who discharges a workman without just cause or for being a member of a union or syndicate, or for having taken part in a lawful strike, must at the option of the laborer, either perform the contract or indemnify the workman by the payment of three months' salary. He will also have the same obligation if the workman leaves his employ on account of lack of good faith on the part of the employer, or of mistreatment either as to his own person or that of his wife, parents, children, brothers or sisters.

Under this last provision it is difficult to be rid of an unsatisfactory employe — whether he or she be only a house servant or a skilled worker — without the payment of three months' advance salary. Even then there are many cases on record of the Board of Conciliation and

Arbitration ordering the reëmployment of the discharged worker.

I recall the case of a Mexico City business man who discharged an unsatisfactory stenographer, paying her the customary three months' indemnity. Not satisfied with this the *señorita* appealed to the Board, alleging that there was not just cause for her discharge. Haste is wholly unknown in Mexico, and the Government's Board of Conciliation and Arbitration is not an exception to the rule. It was several weeks before the Board agreed with the allegation of the stenographer and ordered her returned to work. Furthermore, she was to be paid her regular salary for the weeks the Board had been considering her case! Her employer fitted up a desk for his stenographic leech in an unused room and gave her no duties to perform. She had the entire day to sit at her desk and do nothing more than manicure her nails. But not to be thus humiliated, the *señorita* rushed back to the Board, with the subsequent result that her employer was ordered to return her to the same work she had previously done and in the same spot in his office where she had formerly worked.

SEVERAL of the silver mining companies faced bankruptcy for a time in 1931 while they awaited governmental permission to curtail operations until silver prices returned to a stable basis. Several companies lost heavily because of the delay by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration in granting them authority to reduce their activities. Ordinarily it required from one to six months to obtain consent to limit operations in conformance to prevailing economic

conditions. While awaiting the pleasure of the Board in one or two instances governors of states threatened to use military force to prevent the mining companies from reducing production.

Inasmuch as Mexico is one of the world's greatest silver mining centres, the slump in silver prices was a particularly hard blow. Not only did the shutdown of the mines throw thousands of miners out of work, but governmental revenues had another setback.

The silver decline brought a wider breach between the gold and silver pesos and for a time Mexico's financial structure was on the brink of disaster. The gold peso was thirty-five per cent more valuable in commercial avenues than the silver peso. Too often in the past have Mexicans seen the currency of one régime become worthless overnight. During the heyday of Pancho Villa a printing press was all that was necessary to issue money. Today Mexicans insist that the coins circulated in the republic must contain their actual value in gold or silver.

The timely appearance of General Calles saved the day. Although he had been guiding affairs of the republic from "retirement" the "Iron Man" now found it necessary to re-enter the active political picture. He became head of the Banco de Mexico, which corresponds to our Federal Reserve system.

After easing the acute financial situation, Calles assumed an even more active rôle by becoming Minister of War in the cabinet of President Ortiz Rubio, replacing General Joaquín Amaro. At the same time General Amaro withdrew, General Juan

Andreu Almazán, who played a major part in quelling the Escobar revolt in 1929, resigned as Minister of Communications and Public Works. With these two generals out of the cabinet, President Ortiz Rubio had, excepting General Calles, removed all trace of the military from his administration. At the time this is written his cabinet has fewer military men than any presidential administration in the history of Mexico.

Returning to the labor problem, we find that the Government has attempted to fulfill its promises to labor by forcing all industrial organizations to continue full speed ahead. It hoped to reduce the constantly growing importations from the United States and thus preserve the meagre gold balance.

An example of this zeal on the part of the Government was shown in the case of a Mexico City shoe factory, owned by American capital. The factory was destroyed by fire. Because of poor business conditions and lack of sufficient funds to reestablish their business firmly, the company decided to delay reconstruction of the factory until 1932. Employees of the plant went before the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration with a demand for relief. Within sixty days the Board ordered the company to rebuild its factory at once and reemploy all its workers, paying them at the regular wage scale for the time they had been idle because of the fire.

Cases of this kind, until quite recently, have been the rule rather than the exception and nearly every large business organization in the republic can relate incidents similar to the foregoing.

As early as 1926, Moises Saenz, then a subhead in the Ministry of Labor, told a seminar at the University of Chicago, "The fear has often been expressed that the labor people, especially on account of their political proclivities, are likely to cause a great deal of trouble in Mexico." By 1931 this trouble referred to by Señor Saenz made itself felt in the Government's treasury where Señor Montes de Oca was striving to raise \$5,000,000 to pay on the long overdue interest on Mexico's foreign debt. The American investors the President had induced to visit Mexico had seen the tremendous handicap of the labor laws and returned home.

THE agrarian law has been a worse boomerang for Mexico, particularly to the uneducated horde whose clamorings it was designed to appease. Even the half-civilized Indians of the unexplored regions must eat. The effect of the agrarian law is best shown by the startling figures submitted recently to Congress by Gonzalo Bautista, one of its members, showing that Mexico's output of corn and beans, the prime necessities of the country, had decreased in 1929 and 1930 to about one-fourth the crop produced in 1910, the last year of the Diaz régime. Meanwhile the population had increased 2,069,250 from 1921 to 1930 when the federal census gave Mexico 16,404,030 inhabitants.

Under the constitution of 1917 the Government was authorized to have "... at all times the right to put private property to the uses which the public interests demand. ... With this object in view neces-

sary measures will be dictated for the diversion of the large estates." The Government hoped to satisfy the warring agrarians' land lust by giving each a small tract of land, thus binding them with the labor class into a political unit sufficiently powerful to perpetuate the régime in power.

It is needless to report that agricultural production on the large *haciendas* — which produced approximately eighty-five per cent of Mexico's foodstuff — began a marked decline. It may have been pure coincidence that the federal agrarian commission invariably decided just at harvest time to seize the bountiful lands of an estate for distribution to the lowly peons. The large land owner did not think so when he received nothing for the crops on his confiscated lands.

Having no money to pay owners whose lands were confiscated the Government paid in National Agrarian Bonds. The fixed payment was the assessed valuation for taxation purposes plus ten per cent. These agrarian bonds can be bought anywhere in the republic today for about sixteen per cent of their face value.

In theory the socialistic agrarian policy promised to remove the peon from his miserable existence and make things rosy for the clever chaps who conceived this idea for uniting the numerical strength of the proletariat by destroying all the rights of capital. In practice, however, it has almost bankrupted the country and has brought hunger to the very door of those it was intended to help.

Before any change in the theory could be made it was necessary to gain the approval of General Calles.

That gentleman quietly capitulated in the autumn of 1930, admitting in a speech at Monterey that the agrarian act was too advanced for his people. I say "quietly" because an overnight correction in this basic law was impossible without a renewal of the bloodshed which began in 1910. With more than eighty per cent of the nation illiterate it was necessary to proceed cautiously in making the necessary revisions.

The changes have not been made congressionally at this writing, but the attitude of the Government is effecting them without the process of congressional action. The political lieutenants of the *Partido Nacional Revolucionario* have been convinced that it is not possible to hand a square of land to a peon who lacks the education, equipment or finances to farm it and expect national agricultural development to follow.

The Federal Agrarian Commission announced in 1931 that land seizures had been completed in ten states and that no further confiscations would be made in those provinces. Gradually the commission has been withdrawing from other states and President Ortiz Rubio has asked Congress to provide guarantees for no further land seizures under the agrarian act.

Likewise the President asked Congress to enact a revised labor code which would make sufficient guarantees to capital to encourage an invasion of American dollars. Throughout the summer of 1931 congressional leaders considered the new labor code. There was considerable disappointment in the fall when the revisions were enacted. Because of fear of trouble from the labor element, changes from the original

code were so minor that observers for American industries only grunted in disgust and advised their home offices to "wait awhile" before launching projects in Mexico. It is felt that a beginning has been made, however, and that additional corrections in the labor code will follow in coming months.

THUS we find Mexico's experiment in socialistic theories drawing to a close, with the nation poverty-stricken by its attempt to divorce capital and labor, giving all the alimony to the latter. General Calles, the iron-willed leader who fulfilled the peons' greed for dominance over capital, has found it necessary to become financial and military head of the republic to guide it through the economic crisis resulting from the gifts of his administration.

The task confronting the "Iron Man" is one for a Ponzi. Within fifteen months after the Montes de Oca-Lamont agreement for payments on the foreign debt in 1930, Mexico exported \$13,400,000 in gold to the United States. These exportations continue at the present time despite the acute internal financial situation. They must continue. Foreign powers refuse to loan Mexico additional millions until substantial payments are made on interest, six years past due, of the half billion foreign debt.

While Calles ponders the financial problem, President Ortiz Rubio has turned his attention to the long neglected educational and highway construction programmes as the soundest means to lead his country from its plight. At his request the

Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Communications and Public Works in 1931 were given the largest budgets in the history of the republic.

"An intense educative programme must be carried out as the only solid and definite method towards a rapid social betterment of our people," the President told Congress, pointing out that hardly fifty per cent of the school age population attended school in 1930. The increase in the educational budget from 58,000,000 pesos to 74,000,000 pesos made it possible to establish almost 700 new rural schools during 1931.

A hard-surfaced highway from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City — a distance of nearly 800 miles — is expected to be completed in time to catch the 1933 Yankee tourist trade. The Mexicans living along sections of this asphalt ribbon will receive an education from the strange faces and vehicles (thousands of natives have never seen an automobile) that will visit their settlements.

The President has established a governmental tourist commission with a representative in New York to stimulate the American tourist business. He believes the millions of dollars these *gringo* travelers will leave behind, together with an adequate educational system for his countrymen, will be the means of making his people contented and productive. From a financial standpoint, at least, his plan can not cost Mexico any more in decreased revenues than has the experiment with socialistic laws.

Hot Iron

BY MANLY STEARNS MUMFORD

Recollections of a steel worker

THE mill hands always called it "iron." Never steel. I suppose it was the same curious American habit which causes an aviator to refer to his plane as a crate, a motorist to call his car a boat, a sailor to label his craft a tub. At any rate, steel was always called iron.

In the open hearth furnace the molten steel boiled and bubbled like water in a teakettle. Paul, the Polish third helper, peering through blue glasses at the fluid metal would often shake his head and say:

"Boy, look at that iron boil."

In the billet yard, Ed, the Negro chainman, unhooked the smoking links from a red hot pile of steel, just lowered by the crane. Shielding his face from the terrific heat with his left hand as he jerked the chain loose with a crooked length of wire, he shook his head and burst out:

"Damn, that iron's hot."

Ed probably said that a hundred times a day. And when I helped him I learned to say it, too. It was always hot. The iron, that is. Right off the rolls of the twelve-inch mill. Red as a sunset viewed through a cloud of smoke. Sometimes it took nearly half an hour for it to get black. And then it was more dangerous than

ever. When the pile was red you knew it was hot, but when it turned black you might accidentally rest your hand against it, or put your foot on the lowest billet. You found out it didn't have to be red to burn.

I was eighteen when I first went into the mills. I had worked around artificial heat before; in the oil refinery and in the glass works, where the heat of a Kansas harvest field seemed like a cool breath in comparison. But the steel mills were hotter. A sustained heat that could not be escaped.

A whole acre covered with hot iron. Some smoking. Some not. But always the heat waves dancing and jiggling before your eyes. Night or day it was just the same. Summer or winter. If it was raining there was always a hissing noise where the water struck the hot billets. And clouds of steam. That was hot too.

I needed a job. When I applied at the gate and was told to report to Jim, the billet yard foreman, it seemed too good to be true. This was in the days of the twelve-hour shift. I didn't even know that any steel mills thought of running eight hour days. I suppose there must have been some, even then. Six to six. Day or night.

Seven days a week. Those were our working days.

The pay was good, I thought. Twenty-two and a half cents an hour for common labor, which is what I was. That was two dollars and seventy cents a day. Multiplied by seven, that brings eighteen dollars and ninety cents for a week's work. But I usually made more than that because of the overtime. The mill was busy then and men were hard to find. Twice or three times a week I put in thirteen or fourteen hour days. We didn't get paid time and a half for overtime. Just straight pay.

Sometimes, when changing from the day shift to the night shift, or back again, I got a twenty-four hour trick, and once when my relief didn't show up I put in thirty-six hours.

I didn't actually work all those thirty-six hours but I must have worked thirty-two of them. The other four, on the night shift, I cheated the company of. I slept. In little snatches of fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. With a plank for a bed and a brick for a pillow. Alongside the gas producer or in the timekeeper's shanty. But it's hard to sleep in a steel mill. There is so much noise. And things are always falling. A clumsy crane man can tip over a pile of billets and knock the shanty down. It's really safer to stay awake. But thirty-six hours is a long time to do that.

At first the work was hard. Wrestling billets and bars with a wrench. Carrying oxygen tanks for the burners. Hooking and unhooking the chains from the crane. And always the hard steel. I got to appreciate the expression "hard as steel." If I bumped into a protruding billet

it felt as though my hip was broken.

And always overhead were the tons of steel. Being carried back and forth, back and forth by the crane. A dozen billets to a load, each weighing a quarter of a ton. If they fell. . . . If even one of them fell. . . . And sometimes they did fall. A chain would break once in a while and then it was run for your life. But the chain didn't have to break to make trouble. There might be a kink in it. And it came out, spilling the load, scattering it in all directions. And the running itself was dangerous. It was so easy to crack an ankle against a hunk of iron.

I WAS glad when I was promoted to the job of inspector. It wasn't such hard physical labor. An eighteen-year-old boy can stand a lot of punishment but a twelve-hour day of labor wears him down. And the overtime doesn't do him much good.

It was so hard to get up in the morning. I lived nearly three miles from the mill. And there was no way to get there except to walk. It took nearly an hour. That meant crawling out of bed at a quarter after four in the morning. By the time I had dressed, eaten breakfast and walked to the mill it was six o'clock. Of course, the time clock kept a record of what time you came to work, and if you were late, your pay was docked.

At night, when the six o'clock whistle blew there was the walk home again. Supper was at seven, just as soon as I got home. Over at seven thirty. To get eight hours' sleep it was necessary to go to bed at eight fifteen. It wasn't hard to go to

sleep either. The men in the mills didn't need veronal for their insomnia. The twelve-hour day was enough of a sedative.

But a boy couldn't go to bed at eight o'clock every night. There were dances to go to, and shows to see, and pool to play, and beer to drink. Often it was past midnight when I got to bed, leaving only four hours for sleep. But it seemed to do, somehow. About noon the next day my eyes needed toothpicks between the lids, but the sleepiness wore off until about half past four. That last hour and a half was torture. And heat always makes you sleepy. Nobody was sorry when six o'clock came, but even then, sometimes overtime was demanded. That was hard, but I never seemed to get worn out: I was young. I felt sorry for the old men, though. Men of forty. I could see that they were dragging the ground. They could hardly lift their feet. Their eyes were tired and their heads bent low. In those days I thought a man of forty was mighty old, and he was, in the steel mills.

Then I got a better job. Foreman of the night shearing gang for the eight-inch mill. There wasn't much work to do. Just see to it that the shearers cut the cold billets to the right length, cut the right number of them, loaded them on a truck and wheeled them into the back end of the mill. There was some work in keeping tally, and making certain that the steel was at the shears. One or two scraps each night with the sleepy crane man, to get him to bring billets when they were wanted. Very often it was necessary to throw rocks, or little pieces of steel, at him in his little cage to wake

him up. A crane operator's job was lonely. All up there by himself he was, with no one to talk to for twelve long hours. I think he even liked being cursed out. At least some one was talking to him.

It was then I learned to be a strander. In the long nights, when the mill was running the same size bars the shear gang didn't need any watching. So I watched the men on the rolls: the roughers, the stranders, the straighteners. It was a little eight-inch mill. Fast. . . . Too fast for safety. But no one seemed to think much about safety in those days. Stranding on the eight-inch mill was considered the most dangerous job in the plant. That was why it was so alluring.

At the back end of the mill was the furnace where the billets were heated preparatory to rolling. It was an old-fashioned furnace, forty years out of date, I imagine, but then, just before the War, steel brought a high price and even an inefficient mill could make profits for the stockholders.

The billets were dragged out of the furnace by hand and skidded up to the roughing rolls. These were like the rollers on a wringer, only twenty times as big. With grooves in them. Back and forth the billet went between the roughing rolls, growing thinner and longer with each passage. After four or six passes the steel was long enough and thin enough to bend. Then it was stuck into the stranding rolls. Here the stranders caught it. With their backs to the rolls they stood, pairs of tongs in their hands. As the steel streaked out of the guide they caught it, turned swiftly and stuck it into

the next roll. It grew longer and thinner all the time. By the time it reached the finishing rolls it might be a hundred feet long, a sixteenth of an inch thick, and an inch wide. But always it was running around the stranders, billowing up and down.

A bar was hard to catch as it came out of the rolls. It came so fast. A strander could hardly wait until he saw it, he might miss it. After a while he learned to snap his tongs when he heard the bar hit the rolls on the other side. If he did it just right he caught the bar about eighteen inches from the end, so it was easy to handle. If he got a much longer hold on it, the bar would bend and the end would hit against his leg. Of course, it was red hot.

I remember the first time I saw the rolling mill men working. So many of them seemed to be painted yellow in various places. On their faces, necks, arms, hands. I wondered what the yellow was. I found out soon enough. It was picric acid. That was what they always put on themselves where the steel burned them.

It was fascinating to watch, this stranding and rolling. The men, dressed like weird gnomes, with hot steel running all around them. The moving bars looked like giant, red hot snakes, twisting, slithering, chasing one another over the iron floor and through the rolls.

I wondered at the curious garb of the stranders. But I found out about that soon enough, too. They hardly ever wore shirts. Many of them were stripped to their waists, or they worked in their undershirts. And they wore big canvas aprons to keep the heat off their abdomens

and thighs. On their legs they often had leggings made of thin sheet iron, covered with canvas. A similar device covered the tops of their shoes. The heat was awful below the waist, where the steel ran all the time.

The iron floor was so hot that it sputtered when they spit on it. The soles of a pair of shoes would burn out in a single night. To avoid this the men made extra soles. Old leather belting, two or three layers of it. Layers of heavy canvas. Old auto tires. Anything like that they would cut up and make extra soles, sometimes two inches thick. Sometimes they would nail it to their shoes. Sometimes not. Often they would simply wire it on. Even then their feet got hot.

There were always two sets of stranders and roughers. It was so hot they could not work for long at a time, so they spelled each other. Regularly they worked a half hour and rested a half hour. In the summer it was fifteen minutes' work and fifteen rest. And sometimes they cut it down to ten.

At night when the shear gang didn't need watching I watched the stranders. Night after night I spent the time there when I could have been resting out in the billet yard where it was not so hot. Then I began to take a turn now and then at the rolls. I didn't have to do it. In fact I wasn't even encouraged to do so by the roller. The roller is the boss of the rolling mill. But the stranders were always glad to teach me. If I could work five or ten minutes for one of them, it meant just that much less exposure to the heat for him. And on a hot night every minute of rest helps.

G RADUALLY I learned. When the mill was slow I would try my hand. At first I was awkward. I missed many bars and had to grab the back end after they had run through the rolls. That slowed the mill up a good deal and sometimes made the roller angry. But he was very patient. Sometimes he would take the tongs himself, show me how to hold them, how to swing the bar, how to insert it in the guide, and how to dodge the tail end which came snapping around.

Of course I was scared at first. I dreaded going in and taking the tongs. Sometimes I would sit for half an hour, trying to screw up courage to go in and relieve a man. I can't tell now why I did it; I didn't have to. But I guess it was a kind of game. I didn't want to admit that I was a coward. There were lots of men who couldn't do it. They never could learn. It took a quick eye and a quick hand, besides nerve. Only about one out of five men who tried to become stranders succeeded. And there were lots more who wouldn't try. They were the sensible ones.

But Al, the roller, told me one night that I'd either have to learn or quit coming in. If I got in a tight place; if the steel was coming too fast for me to handle in comfort; if I missed a bar or two; I always got out. This night I missed three in succession. It slowed the mill down and the other men were holding the bars, waiting for me. They were cursing and shouting at me. The steel was burning their hands. I was burning up. My hands were beginning to blister, the heat was so constant. I motioned to Gus, the

strander I was relieving, to come in and take the tongs. I couldn't stand it any longer. But Al saw me.

"Stay there, God damn you," he yelled. "If you're goin' to relieve a man, relieve him. Stay there and keep your head. You lose your head."

I looked pleadingly at Gus, but he grinned. He was afraid of Al. Another bar came through just then and I missed it. By the time I got the tail end in the rolls another came through. I caught this one, bent it and got it in the rolls. I didn't have time to look at Gus again. The steel was coming too fast. I was almost ready to drop, and the heat on my hands was driving me crazy. The rolls began to go black before my eyes. I was dizzy and my knees were wobbly. But I had to keep on. I couldn't get out until Gus relieved me. It seemed like an hour before he came. I suppose it was about five minutes. But I hadn't missed a bar in that time.

As I staggered out and flopped on the bench my hands were trembling so I could not control them. And I was stifled for lack of air. I guess I was on the verge of collapse. I sat down and reached for the cup to get a drink out of the bucket. I began to gulp. Suddenly Al came over.

"Stop," he yelled as he grabbed the cup. "You damn fool, you'll kill yourself."

I stopped.

"Don't never drink like that, when you're hot," he said.

Then I remembered. A man should never gulp water when he's burning up inside. He should only sip a little. I had noticed that there was never any ice water around. Only tepid, lukewarm stuff. And in summer

sometimes the boss would throw a handful of oatmeal into the water bucket. So a man couldn't drink much, I suppose.

I sat on the bench panting. Al, the boss, sat down beside me. He gave me a cigarette. After a minute he put his hand on my arm.

"Are you all right, kid?" he asked.

I nodded.

"You got to learn to keep your head," he said. "That's why I made you stay in there. Don't never get scared. You'll never learn if you do. Just keep your head. Now you go in there again after a bit and try it again."

I didn't think I could do it. I had decided never again to try to be a strander. But Al's words stuck in my mind. I had some hazy idea, I think, that he was trying to make a man of me. The same idea was in his mind as in that of the cowboy who climbs on his horse immediately after he is thrown.

I sat on pins and needles for a long time, not daring to think about going in. It wasn't all danger that made me afraid, although there is the constant chance of having a leg torn off by a hot ribbon of steel. It was more buck fever. I went outside to attend to my real job, the shear gang. After a bit I came back into the mill, having decided to try again on the rolls.

But I waited a while. The mill was running fast, the bars coming through right after each other. I thought I would wait until the mill slowed down. I waited and waited, but it didn't slow down. At last I could stand it no longer.

I stepped over the waving strips and touched Gus on the shoulder.

He grinned and handed me the tongs. I missed the first bar. But I was fresh then and didn't get scared. I could see Al watching me. The next bar I caught, and the next. I stuck until Louis, Gus's partner, came in to take his trick. I had entirely conquered my stage fright.

AFTER that I took a turn or two each night, relieving first one and then another, until I was familiar with every turn on the rolls. As the weeks wore on I grew more proficient and confident. Al no longer growled when I relieved some one.

I also learned the straightening job. This was not considered so dangerous as stranding, nor did it take such a degree of dexterity. As the red hot bars leave the last, or finishing rolls, they are sent into a long trough in which is an endless belt conveyor. They shoot down a hundred feet or so in the trough. As soon as they come to a stop the straighteners, one at each end, seize the ends with tongs and whip the bars out of the trough, sliding them down a sloping iron grating, where they may cool. The job takes a certain knack, something like the trick of cracking a blacksnake whip.

I continued my job as boss of the shear gang and got a raise in wages, to twenty-five cents an hour, an even three dollars a day. But each night I continued my practice in stranding, or straightening. The stranders seemed to appreciate it. They did little things for me such as putting new soles on my shoes, making me new leggings, sometimes even fighting with the crane man for me, while I caught a few winks of sleep. The night shift is harder, in a way,

than the day shift. It's more difficult to sleep in the day time, especially in the summer when the thermometer hovers around ninety.

Even Lee, the finisher, let me take a trick at his rolls now and then. The finishing job is supposed to be the most skilled of all. The steel is thinner when it reaches him, and harder to handle. In addition he has the scraper to run, to remove some of the scale from the steel. He has to work much faster than any of the other stranders. And often the end of the bar is slightly cooled when it reaches him, making it harder to insert into the rolls. The steel may be a dull red instead of a brilliant sparkle when it reaches him. But I learned that job, too, after a fashion.

At last one night Al gave me a regular job on his mill. It was the night that George got burned. George was the down end straightener, whose position was nearest the rolls.

The mill was running concrete reinforcing bars this night. They were coming fast and hot. I was sitting on a bench with some of the others when it happened. George had his back to the rolls and was whipping out a finished rod. The next rod shot out and something went wrong. I think a guide had worked loose. Instead of remaining in the trough, the bar jumped the low walls and shot out at an angle. Some one yelled at George, but it was too late. The rod hit his foot. He fell and became entangled in it. Al shut off the power immediately and every one rushed up, each with a pair of tongs or shears to extricate George. He was screaming and the smell of burnt flesh was sickening. They had

the steel away from him in a minute except from his foot. The sharp end of the rod, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, had pierced his foot about an inch above his heel, between the tendon and the ankle. Fifty feet of it had gone through and another fifty was behind. It couldn't be pulled out. Al and some one else quickly cut it with shears and tried to pull it out, but it had burned its way out, through the tendon, by that time.

The men carried George over to the bench and laid him down, stripping his clothes off as they did so. He was badly burned on the arms, legs, hips and even across his back, where the red hot rod had looped around him. His foot, of course, was ruined. We cut the shoe off, poured picric acid over his burns and took him over to the chemist's room. They had no hospital in the plant, nor any doctors. The chemist did his best to fix George up, by putting iodine and more picric acid on him, but the poor fellow was in terrific pain. The chemist, I wish I could remember his name, wasn't much help. He had too weak a stomach. I remembered once before when a Greek, working for me in the billet yard, had mashed his hand so that two fingers came off. The white bone was sticking out through the flesh. I took him up to the chemist to be bound up, but the chemist fainted. I had to put iodine and bandages on the hand myself, with the poor Greek crying like a baby.

This time, with George, the chemist kept turning his head away and gulping, as though he were about to be sick. We bandaged him up the best we could and pretty soon an

ambulance came to take him to the hospital.

When I went back to the mill, perhaps three quarters of an hour after the accident, the mill was running full blast again. Joe, the assistant roller, was doing George's work himself. I went out into the billet yard. After a bit, one of the stranders said Al wanted me. I came in.

"Take that down end job the rest of the night, will you?" he asked.

I didn't want to do it, having seen what had happened to George. And I didn't have to do it. Al wasn't my boss. But I did anyhow. Why? I don't know. The mill was short handed, of course, and if I didn't take it, some of the stranders would have to do it when they were supposed to be resting. Maybe that's why I did it. I don't really know.

About five o'clock in the morning, the beginning of that last long hour of the twelve-hour shift, Al asked me to take the job regularly. George would undoubtedly be laid up for a long time and he had to have somebody to fill his place.

It was higher pay. Thirty cents an hour, instead of the twenty-five I was getting, and the chance to make double that some nights. The stranders, finishers, roughers and straighteners were paid on a tonnage basis also, so if the mill turned out a good night's run a man could make six or seven dollars. Al said he would ask the night superintendent, under whom I worked, if it would be all right to take me.

I took the job.

The next night I was a regular millhand instead of a shear gang

boss. We heard that George was getting along all right, but that they might have to take his foot off. The body burns would heal up.

The next week old Gardner got burned again. He was a man past forty, an excellent strander, but horribly scarred on the face and neck where a bar had looped around his neck one time. This time he burned his arm quite badly, having slipped and fallen on a bar that was running through the rolls.

Al didn't give me his job, but he moved Willie, the strander next the finishing rolls, over to Gardner's place and gave me Willie's job. He had to break in a new straightener. This was more like it. I was a full-fledged millhand now, with more money than the straightener, even. Stranders got more money on tonnage than straighteners. It was a harder job. But I kept it.

THE stranders and roughers on that mill were a great crew. Old Sam from Tennessee, who had worked in the iron mills at Knoxville, was first rougher. He was short and wiry, with tremendous biceps for so small a man. Straight black hair and high cheek bones, he had. They always called him "Indian." Whether he was or not, I never knew. The second rougher was Robby, a blond young giant from a Missouri farm, who had wandered into the steel mills some years before. They were a wonderful pair and somehow escaped injury month after month.

Then there was Willie, the college boy. He had gone broke in the middle of his sophomore year and got a job in the mills. He became a strander,

but he wasn't too good. Nervous. Always getting burned. He's dead now. And Steve the Polack. The best strander on the mill. Always cool and collected. He didn't speak English very well but he seemed to have been educated somewhere. I remember hearing that he had been trained for the priesthood in some Balkan country, but I don't know whether it was true or not. He wasn't a Pole, I know that. But he was a Slav of some kind, near enough so that he answered to the name of Polack. Steve's dead, too. He was burned and died from the effects of the burns.

Louis, the strander, was another good one. A tough little ex-pugilist, he could whip a man twice his size. He was one man they never imposed upon. And Gus and Hesse and many others I can't remember clearly. I was the youngest hand on the mill.

We all got along well together. There was something of the spirit of a fraternity among us. All members of the same organization of millhands, eight-inch millhands. Swaggerers, after a fashion. All sharers in hourly danger. Maybe that was why we were friendly. But we looked with scorn on common hands. And with contempt on office workers, even the timekeepers. Any one who came into the mill with a white collar was despised. We made so much more money than any office worker.

And we loved to show off. Lots of visitors came through the mills. When they came we would do all sorts of tricks. Pretend to drop a bar and catch it again, swinging it high in the air. Turn around on one heel, like a basket ball player shoot-

ing for a basket. Catch the bar and swing it with one hand. The visitors used to marvel at the way the men could handle that hot steel.

Sometimes there would be a girl in a party of visitors. Most likely she would be open eyed and staring. We were sure we impressed the girls with our fearlessness and abandon in the face of danger. Often we would hear visitors asking if the work was not dangerous, and our chests would puff out as the guide admitted that it was.

I kept the job most of that summer, sometimes on one roll and sometimes on another. Old Gardner recovered from his burns and came back, but by that time Willie was laid up. There was always a spot for me because we never had a full crew. Sometimes we were so short handed that we couldn't get our periods of rest. We might work nine hours out of the twelve, instead of six, as we were supposed to.

But we made money. One day I remember I made ten dollars. The mill had plenty of orders. The furnace worked pretty well and got the steel hot enough, generally. It was a marvel how the heater knew when it was hot enough. He didn't have any thermometer in the furnace, that I remember, and he could only tell by looking at the steel when it was ready to roll. He was a tremendous fellow, a hard drinking, carousing man of about twenty-five, from good Irish stock. His parents had named him Aloysius.

One week I went on the day shift. The roller there was short handed. We had nearly our full complement, so Al loaned me to him. But I didn't like it so well. August, in the vicinity

of St. Louis, is hot enough at night, but worse in the daytime. The heat from the steel was bad, plenty bad, without the sun to make things worse. So I got back on the night shift as soon as I could.

Once in a while we would hear from George. He was having a bad time with his foot. The doctors succeeded in saving it, but it wouldn't heal very well. Of course, he would never walk normally again. The tendon was destroyed. As I remember it, he was off for three months. He had a hard time supporting his family all that time. Of course, the company paid his hospital and doctor bills and he drew pay under the workmen's compensation act. But it was only fifteen dollars a week. That wasn't very much for his wife and child to live on.

It was not long after I had been put back on the night shift that I got mine.

IT WAS one of those hot, sticky nights when everybody is depressed anyhow. And the mill was slow. Aloysius couldn't seem to get the steel hot fast enough. The gas producers weren't working properly, I guess. At any rate the steel was hard to handle. I was working that night on the stand next to the roughing rolls. We were running heavy bars and the steel was so stiff I couldn't bend it at my stand. I had to let it run out to its full length and drag it back. It was hard work.

Along about ten o'clock the roughers got hold of a billet that was a little cold. They had trouble with it in their rolls and the man on the other side of me pushed and sweated to shove it in to me. I waited, my

eye on the guide, for it to come out. It seemed as though it would never come. But it did. I could hear the rolls bang, the way they do when the steel is cold. And it came through. But not straight out, as it was supposed to. It came out with a jump curling straight toward my belly. I didn't have time to think. I couldn't catch it. But I got my tongs in the way and deflected it between my legs. It hit the left one and almost knocked me over. I grabbed the top of the rolls to keep from falling and the hot bar hit the other leg. I climbed up on the rolls and let the rest of it go by.

Al shut the mill down right away and the men all rushed over. My legs hurt a great deal but I was able to walk. Just then I saw another commotion over by the finishing rolls. I could see somebody picking Lee up off the floor. I thought he must have been burned, too. But he hadn't. He'd only fainted. Later he told me that he saw that bar going right into my stomach and he couldn't stand it.

It was a narrow squeak. The worst burn was on my left leg, right in the crotch. If I hadn't knocked it down, that bar would have gone right through me the way the concrete rod had gone through George's foot. I don't wonder that Lee fainted. I almost fainted myself thinking of it. There was another burn just above my left knee and another on my right leg below the knee. Several smaller ones, too, where my overalls had caught on fire. The overalls were sticking to my flesh too, so Al and somebody else cut them off. There was some blood too, because the bar had cut and bruised my leg

besides burning it. But it didn't hurt so much after a while. They put picric acid on my legs and took me over to the chemist. He didn't do anything much, but put some more picric acid on me and wind some gauze around the burns. It began hurting more then and I couldn't walk without a feeling of dizziness. So Al got a car somewhere and took me to the company doctor, down town.

I don't seem to remember exactly what the doctor did but he put something on the burns, scraped the dirt and scale out of them and put me in the hospital. I would be all right, he said, if infection didn't set in. But I guess the hot steel had cau-

terized the cuts it had made. Anyhow I didn't get blood poisoning.

I was only in the hospital for a few days. After that I was taken home but I couldn't walk for some time more. In a couple of weeks the doctor said I could go back to work, but to be careful and not get the burns hot. I couldn't work on the rolls and not get them hot, so I asked the superintendent for my old job back on the shear gang. He gave it to me and I never worked on the rolls after that.

It wasn't long after that that I quit working in the steel mills. I joined the Navy and went to war, where a man doesn't have to work so hard and it isn't so dangerous.

Seeds

BY HERBERT HARTMAN

LET him who makes a wry face
Over beauty's pips
Grub in Demogorgon's place
And smack his mossy lips.

Let him search all Eden through
For more sustaining fare.
No berry moist with morning dew
Is half so rich or rare.

Let him seek more luscious fruit
Through vineyards far renowned.
Beauty's pips take sudden root
In unsuspected ground.

Whittling

BY JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM

*A tribute to the State of Vermont, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge
and a significant custom*

NO ONE but a native Vermonter can fully appreciate President Coolidge's remark, made shortly before he left the White House, that he was thinking of going back to Vermont for a year or so to *whittle*.

These homely words call up before the Vermonter the picture of a group of seasoned farmers, in front of the village store of a summer evening, or on the sunny side of the barn on a mild day in winter, exchanging views in the deliberate manner of the North Country and whittling. Not that all are whittling. Perhaps only one or two of the company are the whittlers, the rest occasionally glancing sympathetically their way as the big jack-knives, with edge well whetted on the grindstone, peel off long, clean shavings from the pine strips chosen from the pile of kindlings adjacent to the majestic woodpile of maple and birch.

It is as if a rural mystic rite were being enacted, creating what the modern pedagogue would call "a group consciousness" — an idea which would provoke a smile from the hard-headed company of whittlers. Or perhaps a solitary figure sits on the back door-step, with bent

head, meditatively whittling, as his mind works its way into the grain of some problem, near or remote, while the sounds of the field and barn fall unheeded upon his ears and the old dog sleeps at his feet.

Whittling seems to have served the Vermonter much as his conversation beads do the modern Greek, or knitting the reformed pirate, giving him something to occupy his hands, that his mind may be released for less accustomed activity.

WHAT were the subjects that employed the casual neighborly whittling groups? Not theology — that had lost its prestige with the passing of the Puritan era; not literature — too much of a parlor and lecture-room subject, that; not gossip — not a bit of it, that was left to the "women-folks." What then? (1) politics, (2) weather, (3) crops, (4) the market, (5) cattle and sheep, (6) "Out West" — to go or not to go? — (7) chiefly, horses. The Vermonter was your true and discerning lover of horses, while the horse was still king of the road and the field. His was no mere low-down, race-course-betting interest in horse flesh. It was a

genuine, sagacious appreciation of the horse as horse. The most famous horse in Addison County when I was a boy was "Dan'l Lambert." No one knew whom "Dan'l" was named for, but his reputation was greater than that of the most successful politician of the day. Waiting at the station at Middlebury in 1920, I fell into conversation with the erstwhile driver of the Addison House bus and he informed me that when the great steed passed away his hide was stuffed, but that it had been burned with the barn in which it was kept. The tone of melancholy in which this latter piece of information was imparted was no slight tribute to equine greatness. Hero worship in Vermont has not always been directed solely manward. Yet the crowning achievement of Vermont equiculture was the famous Morgan stock. Morgan horses were — and I am told still are, in spite of autos and airplanes — the pride of Vermont. How gallantly those tough little heroes of the road pounded off the miles on the hard (when not sticky) clay roads! The Morgan horse is the Pegasus of Vermont, as full of poetry as his Grecian prototype.

Comment on such vital subjects as these aroused the Vermont mind and showed it to be no sluggish clod, like that of the European peasant, but as keen and penetrating as the whittler's knife-blade. The Vermonter's speech, however, has ever been slower than the action of his mind, and is eminently cautious, canny and non-committal. Professor T. R. Glover of Cambridge University once remarked that he thought the Vermonter was accustomed to make up his mind and then pretend

to deliberate. The non-committal habit is well illustrated by a typical instance, which occurred in my own acquaintance, of a farmer's boy who had been sent to a family of relatives twelve miles distant to convey an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner and bring back a reply. When, after a not very expeditious return, he drove into the barn, his mother and sister ran out to ask, "Are they coming?" All that could be got from him in reply was, "Prob'ly they will and prob'ly they won't."

The well-known Coolidge stories, "Somebody did," "He won," "He said he was agin' it," and "You know you don't have to," are all inimitable illustrations of Vermont speech and humor. These stories, like the Lincoln stories, deserve to be preserved as reflections of a type of American mind which is rapidly becoming only a tradition.

THE early Vermonter was as self-reliant as he was keen. Whether he worked or whittled, or worshipped or legislated, he was staunchly independent. He began that way. In the annals of political idealism there are few more stirring chapters than that of the founding of the little Independence of Vermont. The Allens (Ethan and Ira), Remember Baker, Seth Warner, and those who gathered about them, were passionate free-men. They defended their grants with unflinching determination, grimly set the "beech seal" on the land-grabbing "Yorkers" and established their miniature republic with a heroism and sagacity that gives them a place of high honor in American history. This spirit is well reflected in the pages of that stirring

romance, beloved of every Vermont boy, Judge Thomas's *The Green Mountain Boys*. In its grandiose pages one may get a vivid picture of the homespun splendors of those daring days which seem now as far away as those of Saul and David.

The attitude of mind of the founders of the State is well illustrated in a story told of Ethan Allen to the effect that once in passing through the town of Westminster when court was in session the doughty "Colonel" dismounted, hitched his horse and walking into the court room sat down to listen to the trial that was going on. Growing more and more dissatisfied with the slow and technical procedure, he finally arose and stalked to the front, unbuckled his sword and, laying it down on the table, with no little emphasis, addressed the judge as follows: "Your Honor, I don't care for your Black-stones or your white stones or your grave stones. I'll show you the right and wrong of this case." Which he then proceeded to do. The outcome is not recorded.

Ethan Allen's famous book, *The Oracle of Reason* — the full title of which is, *Reason, the Only Oracle of Man; or A Compendious System of Natural Religion, Alternately adorned with Confutations of a Variety of Doctrines incompatible with it* — indicates that the habit of restrained utterance did not settle down upon Vermont until after his day. There are few books which display greater confidence in an ability to solve all the problems of the universe by the unaided exercise of individual reason. No wonder Vermont, with such a heritage, has been characterized by independence. It is related that the

Vermont spirit descended upon one of those few renegade (so regarded) deserters from Congregationalism, warden of an Episcopal Church in a Vermont town, who, entering the church on a Sunday morning, beheld lighted candles upon the altar. Aroused to righteous indignation by the sight of this papistical enormity, he stalked sturdily up the aisle, deliberately blew them out, one by one, and went back to his pew — justified.

NO MENTION of the typical Vermonter would come within sight of him which failed to take note of his humor. It was pervasive, as well as evasive — his very own. It came out in the hay-field and on the husking-floor, at the church "sociable," at home in those long sittings at the supper table when the chores were done and the chairs drawn back, in the horse-sheds after church, and at "Town Meetin'," but never more cannily than while whittling.

It was, and is as far as it survives, a whimsical humor, delighting in what is left unsaid and in puncturing self-importance with caustic phrase. A Vermont lawyer sitting in his office absorbed in some urgent papers became dimly aware of some one entering. After a time looking up and perceiving the irate countenance of a self-important stranger, he exclaimed, "Oh! Take a chair. Take two!" Certain spendthrifts, chiefly lawyers — who couldn't afford it but who could retire, more easily than the farmer, their sense of thrift — began to smoke cigars. As in everything else, the Vermonter could tell a good article from a poor one. A friend of

mine recounts that when he was a student in Williams College he went to Woodstock, Vermont, to visit a classmate of his and one evening was invited by his friend's father to take a walk. As they sauntered down the street the elder man who was fondling a particularly expensive cigar — the mate of which he did not happen to have at hand to offer to the student — suddenly dropped it in the dirt. Hastily picking it up, he brushed it off and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven there's nothing dirtier than tobacco!"

The Vermonter was, and is, thrifty. That goes without saying. He had to be, or his farm would run down and bring upon him the scorn of the town, or perhaps bring him "on the town" — which was the final disgrace and horror, equalled only by the gallows. Yet he and his wife, especially his wife, were something of idealists, too, in their way. There was usually a copy of Longfellow's poems or Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* on the table, alongside the big family Bible and the stereoscope, in the parlor. In one corner of this highly honored and rarely used room was also a "what-not," covered thickly with sea shells, daguerreotypes, bright colored stones and curiosities. Wax flowers or mounted butterflies, in black walnut frames, adorned the walls alongside the wedding certificate, with photographs of the bride and groom, while not seldom a steel engraving of George Washington and his family, or one of the Rogers' groups of statuary, served as the *chef d'œuvre*.

THE Vermont woman has always been an artist unaware in one of the less renowned realms of art —

cooking. Her graham muffins, milk gravy, apple and mince pies, boiled dinners and Indian puddings should have been recognized as far more truly works of art, though more transient, than the embroidery and amateur painting done by the ladies of Boston or Philadelphia.

The virtues and accomplishments of his wife have not been unappreciated by her undemonstrative husband. His loyalty to her may be compared with the traditional loyalty of Vermont to the Republican party. He knows that she and the Republican party were all right once and fondly trusts they will be again.

The allusion to the refractoriness of the Vermont wife does not mean that such a thing has often happened. Quite the contrary. The Vermont woman has had her own qualities, as distinctive as those of the Green Mountain Boy. In the early days she was a gallant pioneer with him and bore her share of the task of hewing out a home in the wilderness with equal courage and greater devotion. Almost as great hardihood was demanded of her after Vermont had become one of the chief agricultural districts of America, for a Vermont farm has ever been an acid test of endurance. This test the Vermont woman has met, as a rule, magnificently — as her husband has (sometimes) realized. No man has been really prouder of his helpmeet than the true Vermonter — though he has seldom told her so. He coined, or re-coined, two expressive terms with which to pay tribute to her — in her absence — which are unsurpassed for concentrated complimentary completeness. When a man said of his wife in earlier days that she had

"faculty" he lifted her to the supreme pinnacle of encomium. By this expressive term he meant that she "had her wits about her" all the time and was equal to every situation from butter-making and Thanksgiving-dinner-getting to child-rearing and neighbor-nursing, and to every emergency, from a hive of bees swarming to a cow getting out of the pasture; and when he added "she's smarter 'n lightnin'" he crowned his tribute with a picturesque and triumphant phrase which it would be "hard to beat."

The Vermont woman had her own sphere of rule as well as of labor; and it was respected. It included the house, from cellar to garret, the shed and big buttery, lined with shelves of milk-pans, and the front dooryard, with its lilacs and cinnamon rose-bush and carefully cherished geraniums. The housewife never worked in the fields or the barn, almost never milked, and though she knew how to "hitch up" as well as her husband, seldom did so, except upon emergency. This was the work of the men-folks and they were as jealous of their realm as the women of theirs. Never a dish did the men-folks wipe, and never a pitchfork or rake did the women-folks touch.

The housewife was usually as well educated as the farmer, having attended the district school and often the academy. Vermont believed in the education of women and was one of the first states to open her University to women, as early as 1871. From the University of Vermont graduated the honored First Lady of the Land who from 1923 to 1929 displayed not only "faculty" but charm sufficient to make the White

House a home not only for her own family but for the nation and its guests as well. Vermont is as proud of Mrs. Coolidge as of former President Coolidge.

THERE is one incalculable native asset which Vermont has never fully assessed and appreciated — her natural beauty. The people of the State in general do not realize what a mine of wealth and enjoyment they have at their doors. Nor has the rest of the world realized at how little cost the best literature and music and art can be had — in the country as well as the city. Why should not Vermont set the pace in a return — or an advance — to a simple, refined country life, rich in the highest values? The time has come for a new type of American rural life that will differ widely from the peasant type of Europe and from the big intensive farming of the West — a hill-country type which does not aim to compete for wide markets, nor to get rich, but to *live* and enjoy the values of life near to Nature and also to culture — which can be had today almost as freely as Nature.

The simple life does not require a great deal of wherewithal, but too much scrubbing in the house and grubbing in the soil, to make ends meet, take the romance out of life. Can not Vermonters whittle out an answer to the problem of getting a living, so that this somewhat reluctant but none the less rewarding garden of the Lord may yet become, even more than in the past, not a paradise for the idle, nor a mere summer home for the opulent, but a hearthstone and shrine for true and cultured home-makers?

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



HOW MUCH effect will our depression have upon the literary output? If the jest of the moment in Wall Street and elsewhere is true, its strongest influence will be in the direction of a considerable reduction through the starvation of

authors. Downtown they are saying just now, by way of adding to the Christmas cheer: "Wait until February, 1932, and we'll all be looking back upon 1931 as a boom year." This remark is quoted partly because it is very significant of the existing psychological state; people have reached the point where they dash eagerly about with every bit of bad news, and enjoy being miserable, a human trait that is never wholly absent. Already publishers are looking for ways to trim sail, and finding the most obvious savings may be made through combinations of sales and shipping organizations, a lesson learned in certain European countries long ago. In fact, on this point we have always been far less efficient than the Germans, the Dutch, or the French; what Mr. Hoover delights to call our "rugged individualism" so often gets squarely in the way of our equally vaunted efficiency. The direct

effect of these mergers and "understandings" among publishers, to come back to the question of what the depression is going to do to our reading matter, may in time mean a step in the direction of the long-discussed reduction in the number of new books produced. It may

conceivably mean a reduction in the average quality of the books published, not an improvement, as so many people seem to expect; it may mean more "merchandise" fiction, intended for department store sales and circulating libraries; it may mean an increase in the publishing of pornography. Naturally enough, all these possibilities will react directly upon authors, whose future as a race has been far brighter than it appears to be at present.

The Public's Inspiration

WHAT the public really needs, a serious-minded friend of the Landscaper said a few days ago, is inspirational literature at a time like this, something to restore faith, not necessarily of a religious nature, but earnest and inspiring. He added: "The publisher who succeeds in getting hold of some books of this sort will have a gold mine." The

Landscaper looked carefully around among the stacks of recent books for signs of best sellers of this variety, but they were lacking. Among the outstanding recent successes are three or four picture books, of which *Stag at Eve* is a perfect example, smoking-car stories in line and legend, some of them funny and some not so funny. This is the kind of inspirational literature the public really wants when it has a headache. *Stag at Eve*, in case you did not receive it for a Christmas present, is published by Farrar and Rinehart; it is the "sophisticated" humor of the *New Yorker* carried a step—in some instances, several steps—farther. It has been the cause of serious traffic congestion in recent weeks; in fact, oftentimes there have been many times as many people trying to read the jokes in bookshop windows than have been in the shops themselves. Other books of this variety, if you like picture books, are O. Soglow's *Pretty Pictures*, which has a good many drawings of the King, at present one of the favorite characters of a good many of us; *Peter Arno's Circus* (Liveright, \$3), which has several drawings that might have graced *Stag at Eve*; and John Held's *The Works of John Held, Jr.* (Ives Washburn, \$3). This last volume, which should bring many a reminiscent tear to the eyes of every one belonging, as does the Landscaper, to Mr. Held's own generation, is not helped very much by the quality of the reproduction of Mr. Held's wonderful engravings, but the artist's own work is first-rate. If this volume should bring on an attack of sentimentality, Russell Crouse's *It Seems Like Yesterday* (Doubleday,

Doran, \$5) is exactly the thing to go on with, a collection of pictures with appropriate text, that will set the memories flooding.

The Busy Way-outers

THE only excuse the Landscaper has for getting under way with a group of such frivolous works is that the public seems to want them. In many respects an even funnier list might have been made up of serious books about the depression. The way-outers are an ever-increasing crop, and if 1932 does succeed in making 1931 look like a boom year, it is safe to predict that several hundred volumes of this sort will be published during the next year, and that publishers will receive several thousand manuscripts solving all the problems of the period, which will be returned promptly to their eager authors. One of the most interesting of books of this general character is Paul M. Mazur's *New Roads to Prosperity* (Viking, \$2), Mr. Mazur being a practising banker and economist, who has at least done some thinking about the situation. Mr. Mazur dislikes Mr. Ford intensely, although they have a good deal in common in their thinking. Mr. Mazur still believes in the system that went to smash in 1929, mass-production and sped-up consumption, high wages, short hours, and all the other elements that went into the making of a machine that was a good one while it ran. He has little to say about a subject that is coming increasingly to the fore, namely, the more even distribution of earnings through higher wages and salaries. This is a topic that can be discussed with calmness, since it is so purely academic.

This unofficial and exceedingly uneconomic observer remains skeptical of the system, probably because of some underlying emotional opposition. At bottom, it needs something like Ellis Parker Butler's deliquescent book to make it work properly. Mr. Butler hopes to save the publishing industry with this invention, a book that will simply liquefy after a given time. At the time the brilliant idea was advanced, the Landscaper suggested that modern science should be able to make a book that would not only deliquesce, but deliquesce into something potable, which would seem to be the perfect combination. There may be a chance for a combination of the publishing and wine-brick industries. . . .

Real Values and Prosperity

DURING the boom times, which we can all remember by straining a little, there was an alarming loss of sight of real values, granting for the moment that there are such things. For example, the automobile industry reached its peak not because it was filling an actual need, but because, with the help of advertising, it had persuaded people that they must buy a new car every year, or oftener. People bought suits of clothes and threw them away not at all because they had fulfilled their function, but because the new suits had longer lapels or fuller trousers. So with hats and shoes, and radios, and electric refrigerators, and millions of other things. It should have been fairly obvious to any sensible person that a prosperity resting upon any such foundation was in constant danger. The real value in all these things was present all the

time, merely waiting to be recognized. We are finding out about real values at present. Shall we forget completely if a miracle sets our machine in motion again? Is there a chance that we may know anything like economic stability if the actual needs of the country will not keep our industrial system at work? (This might be a good time for a little lecture on the tariff, but the Landscaper must not stray too far from his own corner.) Naturally the whole fictitious scheme, which, it must be granted, gave the country an astounding period of prosperity, could not have been built up without the ballyhoo of advertising, a business with a pretty bad record on the ethical side, and which could still do with a clean-up. Its dishonesties are more subtle now, but they are still present. Mr. Mazur's book, to return to the starting point of this ramble, is an intelligent piece of work, and well deserves a reading.

Two Hours a Day

A MORE Utopian volume on the same general subject is *America's Tomorrow* by C. C. Furnas, of the faculty of Sheffield Scientific School, which is subtitled: "An Informal Excursion Into the Era of the Two-Hour Working Day" (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2). Mr. Furnas thinks we shall satisfactorily dispose of the problem of what to do with our leisure, although the use most of us make of our free time at present gives little ground for such optimism, and that our increasing efficiency will make it possible for us to get all our work done in two hours a day. Allowing an hour a day for conferences of one sort or another, this does

make the outlook for American business men very bright indeed, and it ought not to be too hard on the laboring classes. As a matter of fact, if Mr. Furnas could just arrange to have it brought about toward the end of the depression, it would be especially appropriate, for people who have had no jobs at all for two years or more could stand the new schedule without pain. The Landscaper would not give the impression that he is opposed on principle to cheerful books such as this, but he finds it hard to overlook the bitter irony of talk of a two-hour day when several million people in the United States would welcome the chance to work twelve or fourteen hours a day for bread and shelter if they could only find jobs. They are, one supposes, merely the victims of a period of transition, which is all right in the long view, but not much help to the victims. Long views are hard to take on empty stomachs.

The University of Chicago Press has recently published a highly provocative small book on *Unemployment as a World Problem*, the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation Lectures, with John Maynard Keynes, Karl Pribram, and E. J. Phelan as contributors, the price being \$3. Mr. Keynes argues for the necessity of a mild type of inflation. The thesis of the book is that unemployment can not be satisfactorily handled without world-wide coöperation and that in time some form of super-government must be evolved if the problem is to be handled efficiently. This makes the outlook pretty gloomy just now, with tariff walls being shot skyward in all directions — modern science binds

the world together into a compact little bundle, making us all realize as never before that we are parts one of another, and then we raise economic barriers in every direction so as to check the free flow of goods, which some economists, at least, believe is fundamentally necessary to prosperity. In fact, when one looks back upon the passage of our most recent tariff legislation and thinks of its effect on world trade, it is hard to escape the blackest pessimism. (There, the Landscaper had to return to the subject, after promising earlier he would let it alone.)

First Aid to Pessimism

WHILE feeling pessimistic, suppose we read Frank H. Simonds' *Can Europe Keep the Peace?* (Harpers, \$3). The answer to Mr. Simonds' question is a thunderous NO! In fact, his book is so full of unrelieved gloom that a good many readers will feel, as did the Landscaper, that things never were quite so bad as they are represented here. Mr. Simonds has had remarkable opportunities for observation, and there are not many phases of human activity that will bear very close scrutiny without inducing pessimism in the observer. But the picture usually has another side. If, however, Mr. Simonds is a major prophet, we'd all better be collecting our fortitude, preparing to make hearty drafts on it during the impending months. Mr. Simonds insists that the Treaty of Versailles must be revised, and a good part of the world no doubt agrees with him, except the French, who hold the key to the situation.

For readers who are seriously

interested in France's mastery of Europe and its possible consequences, there is a remarkably fine book available, called *War and Diplomacy in the French Republic*, by Frederick L. Schuman of the Department of Political Science in the University of Chicago (Whittlesey House — McGraw-Hill, \$4). The subtitle is: "An Inquiry Into Political Motivations and the Control of Foreign Policy." There is an introduction by Quincy Wright. Professor Schuman is also the author of *The American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917*. He gives an admirable survey of the whole background of French foreign policy, sketches the building up of the existing colonial empire, and suggests hopefully that perhaps the League of Nations will be able to avert whatever of menace there lies in the current greatness of a militaristic nation. Since there is no more important factor in world affairs today than French diplomacy and foreign policy, this work should find many readers.

Other recent books in this general field that are interesting and valuable include *Germany Not Guilty in 1914*, by M. H. Cochrane (Stratford), a complete analysis of Bernadotte Schmitt's *Coming of the War, 1914*, and an attempted refutation of Professor Schmitt's arguments, with an introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes.

Count Dumba's Defense

MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT by Constantin Dumba is a book almost certain to arouse controversy because of its presentation of the other side of the case of the War-time Austrian Ambassador to the United States. Little, Brown are the publishers and the price is \$4. Josef

Redlich of the Harvard Law Faculty has written a brief introduction, in which he points out the work for peace that Dumba has done during recent years, and hopes that American readers will be willing to give him a hearing. Count Dumba was a diplomat of long experience before he came to this country, and it is very difficult to believe that he could have acted so stupidly as it appeared at the time. His story is one of no small historical significance, and good reading besides.

The biography shelf yields some treasure this month, beginning with Philip Guedalla's *Wellington* (Harper, \$5), which is in Mr. Guedalla's most dazzling style, and which offers a detailed study of every phase of the life and character of its subject, against a well-executed background of the times. Much of the interest in the book lies in its later chapters, since Mr. Guedalla has emphasized the peace-time activities of the Iron Duke and has tried to balance accounts with the Whig historians who have been anything else but kind to their Tory enemy. There are minor flaws in the large volume — Mr. Guedalla is not very good at battles, for example — but the book is a very real contribution, a full-length of a fascinating subject for portraiture. Then there is *Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile*, by George R. Stewart, Jr., of the faculty of the University of California, the first definitive biography of an American author whose life is curiously filled with contradictions. Perhaps it will come as a surprise that this chronicler of the life of the West was a good deal of a fop, and found life far more congenial in Europe than in this country. "He

wrote of frontier ruffians, but wore a monocle," is the way the blurb writer summarizes the situation. Harte was born in Albany, New York, and while he became one of the principal propagandists for California, really hated the State, or so Mr. Stewart reports on good authority. He lived twenty-four years in Europe, passionately American the whole time. Mr. Stewart has had access to many unpublished letters and other family documents, and has given us a thorough and comprehensive job. He has not yielded too far to the temptation to psychologize Harte, and has not attempted to weigh the value of the man's work, as he does not believe a combination of biography and critical study can be done with any degree of success. The Landscaper found his book extremely interesting and worth reading.

More About Maxim Gorky

THE life of another literary man, well removed in space and time from Harte, which is made the richer for the first-hand material it contains, is *Maxim Gorky and His Russia* by Alexander Kaun (Cape and Smith, \$5). The author has the advantage of close acquaintance with his subject. The later chapters dealing with Gorky's visit to this country with "a woman not his wife" are well done and highly revealing of the state of mind of Americans at the time. Mark Twain, it will be remembered, championed Gorky, and became the centre of a controversy that shook the nation by so doing. Gorky's amazingly self-revealing autobiography will continue to hold first place for some of

us, but Kaun's book is very valuable as a complement.

Those in search of information about potential candidates for the next Democratic nomination will find ample material. Ernest K. Lindley's *Franklin D. Roosevelt: A Career in Progressive Politics* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3) tells all there is to know about an admirable public figure; Frederick Palmer's two-volume work on *Newton D. Baker* (Dodd, Mead, \$7.50) is a fine piece of work, and, incidentally, admirable propaganda for the Ohio gentleman who is the Landscaper's choice for the next nomination. Baker's record will surprise a good many people, no doubt. Governor Albert Ritchie's life-story has not yet been told, so far as the Landscaper knows. On the other side of the fence, there are already a number of lives of Mr. Hoover available, and despite all rumors to the contrary, this observer does not believe it will be necessary to inform ourselves about any one else, not even Mr. Dawes and light-wines-and-beer. . . .

Mrs. Jefferson Davis

STUDENTS of Civil War History will find much of interest in the second volume of *Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis*, by Eron Rowland (Mrs. Dunbar Rowland), just published by Macmillan at \$4. This volume covers the war years, and especially with regard to Seward has Mrs. Rowland broken a good deal of fresh ground. There has always been discussion concerning the amount of influence Mrs. Davis exerted on her husband's policies and public acts, and Mrs. Rowland has interesting light to throw upon this

subject, as well as many others. Mrs. Davis was a woman of energy, character and intelligence, who knew life in all its transports and all its bitterness. A great deal of research has gone into the writing of this fine book, which is a permanent contribution to the history of a period that will have perennial interest for this country. Despite all that has been written about Davis himself, there are many questions about his character and personality that remain unsettled, and Mrs. Rowland helps us to see him from new angles. Mrs. Davis insisted upon having him greater than all those about him, and it is likely that this wifely vanity found a ready response in a man of great pride, much of whose strength lay in his certainty that he and his cause were right. Regardless of all this, however, Varina Howell is an interesting person in her own right and Mrs. Rowland has done a highly successful portrait of her.

One of the current biographies the Landscaper has not had a chance at, but which occupies a position high up on his list of unread books, is Frank Harris's *Bernard Shaw* (Simon and Schuster). Once a good many years ago, the Landscaper went to hear the redoubtable Harris lecture one Sunday afternoon in his Ninth Street quarters. The subject announced was "Jesus and Shakespeare," and Harris talked for two hours about himself. This was typical of his whole career. He was an egomaniac, beyond question, and one hears that he remained an egomaniac to the end. But a book by Frank Harris in collaboration with Shaw could not be other than highly entertaining; its mere existence is remarkable enough, and

Shaw's help in putting out so revealing a volume another tribute to his honesty, or his passion for publicity. Speaking of Harris, Faro, Incorporated, have published *The Private Life of Frank Harris* by Samuel Roth, who is the head of the company just mentioned. Mr. Roth is a stormy petrel; he has often been in trouble with the censor, and deservedly, at least in some instances. He knew Harris, but most of his book is borrowed from Harris's own writings, including the autobiography, which now outsells *Ulysses* to Americans in Paris. It is, in fact, an astonishing attempt to take advantage of the talk that has gone on about the psychopathic revelations of Harris; Mr. Roth is also the publisher of an expurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and of a sequel to the Lawrence novel. He is likewise the publisher of *The Strange Career of President Hoover* by John Hammill, a scurrilous attack on the President that is being read by more decent people than one might expect. There ought to be something to say about Mr. Roth, but the Landscaper can not think of the words, except that he and his kind make things very hard for other authors and publishers who believe in free speech. It is a disagreeable subject: Let's leave it, but not without noting the dedication to *The Private Life of Frank Harris*, which reads "To Clement Wood, the only other man in America I know who could turn this trick." President Hoover has said nothing about suing for libel, but Clement Wood should. . . .

Word has just come in of the suppression of the Hoover book, which is hardly a loss to history or literature.

Mr. John Winkler Again

OTHER recent biographies that have passed this way without receiving as much time as they would seem to deserve include Charles C. Baldwin's *Stanford White* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50); and John R. Winkler's *Incredible Carnegie* (Vanguard, \$3.50). The Landscaper thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Winkler on the subject of Rockefeller and Morgan, and he has probably done as good a job with the Scot he has somewhere characterized as a "greedy little gentleman." There is a fine air of irreverence in Mr. Winkler's approach to his models; he can look a stack of gold dollars right in the eagles without a trace of knee-bending, and this is a healthy attitude. There has never been any reason for taking our millionaires seriously, unless we are ready to admit that an overdose of the predatory instinct is the most admirable thing in life.

Perhaps there will be a chance later for the Stanford White book. Speaking as one who has had many moments of pleasure from the surviving buildings of White, and as one who has often felt a sense of distress that most people know him only as the man killed by Harry Thaw, the Landscaper knows he would enjoy a sympathetic biography.

One of these days we shall need a large library to hold the books about Abraham Lincoln. Considering the fact that he lived a good deal less than a century ago, the amount of "hitherto unpublished" material concerning him that turns up every few months is simply astounding. In fact there is so much published already that there seems very little

chance to know the man, and we might as well reconcile ourselves to having him a myth. These remarks are prompted by the appearance of a two-volume work by Emanuel Hertz called *Abraham Lincoln: A New Portrait* (Liveright, two volumes, \$10). There is an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Mr. Hertz worships Lincoln, so his findings do not offer any titillating scandal. His industry is prodigious; is it possible that still more Lincoln material exists?

Important Novels to Come

THIS is between-seasons for fiction, but there will be plenty along in due time. The Landscaper hears, for example, that such distinguished novelists as James Boyd, Julia Peterkin, Manuel Komroff, Louis Bromfield, Isabel Paterson, and a half dozen others of equal interest, are well enough along with books to be reasonably sure that we shall have the pleasure of reading them in 1932. Christopher Morley's *Swiss Family Manhattan* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), a novelette in satirical vein, is already at hand, and offers the material for a pleasant evening. It is the story of a journey to the United States by a Swiss clerk in the League of Nations offices, with his family, consisting of a wife and two sons. Their airship is wrecked and they find themselves marooned high in the air on a skyscraper under construction. The clerk becomes a lecturer and his wife a speakeasy proprietor; later they open a filling station and hot dog stand, and settle down to be good Americans. This is a deft tale, with a good deal of sly humor, but its satire does not cut

very deep, and it will not greatly enhance its author's reputation. It is his first novel since *Thunder on the Left*. That most remarkable author, Ben Ames Williams, who is able, apparently, to turn loose his entire 267 pounds in producing fiction, has done a readable tale of an opera singer in *Honeyflow* (Dutton, \$2.50). Starting with the story when the singer is an orphan in New England and tracing her career to the end of her days at the Metropolitan, Mr. Williams manages to produce a credible portrait of a woman of genius; the author has made his reputation with popular stuff, but he can actually write better and more interestingly than a lot of his highbrow and more pretentious fellows.

Off to a rousing start is Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* (Harper's, \$3.00), a patchwork history of the Nineteen Twenties, written by a gentleman, who like a lot of the rest of us, lived through the period. This is a better title than Mr. Crouse's *It Seems Like Yesterday*, which belongs to a more remote period: the Twenties were only yesterday, but Mr. Allen knows that they seem much, much farther off. Time moves very quickly nowadays, partly, no doubt, because physical points of orientation disappear overnight, and ideas on many subjects change just as fast. Mr. Allen has used the Mark Sullivan method in writing his history of the Twenties, and the scornful may call it journalism, but it is good journalism; indeed, the Landscaper is not convinced that it isn't better history than accounts of political and military campaigns. Mr. Allen even

writes about Coolidge prosperity, and what he says has a far-off ring as if he were discussing a period of inflation in the valley of the Ganges, 5000 B.C. . . . His is an enjoyable book and deserves the success it is certain to have.

Comments on the Stage

ANOTHER book that will interest intelligent Americans is R. Dana Skinner's *Our Changing Theatre* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, \$3). Mr. Skinner is the dramatic critic for that fine Catholic Weekly, the *Commonweal*. He has a point of view; he thinks the theatre would be better off for a return to the romantic tradition, with glamour. He has spent some thirty years observing American plays, and so writes from a background of experience. His prose is chaste and ordered, clear and logical, so that it is a pleasure to read him, whether one agrees or not.

Still another distinctly American book that heartily deserves reading is Fred T. Pasley's *Muscling In* (Ives Washburn, \$2). Mr. Pasley wrote an excellent biography of Mr. Al Capone. He knows a lot about gangsters and racketeers. *Muscling In* is an account of the advance of this gentry from a connection with such illegitimate industries as rum-running to pretty nearly every industry of any importance in the country. Books of this sort ought to evoke a good deal of indignation on the part of the citizens whose pocketbooks are hit by the racketeers; at any rate, here is the evidence. Mr. Pasley believes that Prohibition helped racketeering to get a hold on the country which is rapidly becoming so tight that not

even a revocation of the Volstead Act would enable us to smash it. Prohibitionists will not enjoy *Muscling In*. Mr. Pasley believes the racketeers get a good deal more than enough graft every year to take care of all our unemployed and leave something over. He has done an alarming and valuable book; if somebody doesn't do something about the situation the fault will not be his.

A Wise and Funny Book

OTHERWISE, the Landscaper gazes upon a miscellaneous collection of books on a very wide variety of subjects. Before going on to these, he asks for a chance to mention again the funniest book of 1931, and one of the wisest, Will Cuppy's *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes*. Mr. Cuppy is recognized as an excellent reviewer of detective stories and a humorist of parts; he has never had anything like his due as a philosopher. It will not be news to the followers of this department that the Landscaper is but little impressed with the run of contemporary philosophers, but Cuppy is another matter. He is practical, although it can not be denied that there are metaphysical implications in many of his remarks about birds and animals, or about "Modern Man, Or The Nervous Wreck." It has been said that the answers to all the problems of existence are to be found in Mr. Cuppy's new book, which may be a slight exaggeration, but there are plenty of answers to plenty of questions, and many a good laugh besides. It is not often that the Landscaper pleads with his clients to spend money, but

How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes is worth what it costs, and will be even if by the time this is published we have gone off the gold standard.

One of the handsomest of the year's books in trade editions is Paul Rodier's *The Romance of French Weaving* (Stokes, \$10), a book which the Landscaper picked up without any feeling of burning interest, and which he found at once was not at all easy to lay aside. M. Rodier, whose own fabrics are widely known, has soaked up everything there seems to be to know about weaving in France, and has used his material to excellent advantage. There are many fine illustrations and if you did not use the book for a Christmas present, make a note somewhere that any friend you have who is intelligent and curious would enjoy owning a copy.

A Variety of Books


THE *Romance of Transportation* by Allison Hawks (Crowell, \$3), is an admirably done volume on all forms of transportation, with many pictures; *Through the Dragon's Eyes* by L. A. Arlington (Smith and Long, \$5) is a first-hand account of fifty years' service by an Englishman in the Chinese Navy, Customs, and Postoffice; *Strange Intelligence: Memoirs of the Naval Secret Service* by Hector C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby (Smith and Long), is an interesting account of a branch of the service about which very little is known by the public; and *Radio and Education, 1931* (University of Chicago Press, \$3) is a record of the proceedings of the National Advisory Council of Radio in Education which

should interest a good many people. Some of the remarks of men like Millikan about the possibilities of radio in education inspire the Landscaper with terror; what a dreadful instrument of propaganda is the radio! Granted that it has wonderful potentialities in education, greater, perhaps, than anything since the invention of the printing press, it is hard to be optimistic when one observes some of the things that have happened because of Gutenberg's invention, and its concomitant, universal literacy. It is well, however, that educators plan to make some

practical use of the air; after all, it should not be entirely filled with advertising matter.

A book of very general usefulness to the population of America is *Getting a Divorce*, by Isabel Drummond, a lawyer who lives in Philadelphia. It is published by Knopf and contains all the information any one might need, a practical handbook, in other words, and quite interesting to read as well. It might do as a gift to some of your friends whose bonds are beginning to gall, although the etiquette of such matters is still somewhat doubtful.





The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Agnostic Retort

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

I NOTE that Dr. Gaebelein returns to the fray in the December issue of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* with his usual urbanity and an article of appropriate title.

I am quite willing to leave the essentials of the argument with my original article, but it might be worth while to sprinkle a few drops of clarifying water to settle the dust and give readers a precise glimpse of the terrain traversed.

(1) Dr. Gaebelein charges that I fail to grasp "the easily verifiable effect of rebirth and conversion."

I have not challenged the remarkable transforming effects of religious experience. I have only demanded that these phenomena be subjected to the scrutiny of scientific psychology and their real character understood. Doctors in the time of Hippocrates and Galen knew that men were sick, but they had little or no knowledge of the real causes and nature of the maladies. Dr. Gaebelein cites the "blind man at the pool of Siloam" as though this were a verifiable historical episode, when the most elementary knowledge of history and Biblical scholarship would indicate that the presumptions are all against any such hypothesis. All the scholar of today insists is that we understand that religious experience, however transforming, is the product of secular psychological factors in the human personality, not the result of divine revelation or mediation.

(2) Dr. Gaebelein falls back upon missions as a definitive proof of the reality of religious experience.

No sane person doubts the powerful effect of supernaturalism over the minds of men — even over so excellent a mind as that of Dr.

Gaebelein. Certainly supernaturalism is tremendously potent with simple primitives. Their pre-Christian supernaturalism has already done fearful and wonderful things with them. As another version of supernaturalism, Christianity may certainly transform their lives, but so can and does Mohammedanism, Buddhism, New Thought, etc.

Nor is the fact that the Bible has been translated into 900 or more languages any significant contribution to human progress, if one holds that the reading of the Bible in any language is of little consequence in our Twentieth Century civilization, and that parts of the Bible could not well exert other than a harmful influence on any thoughtful believer. If missions could demonstrate the translation of the more important works of Wells, Havelock Ellis, Stuart Chase and others into 900 languages we might be far more gratified.

I am no apologist for Anthony Comstock, but the burden of proof is on Dr. Gaebelein to show that Paul was possessed of any more healthy or powerful mind than Anthony, and he certainly did not possess any more fierce energy in carrying out God's will as he understood it.

It may be conceded that John Chalmers did good in New Guinea. So could any devoted and decent man, whether a Christian or not and whether in New Guinea or New Mexico. What the pious Chalmers did in New Guinea was thoroughly matched by what the skeptic, Robert Owen, did in New Lanark a century and more back.

The Abels may have taught the natives that "head-hunting, infanticide, and ceremonial cannibalism are actually sinful and thus outrageous in the sight of a loving Heavenly Father." But it may be doubted whether the Abels gave them instruction in

history to show that cruel Jewish customs, heresy-hunting and its bloody results, the horrors of the Inquisition and torture, the devastating religious wars, and wage-slavery and economic oppression, have been tolerated by this same "loving Heavenly Father."

Dr. Gaebelein asks us to match a Raymond Lull, David Livingstone *et al.* by any product of non-Christian sociology. We can easily point to innumerable intrepid and devoted explorers and scientists who have risked their lives in the hope of adding to the sum total of human knowledge and thus to the progress of the race. In the old perspective, soul-saving would certainly have to be placed ahead of discovery, but hardly in the perspective of 1932 A.D. To be specific, Walter Reed might be matched against any of the martyrs of missions.

The matter of missions can not be settled by reference to any one article in the *American Mercury* or elsewhere. Against the one cited by Dr. Gaebelein might be put an earlier one on *The Part Time Missionary* exposing the dubious economic activities of many missionaries. To judge missions exclusively by either of these articles would be notoriously unfair. Over against Dr. Gaebelein's laudatory reference to foreign missions might be set the calm strictures of Julian Huxley and others as to what missions have done to retard or debase native civilization.

But the most conclusive argument is that we show sheer audacity in going abroad to Christianize as long as we permit the most "un-Christian" abuses to flourish and prosper unabated throughout this fair land of ours. It should be hard to look an overseas native in the eye as long as the blots of Centralia, Gastonia, Marion, Harlan, Mooney and Billings, Sacco and Vanzetti and the like are spread across our own map.

(3) As to the relative numerical strength of Christianity and Mohammedanism, Dr. Gaebelein forgets that Dr. Zwemer is not only a student of the Moslems but also an ardent Christian minister. He is likely to cite the population sources most favorable to Christianity. But this is not an important point. Much more relevant are Dr. Gaebelein's

references to the "unspeakable Turk" and other slighting observations on Mohammedanism. He fails to remember the fact that the Mohammedans developed a far higher civilization than the Christians during the Middle Ages. Further, he seems to have overlooked the fact that Mustapha Kemal has shown statesmanship of a far higher order than any Christian political leader of the post-War era.

(4) Dr. Gaebelein is willing at one point to rest the whole case for Christianity upon the fact that a drunkard was converted and cured by a verse from the eighth chapter of Romans. He asks us to match that by the achievements of science. We proceed without hesitation. Skilled psychiatrists and physicians are permanently curing thousands of alcoholic addicts each year by a technique which does not depend upon chance and unusual concatenations of experience.

(5) He further asks us to match a Jerry McAuley by a product of materialistic evolution. Well, we may produce Clarence Darrow forthwith, certainly a far more useful type of public-spirited citizen than the sentimentally fanatic McAuley.

(6) Dr. Gaebelein returns to the issue of Biblical criticism.

Perhaps some conservative theologians hold that the term "day" means an indeterminate period of time. But that is not what the Jews meant when they wrote down this term in Genesis. They meant twenty-four hours, no more nor less.

Dr. Gaebelein reiterates his assertion that the mass of orthodox believers do not hold that God dictated the Bible. Well, certainly the burden of proof of any such contention is on him not me. Further, if they do not, they must have great logical difficulty in maintaining most of their beliefs and practices. Perhaps Dr. Gaebelein and Dr. Machen do not, but their notions have no bearing on the beliefs of a Southern Baptist elder.

As to Jericho, we have never argued anywhere that it was not an historic city. What we object to is the assertion that Joshua's band toppled it in the dust. We

(Continued on page X)

The North American Review

VOLUME 233

MARCH, 1932

NUMBER 3

France vs. Germany

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Who believes that there is less inherent enmity between the two than most people think, and that reconciliation is not only necessary for world peace, but possible

THE enmity between France and Germany is the chief obstacle to peace: this opinion is held in common by such widely different authorities as Lord Robert Cecil, Senator Borah, and Oswald Garrison Villard. In spite of these impressive names, we remain unconvinced. It seems to us that — most unfortunately — there are four or five, nay six or seven, still greater obstacles to world peace; without mentioning *human nature*, the stock argument of the bellicists. First and foremost, the refusal of the most powerful nation on earth to shoulder definite and binding international responsibilities: no amount of pious wishes such as the Kellogg Pact will counteract the nefarious influence of our "sacred egoism." Next, we should name the refusal of the second greatest power, England, to admit the freedom of the seas, and to renounce every thought of naval supremacy. Then there comes the abnormal situation of the third

greatest power, Russia: a colossal Ishmael, constantly menaced and menacing. Fourth, the policies of frenzied nationalism, more outspoken than any Bismarckian doctrine of blood-and-iron, professed by two great countries, Japan and Italy: both with inadequate territories and a bursting population — a challenge the world might do well to heed. And the chaotic impotence of China is a perennial incentive to violence. Compared with any of these menaces, the back fence squabbles between Marianne and Michael seem harmless enough. We are apt to overemphasize them, because we are historically minded and learn history rather slowly: so we are inclined to fight over again the wars of yesterday, instead of averting the wars of tomorrow. But, whether or not it be entitled to primacy, there is no denying that there is such a thing as a permanent conflict between France and Germany. It would be a great day for the world if the two neigh-

bors could at last live in peace and amity. I firmly believe that American opinion can help in that good work; help by throwing its weight on the right side, which happens to be neither the side of "France," nor the side of "Germany." The blind and virulent anti-Germanism of the hysterical years did incalculable harm; the more subdued, more insidious Gallophobia of today is hardly better.

France is no favorite with us at present, although few Americans would follow Hearst and Villard in declaring her "the enemy of mankind." Many of us accept the view that France is bent, relentlessly, upon the destruction of Germany: "*Delenda est Germania.*" Germany was deprived of vast provinces in Europe, and of all her colonies, whilst she is denied the one possible compensation, union with Austria. She lost some of her vital mines in the Saar and in Upper Silesia, and at the same time was burdened with preposterous indemnities. All her neighbors are financed, armed, drilled against her by France, and her armaments are reduced to a mere shadow. When German ingenuity packs unexpected power into a "pocket battleship," France takes offense and compels Germany to give up her naval programme, although it is literally within the limits of the Versailles Treaty. When President Hoover makes a generous move to save Germany from bankruptcy and chaos, the French hesitate and haggle. Naturally, our sense of fairness rebels. At the time of the Tangier trouble, Clemenceau said: "The yoke which Germany is trying to fasten upon us does not fit the French neck. Yoke or neck, one or the other, must be broken." Well

said, and no less true when truculence changes sides.

This picture of France's haughtiness is plausible, because it is consistent. But let us not forget that there may be a companion picture, just as convincing: the facts are the same, you have only to give a twist to the kaleidoscope. Many Frenchmen have a vivid, nightmarish vision of Germany unrepentant, unchastened; bent on evading or tearing up treaties, eluding proven responsibilities, defaulting on just obligations; Germany faking bankruptcy whilst embarked on extravagant social expenditure; Germany resuming a course of expansion, by means of insidious propaganda and intrigue today, by sheer force tomorrow; Germany still pursuing Pan-Germanism, *Mittel-Europa*, continental hegemony, world empire; a Germany still Bismarckian to the bone, who will understand and respect no right unsupported by might.

Both pictures are horrific; both are partially true. We once believed the worst about the War Lord: in compensation, we are now willing to believe the worst about his conquerors. There is, however, a difference. To admit the Junkerism of the Prussians, we had only to take them at their word; even today, the latest Bismarck monuments emphasize the sword, and barbaric power. But before we can cast M. Pierre Laval in the rôle of Attila, and M. Aristide Briand as Tamburlaine the Great, our imaginations will need a great deal of stretching.

The key word in the controversy is "relentless": we believe that France is essentially vindictive. She does not know how to forget and forgive. Did she not, for half a century, nurse an

ideal of revenge? We are no saints: but we can not help contrasting this ineradicable Gallic spite with our Anglo-Saxon sportsmanlike spirit: we are ready to shake hands at once with a defeated foe.

Is all this true? A wrong translation may be a public calamity. Our misconception of the French character is due, to a large extent, to the fact that we have no exact equivalent for the word *revanche*: "revenge" is wide of the mark. *Revanche* means an appeal to justice, a second chance, a vindication. When Dreyfus was reinstated in the French army, promoted, decorated on the very spot that had witnessed his degradation, he had his *revanche*: unmarred by any trace of "revenge," for none of his persecutors suffered punishment. When Clemenceau, the last survivor of the deputies who had protested against the tearing away of Alsace-Lorraine, signed the treaty restoring the two provinces to France, *revanche* was complete, *revanche* without hatred:

"Et nous désapprendrons la haine à nos enfants . . ."

"And we shall root out hatred from our children's hearts," said the poet of *revanche*, Paul Déroulède.

Throughout history, France has shown the greatest facility to forget ancient feuds. The many wars between France and England in the Eighteenth Century did not stem the tide of Anglomania: between campaigns, Englishmen were fêted in Paris. A few years after Fashoda, and the indignation created by the Boer War, France and England established their *Entente Cordiale*. French and Russian soldiers fraternized in the trenches before Sebastopol: sovereigns and Governments

were friends again before the ink of the treaty was dry. Immediately after the Italian campaign of 1859, France and Austria were thoroughly reconciled.

France was conscious, from 1871 to 1918, of an unredressed injustice; she is conscious today of an ever-present danger: but she bears no ancient grudge. Against Germany she has no *Erbfeindschaft*: the word is not French. On the contrary, there has been in France a constant feeling of admiration and sympathy for Germany. Madame de Staël's idealized picture of that country was long accepted as literal truth. Philosophers, poets, historians, musicians, were constantly seeking inspiration beyond the Rhine. "Our mother Germany," said Michelet; "*Ave Germania Mater*," said Victor Hugo. "When I was first initiated into German literature," wrote Ernest Renan, "I felt as though I were entering a temple." The Nordic Myth was chiefly created by a Frenchman, Count de Gobineau. Jaurès, as true a Frenchman as ever lived, was close to the heart of Germany. Romain Rolland today is by no means alone in his active pro-Germanism. At the other pole of French life and thought, we find Marshal Lyautey, a Lorrainer, a soldier, the descendant of soldiers: Lyautey refers to the war of 1871 as "a fratricide"; to the war of 1914 as "a civil war."

Even since 1919, reconciliation has proceeded with a rapidity far more impressive, for the careful observer, than the shrill quarrels of journalists and politicians. German scientists, writers, musicians, have been heartily welcomed in Paris. Einstein, as was fitting, broke the ice; Thomas Mann followed, Fritz von Unruh,

many others. No doubt there are *Franzosenfresser* and *Mangeurs de Boches* — local versions of a universal type not unknown among us. I have seen with my own eyes unregenerate Southerners who had not yet forgiven Lincoln, and even a New England lady who kept alive the venerable rancors of the Revolutionary War. The hateful book of Rudolf Herzog, *Wieland der Schmied*, was a best-seller. But in spite of all the sowers of tares, it is no longer treason for Frenchmen and Germans to meet as friends.

II

THERE is no unextinguishable hatred, therefore, between the two nations: only a misunderstanding. And that misunderstanding does not prevail among *all* people: only among the extremists on both sides. The struggle is not between "France" and "Germany" (I have sought elsewhere to show how mischievously artificial those entities were): but between the forces of reconciliation and the forces of suspicion in France and in Germany. It is not a duel between those wise old men Hindenburg and Doumer: but a cordial collaboration between the Briand spirit and the Stresemann spirit against the combined forces of Maurras and Hitler. With, in both nations, the Communists watching gleefully, eager to help the reactionaries destroy the moderates — as Kornilov undermined Kerensky.

The root of the evil, as we all know, is the unholy peace of Versailles. Not that its actual clauses are irremediably bad. European affairs were so tangled up that no ideal solution was conceivable. On a terri-

tory inhabited by three races, you can not satisfy all three, even if you grant them all equal privileges. It might be difficult indeed to devise a better compromise; it would be very easy to imagine a worse solution. The curse of Versailles is not in its text, but in its method and spirit: a more insidious curse, less tangible, much harder to remove.

By the revolution of November 9, 1918, Germany turned against the Hohenzollern Empire, condemned it, *joined the Allies in that condemnation*. This, and not the smashing of the Hindenburg line, was the Allies' great victory. If we take the view that the Kaiser's Government was right, then the German Republic is a traitor that stabbed the Fatherland in the back. Justice, generosity, policy should have compelled the Allies to treat the New Germany as a potential friend, to admit her at once to the council table. There was a famous precedent. The Allies of 1814, defenders of Legitimacy, admitted at once the restored Bourbon dynasty as one of themselves. Talleyrand took a leading part in the Congress of Vienna. He played up the acknowledged principle of Legitimacy to France's advantage, just as, no doubt, the Germans would have played up, to their advantage, Wilson's Fourteen Points. Why not? Talleyrand, with all his cleverness, was securing nothing more than plain justice for France — when Napoleon returned from Elba and changed the temper of Europe.

Instead, the Germans were barred from the discussion altogether: an unprecedented act of highhandedness. Bismarck had no chivalry in his nature, and France was prostrate

in 1871: yet France could at least argue her case at Frankfort. Republican Germany was considered as absolutely identical with imperial Germany. The stigma of guilt was imposed upon her. Peace was forced, not by reason, but by hunger, upon a disarmed foe.

Who is responsible for this, one of the most tragic blunders in history? No one, that is to say every one. Certainly we no less than the French. We had a perfect right to insist upon a full and free discussion, on the bases laid down by Woodrow Wilson. We refrained. We were at that time even more blinded by hate than the French: it was Pershing, not Foch, who regretted that our troops had not crushed their way to Berlin.

Arguing with the Germans would have wasted precious time, when the world's need was immediate peace? But, for lack of a sound basis in principle, the discussions among the Allies were infinitely protracted and painful; they resulted in a bastard peace that is no peace. Twelve years afterwards, the task is still undone, and is more delicate than ever.

As a result of this great betrayal, the nationalist spirit flared up again in Germany; and the German Republicans found themselves in a tragic quandary. Rejected by the Allies, they had to compromise with the extremists. If they were to keep at the head of affairs, save the Revolution, avert a European catastrophe, they had to prove to their own people that they were not weaklings, dupes or traitors. So they had to resist and defy the Allies, knowing full well it was in vain. Never yielding except before a new show of force, they made France appear as

an ogre; whilst they confirmed the French militarists in the belief that Germany understood nothing but the whip. The very men who had deposed William II were thus led to stir up German pride by Bismarckian methods. The *Anschluss* of Austria, the "pocket battleships," the festering quarrel with Poland, are not necessities of German life: they are necessities of German home politics. Snarling at France is chiefly an attempt to forestall Hitler and his ilk. A confused situation, which the years have not made less confusing.

But if the Allies — and their "associate," America — made an incalculable mistake at the time of the Armistice, this is no reason why Germany and her sympathizers on this side should make the same mistake today. If William II was deposed in 1918, Poincaré and Millerand, the men of the Ruhr, were defeated in 1924. Poincaré was called back to power: but purely as a financial expert, to save the franc that his Ruhr policy had first put into jeopardy. Poincaré had to put up meekly with the foreign policy of Briand; and if Briand has shown traces of fatigue, the rising man, Pierre Laval, reveals the same desire for sanity and conciliation.

The task therefore is to eliminate the Versailles poison. But it can not be done by means of war: for the damning fault of Versailles is that it prolonged the war spirit into times of alleged peace. And by war, we do not understand purely the mowing down of soldiers: we understand, with Clausewitz, the attempt to break the opponent's will. What our American pacifists are advocating is war against France. Neither the will

of France nor the will of Germany should be broken, even by economic pressure, threats or intrigues: those wills should be enlightened and purified. Tearing up Versailles would be an act of war; amending Versailles, making it gradually obsolete and innocuous, is a slow, but not an impossible task.

Some Frenchmen may take an uncompromising attitude: their resounding "Never!" is bluff, even though they themselves are duped by it. There is not one French Government in the last ten years that has not whittled down something of the sacrosanct treaties. Lloyd-George's nonsense: "Hang the Kaiser!" was the first thing to go; and gone also is his marvelous promise of squeezing the Boches "till the pips squeak." Through a weary series of conferences and American plans, the reparations have repeatedly been toned down; and the end is not yet. France considers now Locarno, not Versailles, consent, not force, as her legal title to her Eastern frontier. The Rhine has been evacuated long ahead of schedule. And it was Briand who welcomed Germany into the League of Nations, with a permanent seat in the council.

Versailles is crumbling by imperceptible degrees. The process could be immeasurably quickened if only France volunteered to expunge the "guilt" clause. This clause, which claims to be *moral*, is morally invalid because it was exacted by force. It is unjust as applied to republican Germany. There is no sense at present in condemning the defunct Hohenzollern Empire: the very existence of the German Republic is its condemnation. It would not be nec-

essary to convene all the signatories of Versailles: a one-sided declaration on the part of France would suffice.

This clause expunged, Germany would be automatically liberated from any punitive indemnity, such as the one imposed upon France in 1871; she would not be liable, either, for the cost of the War to the Allies. But she would not be excused from *reparations*. For the sake of peace, the world must learn that it does not pay to be the aggressor. And, in spite of all quibbling, the aggressor is the one who fires the first shot. Let there be no first shot, there will be no war. If we admitted the Prussian plea, that a nation in self-defense may strike first, the lesson of 1914-18 would have been in vain. "Guilty" or not, whoever crosses his neighbor's frontier should be held accountable for every damage done beyond. If Germany, like France, had held her troops ten kilometers within her own boundaries, the whole tragedy would have been averted.

But this question of reparations, so far as France and Germany are concerned, has become almost purely academic. Some Frenchmen may have hoped that inter-Allied debts would be canceled, on the plea of "the common cause," whilst the German obligations would stand. This fine scheme has been ruined twice over. The nationalism of Clemenceau and Poincaré has destroyed the claims of the "common cause"; and the fact is plainly evident that Germany, long excused from any indemnity or War costs, is unable to pay even adequate reparations. Not paid by Germany, France can not pay us: after ten years of wilful blindness, we have at last recog-

nized (if only for one year) the connection between debts and reparations. International indebtedness reaching astronomic figures has proved "the great illusion," as Norman Angell told us long before now. Germany's just debt to France, and France's just debt to us, will go the same way, *viz.*, overboard. After all, we grew rich during the War and through the War, whilst both of them were impoverished; and we can gain more even today by general cancelation than by forcing either or both into bankruptcy. There no longer is a special Franco-German problem: there is a triangular Franco-German-American problem; and its solution is within easy reach.

(It may be that, for the sake of sticklers in Washington and Paris, the horrific word *cancelation* will never be uttered by responsible lips. There will only be a new "adjustment": France making nominal payments to us, and retaining a nominal margin towards reparations. Or we might all pay each other in full, in the form of unsalable bonds without interest: anything to save the valuable face of the politicians.)

III

IF, THROUGH a generous gesture, the spirit of confidence were encouraged, the actual causes of quarrel between France and Germany would lose their sting. We can only pass a few of them in rapid review, to show that in all cases their acuity is due to stubbornness and pride, rather than to the clash of permanent and vital interests.

We consider it a great sin, on the part of the French, to have a military understanding with Poland.

Poland is called the cat's paw, the hireling of France. Here again, generosity would be far less blind than distrust. We should realize, for one thing, that the Polish alliance is for France a liability, not an asset. Locarno has liberated France from worries on the Rhine: she does not relish having to assume responsibilities on the Vistula. We should not forget that sympathy for martyred Poland is a long tradition in France — not the result of a shady deal between Millerand and Pilsudski. "Ever since the partition of Poland," said Father Gratry, "Europe has been in a state of mortal sin." Paris saw repeated demonstrations urging the Government of the day to a Polish crusade. The only time when Prince Napoleon and Empress Eugénie were in agreement was when both desired that France should intervene in favor of Poland in 1863. Czar Alexander II, coming to Paris as a friend, was greeted with the cry: "Long live Poland!" We may shake our heads at disinterested sympathies: but cynicism is not invariably a safe guide. The enthusiasm for American independence under Louis XVI, for Greek emancipation under the Restoration, for Italian liberation and unity in 1859, for the Boer Republics in 1899, can not be dismissed as purely Machiavellian. France is not all sentiment, any more than we are; but France, like ourselves, is not free from sentiment either. Now France knows that the Prussians, trained to despise the Poles, are not resigned to the loss of their Polish provinces; they can not admit that a single German should live under the Polish flag. So long as they have not accepted the necessity

at least of a reasonable compromise, there will be no peace. And France is determined that Poland shall not be sacrificed again.

It may seem absurd that East Prussia should be separated from the main body of the Reich by a Polish Corridor; it would be no less absurd if a country of thirty millions should be shut off from the sea by a tenuous German Corridor. Both alternatives have their drawbacks: economically, the present one is the less objectionable, for the trade of Poland with her one great port is far more vital than the trade of East Prussia with the rest of Germany. But the determining factor is that the population of the famous Corridor is overwhelmingly Polish: it was recognized as such by German geographers before the War. France has no sympathy with the governmental methods of Poland; she recognizes, however, the desperate situation of the newly reborn country, between irreconcilable Russia and unreconciled Germany. For her understanding with Poland, France would like to substitute pacts of non-aggression between Poland and her neighbors. The "security" which is the keynote of France's policy does not mean security for herself alone: it is a principle, not a privilege.

Take the *Anschluss*: no doubt there are French people who have appointed themselves, oddly enough, the keepers of the Bismarckian tradition: for it was Bismarck, in 1866, who disrupted ancient Germany, and drove Austria out of the fold. They dread the accretion of several millions to the overwhelming millions of Germany. But Germany would be less aggressive if she were bi-

cephalous; and Vienna alone is capable of counterbalancing Berlin. That which they fear they can not prevent through "scraps of paper": if Austria is really at heart with the Reich, she would fight by the side of the Reich in the next war. In 1870, the Southern German States arrayed themselves by the side of Prussia, although the formal unity of the Empire was not realized until seven months later. So it is vain to keep those two apart, if they choose to be one: Wilsonism is in agreement with sober common sense.

But France had a perfect right to resent the manner in which the last move for union was taken. It savored too much of Bismarckian duplicity. It was offered, for one thing, as a purely economic agreement, in no wise political. Everybody knew that Austria and Germany were suffering from exactly the same evils and were in no position to help each other in the economic field. The proper kind of a customs union would be for each industrial state to join an agricultural state — for Germany to combine with Poland, for Austria to associate with Hungary. A *Zollverein*, to be workable, implies the same labor legislation, the same fiscal principles, the same trade policy: in a word, complete assimilation between its members.

The French resented particularly the surreptitious method in which the thing was concocted. All the nations of Europe were engaged in discussing the problem of federating the continent; and behind their backs, those two brewed a special understanding of their own. It was a pitiful attempt to score a point for

prestige; and it did incalculable harm to the cause of reconciliation.

But we must remember that the French extremists also were defeated. France did not, at their dictation, use the threat of her sword as an *ultima ratio*: she submitted the matter to the World Court. She won by a single vote: a solemn warning that international opinion would not favor a dog-in-the-manger policy. In a very few years, under more favorable circumstances, it is practically certain that this vote will be reversed. In the coming United States of Europe, Austria will no doubt be free to reënter the Germanic Body.

We fully agree with the Germans that one-sided disarmament is oppressive and contrary to the promises implied in the Versailles Treaty. The remedy, however, is not a return to the senseless race for military and naval supremacy: all nations should disarm, even as Germany — none too willingly — has disarmed. As the protagonist of radical disarmament, Germany had a splendid part to play in world politics. The "pocket battleship" affair, on the contrary, was another of those tricky victories that are more costly than defeats. Strictly within the letter of the law, Germany managed to resume the race for power. The normal reply to such a challenge would be a still more expensive French battleship; Italy would have to follow suit; England and ourselves would be caught in the whirl.

The question of the former German colonies does not concern France and Germany alone; nor even France, England and Germany. Italy has already served notice that, if a new deal were made, she would have claims to advance: and we may be

sure they would not be modest. If Italy, why not Japan and Poland, who also have teeming populations and no sufficient outlet? It is obvious that England, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, as well as France, have far too much, and the rest of the world too little. Redistribution would be fraught with difficulties and dangers. The solution lies rather in the principle of the Open Door. The former colonies of Germany now under French control are not suitable for white settlement. Let them be developed for the interest of the natives, with equal opportunities for all Europeans. An industrial and commercial Franco-German condominium is an idea which M. Caillaux was willing to accept twenty years ago, and which is capable of application today.

The present leaders of France and Germany are reasonable men: far more reasonable than the pro-German pacifists and the anti-French bellicists in this country. They fully understand that salvation can not come by reopening the old quarrels, but by leaving them resolutely behind. "The way out is forward." Any shrieking denunciation of France gives aid and comfort, not to Hindenburg, but to Hitler. Every electoral victory for Hitler, every noisy demonstration of the Steel Helmets, is a victory for the French chauvinists against Briand and Laval. We do not want to see either France or Germany under the other's yoke: we want to see the will to prideful mischief broken in both, and, in both, the will to reconciliation exalted. It can be done, and we can help, if we abandon all thought of coercing, if we are willing to understand and sympathize.

Let Malthus Be Dead!

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

Why, in a supposedly intelligent world, should there be this urge toward increasing populations?

IN THE year 1800 there were about seven hundred million people in the world. In the year 1900 there were about one billion, seven hundred million. It took the human species a million or more years to pile up a net aggregate of less than three quarters of a billion. Then, in the next hundred years, it added a billion more. The Nineteenth Century accomplished nearly fifty per cent more in the way of accumulating population than the entire previous span of human existence.

And yet there are persons who are frightfully disturbed over any decline in the rate of population growth!

There is scarcely any aspect of applied social science so infused with emotion, tradition, prejudice, convention, fear and romantic mysticism as the question of population. In spite of the large and increasing amount of scientific study given to the question in recent years, there still remains a vast amount of misunderstanding, and ill-informed and biased thinking on the subject.

The population of the world much more than doubled in the Nineteenth Century. The simplest arithmetical process is enough to demon-

strate what utterly fantastic results would ensue if this rate were to be continued for even one thousand years. In the United States the situation is accentuated. When we took our first census in 1790 there were about four million people in the country. The census of 1930 enumerated nearly one hundred and twenty-three million. The population had increased over thirty-fold in 140 years. Imagine what this country would be like if we had thirty times the present population 140 years from now! That would be nearly twice as many people as there are in the whole world today. If we were to continue increasing at the rate that prevailed even as late as the years just before the World War, by the end of this century — a date that many of us would live to see — the United States would be considerably more crowded than China is today.

A continuance of the past and present rates of increase would inevitably bring calamity unimaginable. How strange, then, that people should become so alarmed over any sign that the old rate of increase is slowing up!

THERE are several explanations for this widespread consternation. The first is, that we have become so habituated to a rapidly growing population that we have come to think of it as normal. During the lifetime of any one living today, rapid increase has been the rule. It is hard, then, to realize that any other situation may ever have prevailed. To a robin, hatched out last June among green leaves, warm sun, soft showers, and ripening fruit, it must seem that the end of the world is coming when in the autumn the leaves begin to fall, the days grow shorter and the cold winds come howling out of the north.

This illusion affects even the statisticians. Practically all the vital statistics with which they have to work date from one hundred or less years ago. Practically every authentic curve of population growth shows a pronounced upturn. It is the easiest thing in the world, accordingly, to assume that if we had data for antecedent periods, the same general tendencies would be manifest. But this is pure assumption, and indeed, assumption contrary to fact. There is nothing inherently and necessarily constant or consistent about the curves of vital statistics themselves. Statistics are merely a graphic representation of actual phenomena. The phenomena themselves are governed by an intricate complex of forces, which may vary so widely at different times as to produce very dissimilar results.

In point of fact, during the long span of human existence the population of the world must have been nearly stationary. If there are two billion people in the world today,

and if man has been in existence a million years, it follows that the average increase of population the world over has been only 2,000 a year. Or if we consider the population up to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the average annual increase was only 700 a year. And the United States alone added 17,000,000 in the last ten years! (Of course, this is a rather extreme use of the simple arithmetical average, but it suffices to illustrate the point.)

The law of Nature is the law of stationary population. Man, by his special human devices, has succeeded in escaping this law hitherto. But his advance was by infinitesimally slow stages up to the last two or three hundred years.

A virtually stationary population is normal. It is a rapidly increasing population that calls for explanation, and that should serve as a signal of alarm.

Naturally enough, the question arises: what accounted for the phenomenal increase of the past century and a half? Are the factors that underlay it permanent? Can we count on a continuance of their operation into an indefinite future?

The specifically human devices whereby man has been able thus far to escape the law of stationary population, and to maintain a continuous, even though very gradual, increase in numbers fall into two main categories. The first is the acquisition of new land. The second is the development of an economic culture, which has enabled him to make the resources of the land much more fully and efficiently available for his own uses than any of the lower animals.

The Nineteenth Century saw an extraordinary development in both these fields. The discovery of America, three centuries earlier, had opened up half a globe to the advanced and aggressive peoples of the world. The possibilities of this great new acquisition began to come to fruition about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. At the same time there originated the most spectacular advance in economic culture, probably, that humanity had ever known — what we have come to know as the Industrial and Commercial Revolutions. This combination of advantages gave mankind a chance for expansion materially, and in population, such as it had never had before. The record of the Nineteenth Century was man's reply.

Unless one can believe that a similar conjunction of fortunate circumstances may recur from time to time, there is no ground for hope that the population history of the Nineteenth Century can be duplicated at any time within the foreseeable future. An exact duplication is manifestly impossible. One of the two causal factors has come to an end, and will never be revived. The acquisition of new land, which had done man such yeoman service for a million years, reached its grand climax with the appropriation of the American continents. There is now no more land to discover. The population growth of the future must rest upon further developments of the industrial arts, and, stupendous as these may be, it is vain to expect that they alone can suffice to provide for increase at the rate of more than doubling every one hundred years. It is virtually certain that the Nineteenth Century

will remain unique in all the future, as it has in the past, of man's development. To generalize about social trends and human destiny on the basis of the Nineteenth Century is the most pernicious kind of fallacy.

A SECOND reason for the widespread dismay aroused by a reduction in the rate of population growth is that it is being effected by a decline in the birth rate. This is very generally interpreted as a sign of degeneration, or social decadence of some sort. This is doubtless due to the fact that until very recent times every vigorous people, sound physically and socially, has in point of fact displayed a relatively high birth rate. By a natural, though not wholly sound, logical process it has come to be assumed that a high birth rate is a sign of national virility, and a low birth rate, or still worse a declining one, a mark of some unwholesome condition. France, with its relatively low birth rate, has been viewed by other nations with a mixture of scorn and pity. This is particularly striking in view of the fact that in Nature the universal rule is that every ascent in the scale of evolution, toward greater specialization and higher organization, is characteristically accompanied by a reduction in the rate of fecundity. The prodigious spawning of the lower organisms is replaced in the higher types by a very limited fecundity, while intelligence and parental care take the place of blind chance as a guarantee of the survival of a sufficient number of offspring to provide for the perpetuation of the species.

The testimony of Nature, then, would lead us to expect in man the

highest development of this tendency, and this is exactly what we find. Man has always had a very low birth rate compared to most of the lower animals, but has been able to keep up his numbers, and actually to increase them, by the application of certain capacities more highly developed in him than in any other species. One final stage in this process is now taking place, and in fact accounts largely for the phenomena which arouse the uneasiness which we are discussing. This is the introduction and wide dissemination of birth control knowledge and practice. It is inevitable that alarm over the declining birth rate and rate of population growth should be linked up with, or manifest itself in the form of, attacks on birth control.

To evaluate properly these attacks, and really to understand the whole situation, it is essential to bear constantly in mind the fact, already pointed out, that the phenomenal and unprecedented increase of the Nineteenth Century *had* to be checked. On simple physical grounds it could not have gone on indefinitely, and a continuation for even a brief time would have involved incalculable danger, suffering, and loss of standards of living. The only question was how the reduction was to be achieved.

There are only two possible ways of effecting a reduction in the rate of population growth. One is by increasing the death rate. The other is by diminishing the birth rate. Nature's way is the former. Nature enforces her law of stationary population by an appalling toll of death, particularly of the new-born, and allows the exuberant fecundity of

her creatures to go on unchecked. But man, for reasons of his own, has always fought against this method of Nature. One of the most universal social objectives, at all times and in all places, has been the diminution of the number of deaths, or, in other words, the prolongation of life. During the past one hundred and fifty years man has been increasingly successful in this undertaking.

Now in the face of this steady reduction in the death rate, patently desirable for its own sake, what was man to do when faced with the inevitable necessity of checking the rate of population growth? Was he to reverse his entire previous policy, abandon all the life-saving expedients so assiduously won, and allow the death rate to spring back to twenty-five or thirty per thousand? Such a solution was unthinkable. The only other alternative was to bring about a decline in the birth rate. Nature would not do this for him. He had to discover distinctively human ways of accomplishing it. In the opinion of many, certain aspects of modern civilization were automatically producing this result. But in any case, they were not going far enough. The only possible expedient was an intelligent, rational, and voluntary limitation of births, an adjustment of fecundity to the conditions and requirements of contemporary life.

And yet, apparently, there are those to whom a declining birth rate, and a slowly growing, not to say stationary, population are so inherently evil that they are willing to see society subject to untold hardships and suffering as the price of avoiding them — or probably it

would be fairer to say that they are blinded to the fact that such a price has to be paid. Dr. Louis I. Dublin is one of the foremost spokesmen of this general point of view. He recognizes birth control as an established fact, and describes very lucidly the various changes which are taking place in our population, including the diminution of factual fecundity itself, and also the shifts in age distribution which will be the natural result. But he fails to make clear why these processes are undesirable, or to explain why their consequences should be "viewed with alarm."

The really misleading aspect of Dr. Dublin's line of reasoning, however, is his assumption that the declining rate of population growth is due to some constant factors, which will continue to operate in the same direction indefinitely. In other words, he exemplifies the besetting statistical sin of considering only the shape of curves and the direction of present trends, failing almost completely to examine into the fundamental conditions and forces which determine the facts back of these curves and trends. He is oblivious to the conspicuous fact that within the past one hundred and fifty years the curve of population growth has turned up spectacularly, and there is no inherent reason why it should not turn up again in the future if conditions call for such a movement.

Indeed, this statistical habit is probably accountable for one of the grave apprehensions held by the school which Dr. Dublin represents. They fear that the decline in the rate of population growth will not exhaust itself at the point of stationary

population, but that an actual decline may set in. If a stationary population is deplorable, a declining population is immeasurably more so.

The key to the whole situation and to a correct understanding of the meaning of present developments is a recognition of the fact that reproduction in human society is a very flexible and sensitive process which responds closely to the prevailing influences. In the past, the rate of population growth has gone up and down according to the conditions which affected population. It will continue to do so in the future. Of course it is true that the wide spread of birth control has injected an entirely new element into the situation. It is just this that causes so much distress to the alarmists. They fear that when people are equipped to have only so many children as they want, they will not want enough children to keep up the numbers of society. They feel that for social reasons people ought to be compelled to have more children than they want.

Of course, it would be easy to meet this attitude by saying that any nation that did not care enough for its own perpetuity to undergo the sacrifices necessary to keep up its numbers would deserve to be crowded off the earth and leave its room for another people with a stronger race sense. But this would be much too flippant a way of disposing of the matter.

The simple truth is that society has an enormous power to get what it wants from its individual members. If the time ever comes when actual depopulation threatens, there will

develop a host of sanctions in the way of favorable public opinion, social acclaim, and perhaps even awards of a tangible sort in favor of moderately large families, sufficient to produce the necessary increments to the population. Today, large families are a cause of critical, pitying, or derisive comment. In other days they have been a source of pride and esteem. They may easily become so again. And if this time comes, the very establishment of birth control, instead of being an impediment, will prove an advantage by having placed the whole question of reproduction on the basis of intelligence, forethought, desire and self-control.

SO THE real question is whether society today wants a rapidly increasing, a slowly increasing, or a stationary population. Dr. Dublin depicts no concrete evils of a stationary population; the conditions he describes as resulting from the changes in age distribution have as much to commend as to condemn them. There are many positive advantages which it would obviously offer. Indeed, there is just one great argument in favor of large populations. That is the militaristic one, which looks upon human beings primarily as cannon fodder, and it will have great weight as long as war is a prominent social activity, and as long as man power is the dominant factor in military success. There is evidence that the latter condition is already changing and we may be permitted to hope that the former is approaching its end. Furthermore, there is a reverse aspect of this relationship, as will be pointed out later.

Among the foremost positive advantages of a stationary population is that it will check the rapidly accelerating rate of exploitation of natural resources, not only of the utilitarian substances necessary for our mechanical civilization, but perhaps even more importantly the æsthetic, cultural and recreational facilities which exist only in a sparsely settled country. What a frightful price increasing population demands in the way of the elimination of forest, meadow and waterside, and all the wide stretches of solitude and quiet peace!

Scarcely less important, if at all, would be the substitution of the reign of quality for that of quantity. The United States in particular, and the world in general, are afflicted with acute megalomania. We are obsessed with the desire to pull down our barns and build greater. Here in this country nothing is allowed to mature, to mellow, to become moss-grown, to blend into the natural and social landscape. Our feverish craze for increase dulls our artistic senses, substitutes the worship of utility for that of beauty and creates a whole distorted set of values. Only in a stationary population can these tendencies be overcome.

In the third place, a stationary population would permit a rational study of the standard of living, and a deliberate planning and social engineering for the achievement and maintenance of the highest possible standard. It is true enough that the characteristic "prosperity" of this country is based upon the assumption of an increasing population. There are certain types of business, such as railroads, advertising and

particularly insurance, that derive conspicuous, though somewhat specious, profits from population increase, and which can put off the final day of reckoning as long as the increase continues. But taking the country as a whole, the prosperity that rests primarily on population increase is unstable, unreliable and very inequitably distributed. Far better would be a less spectacular prosperity, which involved less ruthless competition, was more evenly apportioned among all members of the community and had greater elements of constancy and continuity.

But the greatest and most undeniable advantage of stationary populations the world over would be removal of the great underlying motive of international war — over-

population. There can be no doubt that practically every great international war in history has had as a contributing, if not dominating, motive the pressure of population upon the land resources of one people or another, or the craving for the increased material well-being that seems to be attainable by aggression upon the territory of less densely crowded nations. A century of stationary populations would do more to end war than all the peace pacts and disarmament treaties ever penned. The time has come for the advocates of international concord to stop talking about the necessity of large numbers as a provision for, or preventive of, war, and to concentrate their attention on stationary populations as a guarantee of peace.



Hit the Pocketbook

BY PAUL WORKING

A Story

DEBBIE sat down at the edge of the steep grade and slowly took off his shoes. He winced a little as he pulled a sock off. One of the blisters had broken and bled. The cool breeze from the mountains in the east felt good after the burning day. The sun had set behind the mountains in the west and, from his vantage point on the high ridge, Debbie could see both ranges. The western range was black and jagged against the sunset sky, but a few vagrant rays of the sun still colored the snowcapped peaks in the east. He had walked all day in the valley between the two ranges of mountains, twenty-six miles over hills and ridges, and in all the long walk had passed only two ranches. Only once had he crossed a stream where he could bathe his swollen feet, and that was many miles behind him. The high barren ridges ahead gave as little promise of running water.

The boy slid down the grade a little way until he could lean back and rest. The construction camp was in front of him, a hundred yards away, but he couldn't walk a step farther even if another man was waiting there to ask for the job.

Dad's ranch seemed very far

away just now. Debbie wondered what they were having for supper tonight. It wouldn't be much, he knew. He wondered, too, what Dad had told Ma this morning when he had driven home without the groceries she had ordered. He had been in the store when the bookkeeper at the Merc had called Dad aside and told him that the store couldn't let them have any more credit.

"We've got to eat," Dad had protested.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Reynolds," the man had said, "but we've carried you all winter, and you've never paid anything on last year's account. We know you'll pay as soon as you get anything, but that doesn't help us now. We have to have money to keep in business."

Mr. Reynolds had called Debbie. "I guess we better go home, son," he had said.

Sitting in the buggy outside — they hadn't been able to buy a license for the Ford that spring — Debbie's Dad had explained.

"I really need you to help put the crop in, boy, but I guess you'll have to hunt a job. I thought we could make it through until fall after we got the Government seed loan,

but now, with the Merc shutting us off we can't make it. I don't blame them, but I'd hoped —"

After a moment he spoke again.

"I don't know where you can get work, either. It's my fault, I guess, that you've grown to be twenty years old without learning anything but farming."

IT HAD been a hopeless quest, but Debbie approached every business man in town and every farmer and not until he met Ed King did he hear of a chance to get work. Ed had hired out a team to the construction crew driving the new road through the hills twenty-six miles north. The foreman had called him that morning and told him that he had fired Ed's driver after the team had run away and that he was going to get a new man in his place. Ed had thought there might be a chance for Debbie if he got there early so the boy started up the road walking, hoping he would be able to catch a ride part way. But travel had been light so early in the summer and he had walked the whole distance.

He looked again at the camp across the gulch. With the lantern light showing through them the big squad tents looked friendly. The long narrow houses on broad wheels must be the bunk houses and the cook house. They had steps let down behind and a stubby tongue to hook to the caterpillar tractors which stood in an orderly row to the side.

Presently men began to straggle out of the cook house and spread among the tents and wheeled houses. A smell of coffee drifted to the boy sitting by the road and he realized he was hungry and cold. He sat for-

ward and examined his swollen feet, then forced them into the thin shoes and limped over to a house on the steps of which some men were smoking.

"Is the boss around?" he asked.

"Who do you want, Debbie?" one of the men asked. "Jenson or the big boss, Staley?"

"Whoever does the hiring," the boy said, staring at the man in the dusk. He was too tired to remember where he had seen the fellow before, but he must be a lumberjack, for he had the calked boots, ragged overalls and shirt they wore.

"Well, that's Jenson. He's the big ugly Swede with the barn boss down there by the feed racks."

The feed racks were down the gulch at a little distance from the rest of the camp. As Debbie stumbled nearer he saw that they also were on wheels and were lined with horses. The white light of a gasoline lantern bobbing along guided him to the two men who were examining the animals. As he drew nearer the circle of light he could hear one of the men speaking.

"—nobody but a farmer to drive a team any more and they're not worth a damn. Staley may be saving money by using horses but the work's going too slow for me."

The man with the lantern stopped behind one of the teams and said something the boy could not hear.

"Sure the work's hard," the bigger man replied, "but I don't own the teams and I got to get the job done. If some farmer's fool enough to hire them out on a job like this, he's got to expect them to work."

Debbie stepped up and spoke.

"Mr. Jenson, Ed King said you

needed a driver for his team. Can I get the job?"

"Ever drive before?"

"Sure. I've driven this team here lots of times. I've worked for King threshing."

Jenson spat and turned to the barn boss.

"See?" he said. "Another kid fresh from the farm. Knows the horses, too. Ain't that nice?"

He turned to Debbie suddenly.

"Look here, kid, you can have the job. But I don't want you making pets out of this team. You'll get the work done or I'll kick hell out of you and send you down the road talking to yourself."

Debbie was too tired to be resentful.

"All right, Mr. Jenson," he said.

"Get over to the office and sign up, then. Forty cents an hour, ten hours, six and a half days a week. Dollar and a half for board and bring your own bed roll."

As he found his way over the rough ground to the timekeeper's office Debbie figured. He would clear two dollars and a half a day. Thirty days would make seventy-five dollars. When he had bought the clothes he needed, he could send the folks fifty or sixty dollars. If they could only hold out until pay day.

HE WAS shivering in the keen mountain air when he got back to the bunk house and stepped diffidently into the lighted room. Some of the men were playing cards and one of them, the lumberjack, looked up.

"Got a roll?" he asked.

Debbie shook his head.

"Well, if you aren't lousy, you can bunk with me," the man pointed to a wide bunk in the corner. "Roll in there. I've got an ace in the hole and another coming up."

Silently, Debbie walked over and, shedding his outer clothing, crawled into bed. He remembered the man now, Hoosier Hamilton. He had worked on Ed King's threshing crew three years ago. Then Debbie had felt immensely superior to the drinking, fighting, gambling lumberjack. The face over the card table was scarred, the nose was out of shape, teeth were missing, but in the few moments of conscious thought left to the boy he thought it a kind face.

When the boy dressed in the morning, shivering in the unheated room, Hoosier pulled a heavy woolen shirt from his pack and gave it to him.

"It's old," he said. "Put it on."

Breakfast was good, the best the boy had eaten for a long time. Since the first dry season two years ago money had been scarce in the Reynolds family: oatmeal with milk had been the morning meal. Cream had to be sold to buy groceries and each year Debbie had seen his mother and the kids grow leaner and hungrier. The boy wolfed hotcakes, eggs, fried potatoes and ham, and gulped down steaming coffee, and when he could hold no more he leaned back and shook out the last few crumbs of tobacco from the red tin for a cigarette. In a few days he could draw a little money and send to town for more.

Jenson stopped him as he was driving the team he had harnessed away from the feed racks toward the line of dump wagons.

"Remember what I said, kid," the foreman told him. "You get the

work out of those horses or I'll kick your ribs in. I'm tired of having you farmers quit after a couple of days because we work the horses too hard. One more story like that and somebody'll take a beating."

DEBBIE nodded and drove on. He felt better this morning and if it weren't for the family —

The team was nervous, but so were all the horses. There was shouting and swearing and one or two of the teams almost broke away from the drivers before they were hitched to the wagons. His own wagon had a new tongue and the quarter straps in the harness were new. Evidently the team had busted things up pretty well when they ran away.

He fell into line behind Hoosier and followed the other wagons to the cut where the gasoline-driven shovel was starting up. Debbie and Hoosier were near the end of the line and Debbie was able to watch the other wagons taking their loads. There was a great heap of rock and dirt in the face of the cut, broken away with dynamite the day before. A wagon would move alongside the shovel. The engine would roar and the big armored jaw would dig into the base of the heap of rubble, and come up heaped with a load of jagged rock to be dumped into the wagon. Debbie was fascinated with the work of the machine. It seemed alive as it dug into the stone in front of it. The scoop would be almost full, with a big boulder the size of a small safe balanced, undecided whether to fall into or away from the load. The scoop would follow it craftily up the heap until it began to drop away, then hesitate and, as

the rock balanced, it would suddenly shoot ahead, snatch its victim and rise swiftly, swing around, back, dip down and drop to the wagon. There wasn't an unnecessary motion and the engineer running the machine moved so slightly that he seemed to be only an onlooker.

Debbie's turn came and he drove into place. As the scoop swung over him he dodged involuntarily, but it passed smoothly above him and, almost gently, dropped its load into his wagon. He swung the team sharply to the left and drove away a quarter of a mile to the fill over the gulch where the rubble was dumped. The gulch was dry, but in the bottom the bridge crew was at work setting the forms for pouring cement. The dirt and stone from the cut would form approaches for the new bridge.

Here there was a man, the dump boss, who directed the drivers where to dump their loads. The banks of the gulch were steep and it was a precarious job to back the uneasy horses to exactly the right place without slipping over the lip of the fill into the gulch below. Debbie's team handled easily and he was able to follow closely behind Hoosier until Hoosier's wagon developed some trouble and he fell out of line, to fall in behind Debbie on the next round.

As the sun stood higher in the sky and it began to get hot, gaps appeared in the line of wagons and Debbie had to wait while other teams were loading and unloading. There should have been no halts with so many wagons, but along the narrow fill and beside the engine there was room for only one team and unless a man pulled out along the wider portions of the new road,

he had to follow in line with twenty others. The cause of the delays soon became apparent. Some of the teams backed badly and when the dump boss and drivers began to shout and lash them, they jerked and reared until it often took several minutes to get them into place.

Even Debbie's horses began to get nervous and edge about. At last, after a longer halt than usual, Jenson came raging up, his red face almost purple with anger. He grabbed the bridles of the unruly horses and tried to jerk them back. One of the horses, now crazy with fear, reared and struck with his front feet. Jenson slipped aside, and, picking up a pick handle, swung viciously at the animal. Only his uncertain footing kept him from killing it.

"Look out, Jenson," the dump boss yelled. "If you kill him you'll have to pay for him."

Jenson dropped the handle but he snatched the driver's whip from its socket and beat the horse over the head until it backed under the punishment and the load could be dropped.

Debbie's wagon was next in line. As he turned and began to back, Jenson grabbed the horses' bridles and tried to force them into place.

"Whoa, hold it," Debbie called, and the team stood still, trembling.

Jenson looked up surprised.

"What the hell? Back this team up, you fool. The whole line's stopped."

"Let go the bridles," Debbie told him.

Jenson jerked the bits and the team began to step uneasily.

Debbie reached back into the load and picking up a good sized

stone stood up, balancing it in his hand.

"Let go, Jenson," he said quietly.

Jenson's mouth opened and his hands dropped down as he stood speechless. Soothing the team, Debbie backed smoothly into place, kicked the dump lever and drove away.

AT NOON Hoosier sat beside Debbie and while they were eating he leaned over and asked, "What did you figure on doing with that rock you were waving at the boss this morning?"

Debbie felt the blood rushing to his face. He had worried over that all morning.

"I'd have thrown it at him if he hadn't let my team alone," he said.

"You trying to lose your job already?"

"No," Debbie said between mouthfuls, "I don't dare do that. I just got kinda mad for a minute. I've driven those horses before and I don't want Ed's team to get hurt while I'm driving them."

"Well you listen here. For a kid that came to camp with feet like yours were last night, you're mighty hard to get along with. If you want to get even with Jenson," Hoosier looked around, then lowered his voice, "slow up on the job. Lose your tools. Fix it so the outfit loses money on the contract, then you're hitting him the same way he hits you. If I don't get to Jenson before he sees you, now, you're through. You keep out of his way until tonight."

When the meal was over Debbie saw Jenson coming from the office. He slid around a corner and Hoosier walked out to meet the boss. Debbie

waited, out of sight, to hear what they said. Hoosier began to laugh as he blocked the man's way.

"Say, Jenson," the lumberjack said, "You let the kid bluff you out, didn't you?"

Debbie felt his job slipping away from him, and he remembered the wind-drifted fields at home.

The foreman stopped. "He been bragging about that? I was just going to fire him. Now he'll take a couple of black eyes down the road with him."

"Aw say, Jenson, he's a good kid. I thought he was trying to run a whizzer on you, too. But you know what he told me?" Hoosier began to chuckle again. "He said he thought the horse was going to strike like the other one did this morning and he figured to knock the brute down with that dornick."

Jenson's eyes narrowed and he looked closely at the lumberjack.

"He did, did he?"

"Sure he did. Cripes, I thought he was going to crown you, myself, until I asked him."

Debbie followed the two men thoughtfully as they walked away. He sure had to keep that job. If he couldn't send the folks at least fifty dollars, they could never make it. If the boss would just leave him alone!

JENSON was waiting at the feed racks when Debbie came that evening.

"Say, kid," he began roughly, "I thought you was going to throw that rock at me. Next time you can't get your team to work, off the job you go. And don't go picking up any more rocks or I might guess wrong and pull you off the wagon."

The boy watched the man's wide shoulders as he walked away. He would have given anything to swing on him just once. Hoosier came up as he stood looking after the foreman. He seemed to read Debbie's thoughts.

"Don't go getting ideas, kid," he advised. "That Swede's too tough for you. He'd have you down before you knew what had happened and then you'd have a face like mine. Boots sure raise hell with your mug. He's not to blame, any way. He's got to work us animals so the contractor in Minneapolis makes a profit."

"What's his idea, getting so tough?" Debbie asked resentfully.

"They're all that way, kid. They wouldn't have the job if they weren't on our necks all the time. Do you think he'd last a week with the company if this job didn't show a good profit? And him with a family to support, too?"

Two more lumberjacks showed up at the camp that night and got jobs. They greeted Hoosier as an old friend and, after a survey of the bunkhouse, unceremoniously dumped the bedding from a bunk next to his and spread out their roll. The dispossessed drivers moved meekly to another bunk across the room, overawed by the quiet aggressiveness of the new men.

A COUPLE of weeks passed and camp was moved twice before Debbie came into Jenson's notice again. A team had run away and the driver, slow to jump, had been thrown down the bank of the fill into the rocks. Debbie stopped his team and slid down the bank to the man's side. He was unconscious and the boy had

straightened him out and was trying to see how badly he was injured when Jensen came up.

"Get back on your wagon," the boss ordered.

"We better get this fellow to a doctor," Debbie said.

"Get on your wagon. You're holding up the whole line."

As he climbed back to the wagon Debbie saw the boss lift an arm which bent limply backward from the elbow. The sight sickened him and he hurried to drive on. The man was still lying in the hot sun while the boy made the next two trips with the wagon. No one was near him, and Jensen stood on the grade watching the work. But when he made the third trip the man was gone and Debbie saw the boss's car going toward town.

Later that week Debbie went to town. After he had purchased tobacco he walked around, and remembering the man who had been hurt, visited the hospital. He came home thoughtful and depressed to tell his friends what he had seen.

"You remember the fellow who was hurt?" he began. "Well, I saw him in the hospital. His arm's in a cast and his back's sprained and he's out of a job for the next two months. Jensen made him sign a release to the company before he'd take him to the doctor. The company'll pay the doctor and hospital, all right. But he's broke. Who's going to feed him while he can't work?"

Kelly nodded, seemingly uninterested.

"Sure, the company saves money that way."

"Jensen ought to be killed," Debbie said.

"No, he ain't to blame. Jensen's got a job to keep."

"Well, what can a fellow do?" Debbie cried.

"There's just one thing, kid," Kelly told him. "Hit 'em in the pocketbook."

BUT Debbie thought these men must be wrong and went on with his work as usual. He now had the best looking team on the job. He had spent his evenings adjusting the harness until everything fitted. Every Sunday afternoon he washed up the collars and collar pads so they would be dry and smooth Monday morning. He saw that his horses had plenty of hay each night, and they responded to good treatment with willing work. Debbie was always close behind his leader, and just a little ahead of the other drivers.

The lumberjacks grumbled at him.

"You crabbing at Jensen," Hoosier said, "and doing more work for him than any other man on the crew. Why you're just working yourself out of a job. Don't you want to draw as many days' pay as you can?"

"Sure I do," Debbie said.

"Well, take it easy. You don't have to keep ahead of every one else. Stretch the work out a little and you draw more pay, the company makes less money and you kinda even up for that poor devil down in the hospital."

Debbie couldn't convince himself that he was wrong, but he watched the work closer and saw that there were a lot of unnecessary delays. The lumberjacks slowed down every

time Jensen was out of sight. Tools were lost, and one day after a long delay with the shovel shut down, while the engine was being repaired, Jensen accosted Hoosier.

"Who in hell put that tobacco in the gasoline tanks?" he demanded.

Kelly and Bowers walked up.

"Was that the trouble?" Kelly asked.

"You know damn well it was. And I got an idea who did it."

Hoosier stepped directly in front of Jensen as the other two men closed in at his sides.

"You don't think one of us did it, do you?" he asked quietly.

Jensen looked about him uneasily.

"One of these guys?" Hoosier asked again.

"Well, no. Maybe not one of you fellows. But somebody did," Jensen finished weakly.

As he walked hastily away Debbie saw a secret grin pass from man to man.

AFTER this Jensen was watching Debbie all the time. Whenever the boss was around, the boy tried to be just a little ahead of the others so Jensen could find no excuse for riding him, but at the end of his week trouble overtook him.

In the afternoon, just after dinner, the clip to which the tug was hooked on one of the singletrees came off. Jensen was watching him, and when the tug came loose the horses, pulling a heavy load, surged ahead. The neck-yoke slipped off the tongue and the horses tangled in the harness. Debbie was able to quiet them before they broke anything, but Jensen was after him at once. Here was some one to vent his anger on.

"What's the matter here? You're holding up the whole outfit again."

Debbie showed him what had happened.

"Why in hell don't you take care of your outfit? You'd think even a cockeyed farmer'd know enough to fix a thing like that."

"Well I didn't see the rivet had broken off," Debbie explained. "You'd never notice it until the clip came off. Anyway nothing's busted and I'll have it fixed in a minute."

"Sure you'll have it fixed. And the whole damned bunch waiting. I've had enough of this stalling. Get going."

While Debbie hunted out a nail to take the place of the broken rivet and tacked the clip into place, Jensen stood over him cursing, until Debbie was nearly sick with anger. When he finally drove on he was trembling so he could hardly hold the reins. If he had the least idea of where to get another job —

Just before quitting time Jensen came around again.

"Get your pay tonight," he said.

"Pay day?" Debbie asked.

"You're through. Off the job. Get going tonight."

"Why?" Debbie asked, miserably.

"That's the third time you've held up the line. Enough to lose anybody his job."

DEBBIE drove into camp and unharnessed without speaking to any one. While they were waiting for supper he sat off by himself. He had worked just four weeks, twenty-six working days. That would make him sixty-five dollars. He had drawn two dollars and would have to have about ten more for new shoes and

overalls. Well, at least he could send home fifty. But what would they think of his losing the job that meant so much? And if he couldn't find another right away, what would become of them? His shoulders sagged and he held his head in his hands.

After supper he pulled off the heavy shirt Hoosier had loaned him and handed it back.

Hoosier looked up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Got fired," Debbie mumbled.

The other two lumberjacks looked up.

"How come?" Kelly asked.

Debbie couldn't talk about it and turned to go to the office for his pay. He walked slowly and before he got there the three friends caught up with him.

He didn't speak to them but stepped into the timekeeper's shack.

"I want my time," he told the man behind the desk. "Debbie Reynolds."

The timekeeper pulled out the book and ran down the list of names. After a few moments' figuring he looked up and asked, "Cash or check?"

"Oh, cash, I guess."

The man counted out some money and said, "Thirty-seven. O.K.?"

"How do you figure it?" Debbie asked. He should be getting more than that. Something was wrong.

The timekeeper shoved out the sheet he had figured on.

"Twenty-six days, ten hours a day, at thirty cents is seventy-eight dollars. Less thirty-nine for board and two dollars drawn leaves thirty-seven. Check?"

"But Jenson said forty cents an

hour. You're gyping me out of almost half my pay."

"Sorry, boy," the timekeeper's tone was brusque. "You didn't understand him, I guess. You only get forty cents an hour if you work full thirty days. We can't afford to have you birds quitting after you have just learned the job. It costs too much to break in new men. On your way."

Dazed, Debbie stepped back. Twenty-six dollars gone. Why the family would starve on what was left!

He heard the lumberjacks walk up to the desk. "We're through," they said and drew their pay. Hoosier was last. He had just thirty days in and he reached across the desk and took the timekeeper firmly by the shirt front.

"Don't make any mistake in my pay, Mac," he said.

As they walked back to the bunkhouse Kelly said cheerfully, "Well, we'll paint the town a little tonight."

"No we won't," Hoosier said. "The kid has to send his pay home and I'm going to stake him till we get another job."

Debbie looked at him gratefully, and the lumberjack slapped him on the shoulder.

"There's other jobs," he said.

While the men were rolling their blankets Debbie walked over to the feed racks where his team was tied. After a little he shoved more hay into their section and stood watching them eat. He hated to leave them to the treatment he knew they would get.

He wondered for a moment if it would do any good to ask Jenson if he could have his job back. But he

knew that wouldn't do any good. He remembered what had happened to the boy who got hurt. Oh, damn Jenson!

An idea formed in his mind. Quickly he crossed the gulch to the empty blacksmith shop and came away with two hands full of a black powder. He crossed back to the gasoline shovel and moved around in the dusk for a few moments, then ran to catch up with the lumberjacks who were starting down the road.

The next morning he woke on a freight car swaying down the tracks,

far from the construction camp. Hoosier was looking curiously at the black which still stained his hands.

"What'd you do last night while we were rolling our packs?" he asked.

Debbie looked up and hesitated, then he blurted out, "Dropped a couple of handfuls of emery powder in the crank case of the shovel."

Hoosier looked at him blankly for a moment, then sat back and laughed.

"Just wait until Jenson sees what happens to that engine when he starts up this morning! That's the stuff, kid. Hit the pocketbook."



Sodom and Tomorrow

BY WILLIAM A. DE WITT

Will the new Younger Generation really be good?

A BELIEF that strikes me as curiously at variance with the facts has lately been gaining many converts. It runs somewhat like this: The pace of American life is slowing down. In this present decade, among other things, there will be less of what the 1920-30 older generation still thought of as sin. And the reason is that the hectic post-War period of Prosperity is over; we are entering an era of true normalcy — unlike the Harding one.

The Younger Generation of F. Scott Fitzgerald was set off on its long spree of intoxicating disillusion by a number of such things as the War, hypocrisy of its elders, prosperity and rebellion against Victorian standards. American youth drank gin, necked, was skeptical about God, at times even went the horrid length of extra-marital affairs. Its fathers and mothers at first were appalled, but eventually followed suit in one proportion or another. The dam of American religion, worn thin by three hundred years' accumulation of moral bilge-water, finally broke — even though it had been hastily propped with its final, misconceived achievement: Prohi-

bition. To help us go wild we had automobiles, radios, Freud, tabloids, the movies and female emancipation.

But somehow we failed to enjoy it; it was meaningless, flat, tiresome. At about the time of the stock market crash hem lines suddenly dropped and flappers disappeared. We had had enough of folly. We were going to be good, or better, anyhow, than we had been.

One of the most convincing ways in which we showed our new intention was the development and huge sale of "virgin-novels." They were something near a culmination of the trend beginning in confession magazines and last shown in the *Ex-Wife*, *Ex-Mistress* and *Ex-everything* else series. Aside from their nearer approach to the indecent in subject matter, these books relied on a connotation for the word "virgin" which must have gained a great many admirers in the short period of rising standards. Curiously enough, Mr. James W. Poling has attributed these books, not to an ignorance on the part of publishers of the new moral standard of America, but to a sense of frustration in the outlying districts amounting practically to neurasthenia. He admits that there

has been plenty of talk about sex all over the country in the past decade but says there has been very little action outside of the cities. If, as Mr. John S. Sumner believes, this addiction to literary thrills is a cumulative process requiring ever stronger diet, the people who think that American writing is going to become more suitable for an 1890 schoolgirl in the next decade are in for many disappointments. And if the non-metropolitan sections of our population have not yet had a chance to taste indiscretion, how are they going to give it up?

TAKE the recrudescence of dirty joke magazines. Our new god, science, has not overlooked printing presses, so the new batch is somewhat better looking than the one which appeared at the beginning of the last decade, but with this and one or two other differences they are the same breed. The first of them began principally as a revolt against the inanities of advertising, and achieved amazing success — much more amazing in its rapidity than that of *True Story*, which Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen cites as an example of the sex revolution of the last decade. It was sold quite openly in enormous numbers, and although newsdealers say that young people were the main buyers, it certainly found its way into many older — and perfectly respectable — people's possession. Probably its attack on advertising was a considerable element in its success, but the fact that its legion of imitators concentrated on more and more questionable jokes would tend to show where editorial opinion stood. And, according to

Mr. Henry F. Pringle, the progenitor of the species has lately accepted paid advertising.

How about the press? Mr. Allen gives as explanation of the fantastic Lindbergh worship the weariness of Americans with such sensations as the Leopold-Loeb and the Hall-Mills murder cases, war, disclosures of political graft, and their desire for some antidote to disillusion, some "romance, chivalry and self-dedication." No one can deny that Lindbergh is still enormously popular, but the *New Yorker* has been able to publish a series of derogatory articles concerning his staginess and hesitancy to comply with normal standards of conduct for famous people, without being publicly burned. In certain circles there is a little weariness with Lindbergh, too. And "Daddy" Browning still appears in the most respectable vehicles of information, as well as the tabloids; "Kiki" Roberts undergoes self-whitewashing and sentimentalization of the trade of "friend" to a gangster in the Hearst papers, with what must be appalling effects on the susceptible minds of young female readers. The Actors' Equity waxed indignant over the fact of her expensive vaudeville contract when the queues of indigent performers outside the Palace doors — Mecca of the "profession" — were assuming the proportions of Columbus Circle breadlines; but she appeared and presumably collected her consolation fees for loss of her preposterous former partner, Jack (Legs) Diamond.

There is more international news in the papers today, more economics and politics, but there is still plenty of sensation and of the very sort that

earned them so much opprobrium in the last decade. At this writing the Hawaiian affair is an unavoidable example. There is something else which I may very well be laughed at for mentioning. Also, it may not be true, but it seems to me at least that since hem lines descended along with the stock market back in 1929 advertisements for ladies' intimate apparel have been marked with evidence of a much closer study of anatomy and less reticence in portraying it. Curves were supposed to come back into style; perhaps the longer and less revealing outer garments necessitated greater attention to boudoir habiliments to prove the fact. If I am right, there must be some sort of effect on male imaginations.

The movies have rarely had the reputation of inspiring our population to the good, the true and the beautiful — outside, perhaps, of the immediate circle of Mr. Will Hays, who did insist on the moral conclusion. Whether they are getting worse or better is difficult to say; it seems to me, however, that there have been signs of increasing frankness within the last few years. These are the large public displays, but there are also movies which circulate privately, some of which are said to have originated in the same places as those Paris picture cards. They are shown, one may presume, in wealthy homes where new thrills are felt to be needed. They are also shown at meetings of business men, where there is needed some kind of stimulus to ambition more effective (in 1932) than a picture of the two-car garage. Rumors float about that large movie companies have offered exceedingly

fancy honoraria for the return of negatives and copies of almost unbelievable indiscretions depicted by their less forward-looking stars. Very likely such things existed during the hectic 'Twenties and it is impossible, of course, to estimate whether they are increasing or decreasing, but that they do exist now is no proof that we are growing moral.

Last year the New York State legislature passed a law relieving actors and actresses of culpability for the indecency of plays in which they acted. Few broad-minded people would object to this: the "profession" has been hit perhaps harder than any other group of workers by the depression, and any actor who had to choose between starving and playing an objectionable part could reasonably be forgiven for letting economics outweigh morals. Unfortunately for public morality, however, this law comes near to incapacitating the censor. If a producer is haled into court he can call upon one of his actors to testify that he "adlibbed" and they both go free. Whether this situation has made the New York stage more shocking, again as in the case of the movies, would be hard to say. Louise Maunsell Field has indicated in these pages her opinion to the contrary, saying that the difficulty of finding material capable of shocking a New York audience has become so great that producers have practically given up the attempt. Still there are a few shows in the current season whose backers do not seem to have lost courage, and there is another form of the dramatic art, as Mr. John S. Sumner very justly pointed out to

me, which has paid no attention at all to this alleged difficulty. I mean the burlesque. For unmitigated vulgarity you could search a long way before finding something worse than present offerings.

Dancing is another activity which came in for pulpit condemnation in the 'Twenties. From casual observation of more or less upper class social gatherings, hotel ballrooms and the like, it would seem to be innocuous enough — couples walking mildly about in each other's arms, not too often objectionably drunk. But the Committee of Fourteen in New York City has made an investigation of dance halls that yields quite a different picture. In fact its 1931 report admits that describing what goes on in dancehalls would result in too much pornography for them to risk it. These are mainly places which have "hostesses" and allow no other women in their precincts — a good word when you consider the state of municipal government in New York. The appearance is of organized vice linked with political corruption and the inevitable bootlegging interests; dancing itself seems to be the most insignificant purpose involved — and of the highest moral value. Hostesses who believe that their duty is merely to dance are soon disillusioned, or starved. These are the places which should be intended for the use of young people without the means for more expensive entertainment, and they are so used, but not in a manner that could receive the approval of any one with even a vestige of Mauve Decade moral training left in him.

Because Mr. Allen, like Mark

Sullivan, makes use of song titles in his treatment of the 'Twenties, it might be as well to mention in passing the kind of vocal entertainment that is to be had in this new regeneration. Euphemism was one of the outstanding characteristics of the Victorian age, and it certainly finds a widespread use in Harlem night clubs, as well as in other New York places, but with what a twist! The purpose of word substitutes is no longer to be as delicate as possible in discussing painful but unavoidable subjects; it is, on the contrary, to make the discussion as graphic as possible while just avoiding the few remaining monosyllabics that are tabu.

Stuart Chase, in his *Men and Machines*, has discussed the possibilities of sports for the American people as a defense against the psychological effects of machine living, with no very great confidence that they would prove successful. What about the effect of their development on morals? The Lynds' judge in *Middletown* called the closed automobile "a house of prostitution on wheels." Although there is little enough motoring done for sport alone in these days, there is motoring to and from sports and it is done (according to Mr. Allen's 1927 statistics) well over three-quarters of the time in closed cars — a very melancholy aspect. Airplaning is supposed to be a growing sport, and with the advent of more and more devices to safeguard careless piloting, should become an object of speculation for mothers who have wondered where their daughters were in the long hours after midnight. Golf and tennis still seem reasonably safe, but horse-

back-riding, walking, skiing, hitch-hiking, canoeing, yachting, bicycling and many other things that can be done in mixed company have elements of danger — particularly if the participants have any grounding in Freud.

But what must be the hardest thing for the new era people to face is this season's crop of Christmas cards. Chicago had them in 1930, New York in 1931, vulgar pictures with still more vulgar captions. That they did not displace entirely the normal expressions of sentiment may be a fact comparable with the declining sales of Cinderella-motif novels, which still appear in the bookstores beside the "virgin-novels." They must have had a large sale, for in business matters merchants are not usually either humorists or sentimentalists — though it must be said that little enough humor attached to most of the things. There was a strong resemblance to the later smutty magazines and perhaps an element of revolt against the commercialization of Christmas, but no hint at all of a higher spirituality.

ONE might go farther afield, I suppose, and discover more things of this sort. But they would be no more convincing, in all probability, than the ones already cited, except to people convinced from the beginning that our world is on the way to the devil. Certainly these arguments are subject to criticism on the ground that they are taken almost wholly from New York City, which is said to differ widely from the rest of the country. But it is also said that with the increased speed of communication and mobility of peo-

ple in this country we are bound to become more homogeneous, and it seems to me unlikely that the nation will look suddenly to Oshkosh or Tallahatchie in this decade for its fashions either in dresses or in morals. If New York is moral, the whole country will be something similar; if New York is immoral, Dubuque is in dire peril.

Also, by quoting too much from Mr. Allen's book I may be giving a wrong impression. He is not definitely among those who believe our young people are going to be good; he merely believes they are going to be different from their brothers and sisters of the last decade. But most of the people who believe that the Younger Generation is going to be different these next ten years do so in the conviction that *any* contrast with the last ten years will be for the better. This is what does not seem true to me.

The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers this year predicted that men's suits would be of highly conservative tint and cut — an unusual prediction, for clothiers have ordinarily tried to set up a demand for glowing colors and fancy fits, with the idea of introducing as much of Dr. Veblen's conspicuous waste theory into men's clothing as has been introduced into women's. And perhaps it means that the male Younger Generation is not going to be sartorially so violent. But does it mean that the Younger Generation is going to be sober enough after Saturday night to go to Sunday School?

There is supposed to be less talk of Sex. The revolters are supposed to have won their battle and (this is not

so sure) to be tired already of the freedom it has given them. Certainly much of the talk of sex that went on was in too belligerent a key, generally on a hypothetical basis. There *is* a change, but it is in degree only, and toward the specific. The preceptors of morality might find historic justification for uneasiness at this.

It was the vast spiritual upheaval of the World War that broke down the old ethics; every one agrees on this. Is there any force of comparable dimensions that could reverse the process today? If the Victorian system was as artificial as most historians think, it should take something even stronger this time; and all we can produce is a depression and boredom with Flaming Youth, a boredom that has not at all been proven to concern anything more than the trappings of Flaming Youth — the flapper type, balloon trousers, talk about sex. As for the depression, it looks more like an argument in the other direction. When large packs of wolves are howling around the door and the ammunition is gone, your average man will seek consolation in a drink, and if one is handy no statutory or conventional prohibitions will stop him from taking it.

Moreover, one of the few consistently plausible remedies to cure the depression is shorter hours, less work per person. It may eventually be applied and if it is, will all the added leisure be given over to cultural pursuits, or will some of it (as seems to have happened in the past) be given over to pursuits considerably less austere? Perhaps even a lot of it.

It has never been possible to compute with any degree of accuracy

the amount of deviation from strict virtue that occurred among young people during that decade of revolution, but it seems perfectly well established that a far greater proportion of them, both boys and girls, discarded their innocence before marriage than of any previous generation in America for a very long time. Persons who argue that their sisters and brothers will be more cautious in the future do so on two main assumptions: that that Lost Generation was sadder for its wisdom, and that this new one will be wiser for both that sadness and that wisdom — neither of which seems to me particularly logical. There must have been plenty of cases of sadness, but what proportion did they bear to the whole number of wisdoms? There have been many ages and races that bore up reasonably well under promiscuity — though I am not arguing its case. Some people are fitted emotionally to practise it and some are not. Those who are not and tried it might have some influence on their younger sisters and brothers, but sometimes their admonitions would have the opposite effect. Those who *are* emotionally fitted and tried it would also have converts. There have to be added into the problem such elements as the ever-increasing knowledge of contraceptive methods and the greater force of Freudian theory (however warped) which comes with longer familiarity, no matter what its merits or the less publicized psychological denials of them. Obviously, not even Stephen Daedalus could solve this problem with algebra.

Still, some things are plain. There will be increasing safety for intelli-

gent experiment with sex. There will be plenty of malt and spiritous liquors to drink — have I forgotten to comment on the speakeasies which exist in New York almost entirely on the pocket money of those sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds who are supposed to have seen the error of their brothers' and sisters' ways? There will be no less freedom to come and go as youth pleases. There will be no diminution of incitement via the press, the movies, the theatre, fiction and so on. And I doubt very much that verbal facts are going to satisfy young curiosity in a large number of cases.

I am tempted to add one last indication. Although there has been something in the way of a back-to-the-farm movement, America must still be, by majority, an urban nation. And the trend in urban living is toward smaller and smaller apartments — the bedroom moving ever closer to the parlor, if not the front door. If there is truth anywhere in psychology, this should be convincing.

There will be those to say that morality has cycles as definite and

unpredictable as business has — that it is wildly unlikely that the boosters for immorality will have unceasingly rising stocks when those other misguided salesmen failed so dismally in 1929. History agrees, much of the time at least. I merely doubt that the bottom has been passed.

Emerson believed in human perfectibility; but he had no faith in laws. If goodness comes only from within, it may be that an attempt to reverse the process is what causes harm. Perhaps there used to be too many laws with the aim of making us good — perhaps there still are. The name of one is quite familiar enough. At any rate, there are fewer social compulsions toward virtue in our time, and ultimately this may work toward good itself. But the arguments are not entirely convincing; too many entanglements exist between social customs and man-made laws.

More likely, this *is* merely a depression in morals, transcendently comparable with the depression in business. It would, at least, justify the invasion by the pulpit into that much depreciated field of endeavor: economic speculation.



Note on Race Prejudice

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

Sermons and soda-water are well enough in their way, but what the South needs is a bank pass-book in every white man's pocket

TO SAY a word in behalf of race prejudice at this stage in the world's history is almost as outlandish a thing as to express a desire for the return of the old-fashioned saloon. All the pundits are agreed that race prejudice is terrible; and even Southerners, who are stuffed with it, and know that they are full of it, mouth hypocritical agreement when it is denounced. On this subject the herd instinct has trampled down logical thinking and common sense; and we all, like Jurgen, do what seems to be expected.

Nevertheless, from the South comes the latest batch of evidence proving the need of revivifying and strengthening the race prejudice of that section. It is all the more impressive for being involuntary, probably unconscious, testimony, as the witnesses, like most of the rest of us, doubtless accept the conventional view that strong race prejudice leads toward disorder, rather than away from it. I refer to the report, made late in 1931, of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching.

This Commission is an off-shoot

of the Commission on Inter-Racial Coöperation, a group of majestic Southerners, white and black, who are interested in smoothing things down in Dixie. The Inter-Racial Coöperators were horrified, in 1930, by a sudden upsurge in the number of lynchings, which had dwindled from 255 in 1892 to ten in 1929. Accordingly, they set up the Commission on the Study of Lynching to find out about it.

This commission has approached its study sensibly. It has listed all the alleged lynchings that occurred in 1930, has made a case history of each, and then has endeavored to sort out the factors common to all, or most, of them. It has somewhat blurred its conclusions by including in the list a number of affairs that patently were not lynchings at all, but plain murders, and at least one that perhaps was not even a murder — the case of a man who resisted arrest, barricaded himself in a house and fought off a sheriff's posse for two hours, finally being killed by shots fired into the house. A man killed resisting arrest with his boots on and a gun in his hand is certainly

not lynched, and probably not murdered.

Still, there were fifteen or sixteen indubitable lynchings in the country last year, of which all but two, staged in Indiana, occurred in the Southern States. The Commission's report on these affairs brings to light little about them that has not long been believed by every one who has paid much attention to lynching; but it performs the highly valuable function of furnishing definite, statistical proof of what had only been suspected.

For example, examination of the locale in each case shows fairly definitely that lynching is not primarily a legal, or social, or moral issue, but an economic problem. Without a single exception, the lynchings of 1930 occurred in communities that either were on the starvation line, or were definitely headed in that direction. Most of them took place in dreadful social and economic backwaters that still dot the South. None occurred in a city of any size, and the only towns that saw them were towns that are definitely on the down-grade economically — towns where the cotton mills have gone bust, the banks have exploded, and the leading merchants have made assignments. Thomasville, Georgia, for instance, is charged with two, although it must be confessed that one of these looks more like a gang outrage than a true lynching. But Thomasville is a logical place to expect such things, for within the last few years its once prosperous tourist trade has dwindled lamentably.

This aspect of the situation is emphasized by the long view. Lynching

has been decreasing rapidly since the South has been coming up from the nadir of its economic distress after the Civil War. In the decade 1889-1899 the average number of persons lynched annually was 187.5; in the decade 1900-1909 the number dropped to 92.5; in 1910-1919 it was 61.9; for the next five years it was 46.2; for the five years 1925-1929 it fell to 16.8. It is not without significance that the peak was reached in 1892, when the pinch of depression was already being felt in the South, and 255 persons were lynched; the all-time good record was made just before the myths of the New Economic Era exploded, in 1929, when only ten persons met death in this way.

All the evidence goes to show that Southerners with money in the bank do not lynch. Neither a sermon nor a peace-bond is half as effective in keeping a white man out of mobs as is a pass-book. Back in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, when mob violence was most common, all the retarded, as well as the immediate, *sequelae* of the Civil War were having their full effect. The able and courageous men who had led the Confederacy, and who managed on sheer nerve to hold the South together after her defeat, were dead, and affairs were in the hands of men who had spent their formative years in an atmosphere of despair. In the 'Nineties the South was mangy, flea-bitten, hungry; and in the 'Nineties lynching became its favorite outdoor sport.

In 1901 Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, a messiah whose advent has never been adequately recognized, began his assault on hookworm

disease; and his harsh gospel of thymol and epsom salts converted the Crackers into fit attendants for the loom and the automatic mule, whereupon cotton mills began to spring up all over the South. The great iron and steel district around Birmingham began to come into its own. The Duke family, the Reynolds family and the Candler family began to flood the country with cigarettes and Coca-Cola. The furniture industry began to focus around High Point, as well as around Grand Rapids. The gaunt towers of hydroelectric transmission lines began to stride across the country for hundreds of miles, and a tide of gold rushed into the South like the bore of the Tsientang River.

Instantly lynching plunged downward, the number of such parties falling from 135 in 1901 to ten in 1929. There seemed to be a possibility that they would become extinct in another five years. But then along came a panic that makes the similar entertainment in 1893 look like child's play; and now the Commission on the Study of Lynching reports twenty-one mob murders in 1930. Even if we discount the dubious cases, it is evident that there was a rise of at least fifty per cent in the number over the figure for 1929.

The relationship of the lynching curve and the economic curve is no longer open to debate. It only supports what has been reported time and again by observers on the scene, namely, that the typical lynching mob is made up of fellows who have not two nickels to rub together, those inexpressibly forlorn outcasts known in the South as the poor white trash. With nothing to do, nowhere to go,

no sort of civilized entertainment and no possible way out of the utter drabness of existence, it is not to be wondered at that they decide, even as a Southern poet has said,

When dull times possess the earth
I'll burn you to excite the North,
Mr. Nigger!

WELL, now, the race prejudice of the poor white trash at the best of times is but a feeble, feckless thing; never a strong, full-bodied certainty of superiority, such as the aristocrat feels; and under such stresses as the present depression, when the Cracker's vitality is unusually low, the fire of his race prejudice sinks into nothing more than a smouldering hatred. At such times the veils of illusion are torn from his eyes and he sees with ghastly clarity how slight is the advantage he has over the Negro. Under these circumstances, he really has no recourse but violence. If it is a cardinal tenet of your faith that you are better than another man and circumstances suddenly bring home to you the appalling fact that he is practically as good as you are, if not a little better, what can you do but murder the fellow?

The white is the dominant race in this country, therefore a tradition of superiority must attach to it. But as long as this tradition has some foundation in fact it does not lead to violence. A race that is genuinely superior may employ force, yes, but always it resorts to force that is regulated, controlled and directed in orderly fashion. It is only when the alleged superiority begins to be dubious even in the eyes of those who lay claim to it, that anarchic violence breaks out.

Lynchers are people who are patently distrustful of themselves. This applies to the lynchers of Wyoming, for example, as much as it does to the lynchers of Georgia, or the Eastern Shore of Maryland. That archetype of adolescent mentality, *The Virginian* of Owen Wister, is a beautiful illustration of the point. The Virginian lynched his best friend because he could not trust the courts to punish horse-thieves. That is to say, the Virginian and his neighbors were too feeble-witted to devise a system of administration of justice that would work even tolerably. They knew, vaguely, that they were semi-barbarous and so unable to make the machinery of civilization work; and being full of noble ideals, they naturally, nay, inevitably, turned to murder.

So it is with the Wyoming cowboys' modern successors, the Crackers, Sandlappers, Dirt-eaters, Hill-Billys, Jo-Bunkers and Lint-Heads of the South. The various names all describe a single type—the type supremely well classified in the Negro's phrase, "poor white trash." It is false to deny that these people have ideals. On the contrary, they are stuffed with them. What they lack is exactly what the Virginian lacked, not ideals, but sense.

Much ridicule, especially within the last ten years, has been heaped upon the theory that lynchers are intent upon protecting the white womanhood of the South. The idea that when a group of barbers, farm laborers, pants-pressers and hod-carriers tank up on raw corn liquor and go out and burn a Negro they are acting the part of so many Lancelots sallying out to the rescue of

damsels in distress is simply inconceivable to the sophisticates. But as it happens, that is exactly what they are doing. To be sure, the distress of the damsels in question is imaginary; and if it were real, the intervention of mobs would only make it worse. But lynchers act on emotion, not reason. If they were not all steamed up with the notion that they are defending civilization and womanhood, they could not go to such revolting extremes. It takes fanaticism to put a real edge on cruelty. Such a sickening recital as the facts narrated in Walter White's book, *Rope and Faggot*, could never have been written about men who were not actuated by a veritable religious zeal. True sadists, who can operate without first working themselves into a frenzy, are extremely rare degenerates; but almost any man may become a sadist if he is crammed with lofty idealism and deprived of sense.

I carefully avoid saying "deprived of brains," because the Southern poor white trash are far from brainless. On the contrary, they are a breed with many virtues. Their powers of endurance are immense—vastly greater, despite the popular delusion to the contrary, than those of the Negro. Twice, in the Civil War and again in the World War, they have shown that, reasonably well armed and competently led, they make superb soldiers. The Thirtieth Division, that broke the Hindenburg Line, included swarms of them. Indeed, I am convinced that a group of them gathered as children and decently fed, clothed and housed up to adolescence would produce appreciably more first-rate men per thousand than a similar group

gathered from the slums of any large city.

But it is the actual man, not the potential man, that does the lynching; and the actual man is a white who has lost so much of his race prejudice that his confidence in the superiority of the white is undermined.

A NUMBER of factors have contributed to this, but the most important one is the worst economic system that prevails anywhere west of the Dardanelles and east of Manila. There is, in fact, a distinctly Asiatic flavor in the economy of Dixie. The one-crop agriculture, the time merchant, the crop liens that render a slightly modified serfdom inescapable, and the patriarchal spirit that informs Southern industry, are better suited to the social organization of Turkestan than to that of an occidental democracy.

Tobacco and steel manufactures are perhaps as well organized in the Southern States as they are elsewhere, but both the tobacco factories and the steel mills are at least as important to the Negro as they are to the poor white, for they are industries in which Negro labor has been notably successful. The one industry which is peculiarly the Southern poor white's own, textiles, is hardly better organized than agriculture. One has only to read such a book as Professor C. T. Murchison's *King Cotton Is Sick* to realize that the mere survival of the Southern textile industry, under its present financial and managerial set-up is little short of an economic miracle. Naturally, an industry which ever since 1923 has been on the rocks can not be ex-

pected to deal generously, or even justly, with its workers. The Gastonia, Marion and Elizabethton strikes of 1929, with their accompaniment of riots and massacres, brought sharply to the attention of the country the woeful state of cotton mill operatives. Yet the fact remains that the cotton mill worker is distinctly above, not below, the economic level of the generality of the poor white trash.

An inevitable outgrowth of the low economic level of these people is appalling ignorance. The illiteracy rates of the Southern States are notoriously high, but ignorance and illiteracy are by no means synonymous terms. There are many illiterates, especially among the Negroes and the mountain whites, who are shrewd fellows, full of useful knowledge; and there are many of the poor white trash who are able to read and to write their names, but whose minds are emptier of anything worth knowing than is that of an intelligent illiterate. The point is that among the Negroes, certainly up to this generation, and among the whites in certain remote mountain fastnesses, illiteracy does not handicap a man fatally. Where a living depends almost solely on individualistic effort, inability to read and write is by no means an insuperable obstacle.

The more highly organized a society, the more time must a member give to learning its rules; and a member who teeters perpetually on the border-line of starvation can give little time to learning. Whites in the lynching States who have had the minimum schooling required to remove them from the category of illiterates remain, nevertheless,

almost completely cut off from the main currents of thought of the modern world. The philosophy of trades unionism, for example, is only now beginning slowly to percolate through to them; and they are no more able to conceive of any real solidarity of the proletariat than they are to comprehend Bohr's symbolic-representational concept of electron waves. When all of a man's energies are consumed by the effort to fend off starvation, he is little inclined to waste time pondering abstractions.

Needless to say, such people are the predestined victims of necromancers of every variety. Merchants of the supernatural hold them in dark thralldom to amazing superstitions. The dominant religious faith of the South is singularly like the dominant faith of England in the days of Gladstone, with the difference that in Gladstone's day even the Premier accepted the faith, and there were in the higher reaches intelligent men who were able to guide it in the direction of civilization; whereas in the South when a really intelligent man arises among the churchmen he is pretty sure to find himself in violent conflict with the hierarchy of his own denomination.

There are such men in the South, and they are intelligent and civilized; but none of them is known, even by name, to vast hordes of his co-religionists down among the tenant farmers and cotton-mill hands. There, religion becomes either a whip in the hands of an economic master — consider the comment on the mill village churches in the report of the Commission on the Study of Lynching — or something indis-

tinguishable from the slightly modified voodooism of the Holy Rollers.

This form of religion, it is hardly necessary to say, is no effective deterrent of lynching. It is faithfully represented by the fragrant story told of the affair at Honey Grove, Georgia, where the wife of one minister ran to the house of another and called to the housewife, "Come, I never did see a nigger burned and I mustn't miss this chance." It is no deterrent, because it adds in no way to the worth or dignity of a man's life. On the contrary, its emotional appeal is based upon the assumption that the world is vile and all its righteousness "but as filthy rags."

Educated Southerners know, of course, what a sorry travesty of Christianity is preached by the bellying dervishes called evangelists who infest the land and by the aid of hell-fire fry a fat living out of its starveling inhabitants. But educated churchmen excuse themselves, saying that these fellows, after all, reach a class of people whom the respectable churchmen can not touch. Anything, even a religion that degrades him, is good enough for the poor white trash.

If the poor white's highest spiritual aspirations result in abject groveling before a deity hard to distinguish from Mumbo-Jumbo, god of the Congo, it is hardly worth while to mention such matters as æsthetic and intellectual ideals in connection with him. He is as completely removed from "the realms of gold" as if he were an inhabitant of the planet Mars. As far as he is concerned, Phidias has never set chisel to marble, Homer and Shakespeare have never spoken, Bach has erected

no structure of melody, nor Shah Jehan one of stone. All scientists, from Aristotle to Einstein, are not even names to him. Of the art of painting he is, indeed, aware, for he has seen men putting up the Bull Durham and Coca-Cola signs; and dancing he knows through the medium of "hoe-downs" that he has attended, perhaps as a participant. But in general he is completely cut off from the finest achievements of his race.

His skin is white, therefore he belongs to the dominant race. But wherein is his superiority to the Negro? He is an American, therefore he is likely to accept the American tradition that there is only one irrefutable evidence of superiority, to wit, money. As long as he has money in his pocket, he can bolster up his self-respect, and view the world with a tolerantly superior glance. But now that the depression has knocked the economic prop from under him, he has no tangible evidence that he is any better than a nigger. In fact, he is pretty certain that he is no better; and, as that awful conviction is forced upon him, he becomes an extremely ugly customer.

WHAT the South needs, therefore, is more and better race prejudice. The Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching falls into the banality of remarking, "Most apologists for lynching, like the lynchers themselves, seem to assume that the Negro is irredeemably inferior by reason of his race."

Of course they do. So do all other white men, when they are honest with themselves, and for the best of good reasons, namely, the fact that

the white man rules the world today, and not by virtue of numbers. He is vastly outnumbered by the brown, yellow and black races, yet in every quarter of the globe he rules over millions of them, and nowhere do they rule over millions of whites. In his combination of strength, cunning and ferocity he is superior to any other race. He is, if you choose to regard it that way, the wickedest man alive, but he dominates.

Well, there is your superiority, and it is not a matter of tenuous hypotheses, but a glaring fact. But each successive white empire, as it struggled to power, has learned by hard experience that strength is wasted when it is applied in other than an orderly, strictly disciplined fashion. Therefore the white man, once his tenure of power is secure, tends to rule in a strictly legal, if not a strictly just, fashion. It is only when his superiority seems something less than overpowering that his innate ferocity boils to the surface.

I am aware that the assertion is often made that some white races appear to be without race prejudice. The French are often cited as shining examples. And this is poppycock. The French are, of all people, the most thoroughly steeped in race prejudice. Their magnificent consciousness of superiority does not stop with the black, or the yellow and brown races. It goes for Huns, Wops, Limeys and Yanks, as well as lesser breeds without the law, although within the white race. It is precisely because their race prejudice is so sublime that they appear to be tolerant. The test is to be applied by following the history of a French campaign in Africa. The fact that,

after the campaign is over, Frenchmen marry Negro wives signifies nothing. So do Americans, in regions where such a *mésalliance* does not threaten race supremacy. It does not threaten it in French Africa for a very simple reason. That reason is the cold, precise, calculated, but appalling ferocity with which the initial campaign is conducted. Once the French have "pacified" an area there is no more revolt in that area until a new generation has grown up.

The Anglo-Saxons are more squeamish, precisely because their sense of their own superiority, i. e., their race prejudice, is less sublime than is that of the French. As a consequence, the Anglo-Saxons are never quite as blithely sure of their own ability to command the situation, and therefore are more likely to be stampeded into ferocity, and less likely to be tolerant between revolts.

By all means, let us imitate the French, but let us make sure that we are imitating what the French actually do, not what they seem to do. In minor matters the French may seem to be encouraging the black races to dream of power, but they do not for one moment entertain the idea of subjecting Frenchmen to the overlordship of blacks. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* means, as applied to the Senegalese, for instance, a very minor participation in a French empire ruled from Paris. The French "keep the Negro in his place" exactly as the Alabamans do, that is, by threat of sudden, violent death. The difference is that death for the French African rides on the points of the Foreign Legion's bayonets, and for the Alabama African it rides with a lynching mob. Unquestionably the

French method is superior, because French race prejudice is superior.

Obviously, then, the most promising approach to a solution is to raise the race prejudice of the poor white trash to a level somewhat closer to that of the French. But this can not be done as long as he is kept approximately on a level with the Negro, intellectually, morally and economically. As long as he is not perceptibly superior to the Negro, he will be a deadly menace to the Negro; for, after all, he is white, which is to say, he is immeasurably the Negro's superior in ferocity.

Let it not be forgotten that lynching once was almost abolished. That was in 1929, at the end of the greatest period of prosperity the South has known since the Civil War. At that time white men, in general, were perceptibly superior to Negroes, economically, at least.

The most powerful forces working against lynching in the South are not inter-racial commissions composed of learned doctors of both races — although these are valuable sometimes in easing specific situations — but the unromantic, unconsidered Babbitts who are slowly, but surely, erecting an economic structure that will withstand the strain even of a modern depression.

Sermons and soda-water are all well enough, in their way; but the Negro's best assurance of a chance to die in bed, or at least to be hanged by the warden, rather than by the mob, is a pass-book in every white man's pocket. For only when he has money in his pocket is the white man's race prejudice so inflated that he can, with tolerant scorn, leave the Negro criminal to the police.

Silver—Its Future as Money

BY FRANCIS H. BROWNELL

In January we published Professor Carothers' attack on silver advocates. We now offer our readers a reply and argument in support of bimetallism at no fixed ratio

THE general thesis of the article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January last by Professor Neil Carothers, entitled *Silver — a Senate Racket*, is disclosed in the title. Its tone of bitter bias reaches a climax in the concluding sentence: "The Savior of mankind was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver."

It is astonishing that a brain capable of composing forceful English prose of an exceptionally high order of excellence can also seriously propound the fantastic theory that the silver industry, "about as important as the suspender industry," ranking "far below the peanut industry," located in States having "a combined population less than that of Philadelphia,"—"because of representation in the Senate more than ten per cent of the strength of that body,"—"is able to harass a President, dominate Congress and stir up international discord," and has practically controlled and dictated all acts of Congress in regard to the monetary use of silver during the last sixty years.

Some of those States were not

admitted to the Union when some of the laws condemned by Professor Carothers were passed, and at all times the representation of the same States in the House of Representatives was and is so small as to be negligible in itself.

None the less, Professor Carothers states in an exaggerated and prejudiced form the opinion as to silver more or less vaguely held by many people.

This school of thought seems wholly oblivious of the fact that during the Nineteenth Century the use of silver as money was undergoing profound changes of worldwide extent and importance as, one by one, the nations restricted or lessened the use of silver as money, a process that continued after the World War. What took place in the United States was but a part of the total movement. It was largely influenced, if not caused, by the reflections and repercussions in our country of events taking place elsewhere.

No one would deny that the silver industry, from selfish motives, has tried to protect itself as much as

possible in the legislation affecting the use of silver. Mankind at large is usually active where self-interest is involved. But the silver industry was not, and is not, the initiating or controlling factor in the fundamental causes leading to legislation or in the legislation itself. Rather its activity is somewhat akin to the crowing of Chanticleer in Rostand's famous play, in which Chanticleer, noting that his early crowing always preceded the rising sun's, concluded it must be the cause of that event, and utterly failed to realize that it was the approaching daylight which awakened and caused him to crow.

Professor Carothers and his school of thought also fail to distinguish between the noise made by the silver interests and the real underlying causes of the various silver movements.

GOLD and silver at some fixed ratio to each other were used by mankind as its monetary system from the dawn of civilization, and proved reasonably satisfactory until the unprecedented rapidity of industrial change in the Nineteenth Century caused many new strains and stresses on a financial machinery geared to slower movement. Gold and silver mine production not only expanded as never before, but the rate of expansion of each varied from and was not in rhythm with the other. The new discoveries of gold in California and Australia produced in the 'Fifties an excess of gold as compared with silver. This condition was shortly reversed and silver production greatly expanded as compared with gold because of the finding of silver bonanzas in Nevada and other

Rocky Mountain States in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies.

The economic and financial experience and international diplomacy of that day were overwhelmed by the problems presented. It was assumed that similar wide and rapid changes in production of the two metals would always continue. It was not known then, as we know now, that the next sixty years, aided by the railroad, the steamship, the automobile and the airplane would complete the exploration of the earth and practically bring to an end the era of new discoveries of first magnitude in both metals. Hence, it was concluded that fixed ratio bimetallism was no longer feasible and must be succeeded by monometallism. Gold was chosen by the nations of Europe because its greater value in less bulk had practically made it the medium of international transactions. It so happened that the largest expansion in silver production because of new discoveries occurred at approximately the time of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1. Germany made its indemnity payable in gold, and to make that gold the more certain, both in receipt and value, abandoned the free coinage of silver and in 1875 commenced to sell silver formerly used as money. This action forced the Latin Union and all other European nations likewise to abandon free coinage at a fixed ratio within a few years. Even the United States, although then on a paper basis, passed the famous Act of 1873 officially terminating coinage of silver dollars.

When the United States resumed specie payments in 1879, it was a debtor nation. The rapid expansion

of its railroad system and its ever-advancing frontier had caused the borrowing of huge sums of money. Many felt and thought that the failure to use any silver in its monetary system would lead to a great appreciation in gold and correspondingly increase the burden, if not actually cause the bankruptcy, of the large debtor class, which was most powerful in the more newly settled sections of the country—the great West especially. The creditor class, on the other hand, feared lest “cheap money” would result in payment of indebtedness in a depreciated currency; hence, the long controversy over silver ending in 1896. The discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1897 and the rapid development of the Rand—greatest gold field ever found—shortly after gave a very large increase in volume of new gold production and ended fears of an appreciation of gold for the time being. Then came the World War, and the United States changed from a debtor to a creditor nation, and its whole economic outlook took on an entirely new phase.

After the World War, a further demonetization of silver took place. Many nations, following the lead of Great Britain, lessened the silver content of their subsidiary silver currency. Many others, like France and Belgium, entirely abandoned the use of silver.

Both classes proceeded to sell the silver formerly used as money on the open market. Even India, whose people hold more silver than any other country, went from its former gold exchange basis to a gold bullion basis, and, in order to maintain its gold reserves back of an issue of

paper rupees, announced an intention to sell silver formerly used as money to an extent of possibly 500,000,000 ounces, or about two years' mine production of the world.

Such action caused the price of silver, which had held at over sixty cents per ounce since the War and which had averaged about fifty-five cents an ounce from 1900 to 1914, to fall at first gradually, later more rapidly, until it reached a low of twenty-five cents an ounce; it is now about thirty cents. Such a fall in price was due solely to sale by governments of silver formerly used as money. This is proved by the fact that the consumption of China, the Indian people (as distinguished from the Indian Government) and the arts, and the demand for subsidiary currency by those nations still using silver for that purpose, were in every year more than the current mine production of silver.

The fall in silver price not only greatly disturbed the business of India and China (both of which are now seething with unrest and revolutionary tendencies), but also seriously affected the gold-using nations, because subsidiary currency was thrown into the class of paper issues and made an additional load on the gold reserves of each nation—entirely so where the use of silver had been abandoned, and proportionately so where silver content was lessened and fell in price.

This additional burden thrown upon gold may have been the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Certainly events shortly following have been amazing.

With the exception of France, Switzerland, Holland and the United

States, there is scarcely a country on earth whose monetary system is at theoretical parity today. Great Britain, Australia, India, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Japan are avowedly off the gold standard. Germany, Canada, Italy and most central European countries, while still theoretically on the gold standard, have their moneys at greater or less discount — that of Canada at this writing being twenty per cent below its parity as measured in United States dollars. Many countries (for example, Canada, Germany, Italy and others) have embargoes on gold, or a heavy tax, or its equivalent, on exportation, and many are controlling their exchanges so as to preserve their gold holdings as much as possible. The moneys of South and Central America present the same picture, except that Mexico has boldly gone to an avowedly silver basis. China is solely on a silver basis.

THE result is a perfectly appalling chaos in the monetary systems of the world. No similar era of entire disorganization, of utter demoralization of exchanges, has ever before existed, even in the days of the War, when at least those nations not actually involved in the War (for example, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, South America, etc.) had their moneys at full parity.

Under such monetary conditions it is impossible for international business to be conducted on any normal basis or to any normal extent. Foreign trade (always assuming that tariffs will permit of any at all) can be carried on freely only on a basis of stable moneys of the trading nations. It is no answer to say that in the

present crisis the countries with sufficient gold (France and the United States) are suffering as much as countries off the gold basis. Obviously those two countries can not do business only with each other, and if they seek to do business with other countries, they immediately run into the question of monetary stability. Without normal trade it seems impossible to liquidate the enormous and unprecedented indebtedness — national, municipal and private — now owing between the nations, not to mention that owing by debtors to creditors in the same nation. One of the necessary steps to be taken on the road back to prosperity is to restore to a basis of stability the moneys now so widely fluctuating from day to day.

Can this be done with gold as the sole basis of the world's monetary systems?

Heretofore in the world's financial history there has been a precious metal base of some extent to each money system or no base at all other than the solvency, the financial integrity and the continuity and perpetuity of the government issuing the money. Paper money not backed by a sufficient metal base necessarily rises, falls and fluctuates in value with the varying fortunes and conditions of the nation itself, as well as the changing opinions of successive governments in each nation. Most dangerous of all is the inevitable trend of the force of politics wherever a money system is not restricted by some fixed relation to a precious metal basis. Governments — and democracies are no exception to the rule — generally tend to spend more than their receipts. If

the monetary system is not tied to a precious metal base, thus being automatically limited in amount, the tendency towards an increase of issue in order to meet the wishes for expenditure becomes irresistible in the long run. The end is a wild inflation and inevitable disaster. A metal base in a money system is like a written constitution in government — a steadying influence which protects against hasty, thoughtless or emotional acts.

Mankind has clung to gold and silver throughout all the ages past because of distrust of the ability of any government to remain long upon a paper monetary basis not supported by a precious metal and to keep the same at par. All history fails to show an example of a government succeeding in such an effort. There have been a few instances of a temporary use of paper alone during and immediately following a war (for example, the United States during and after the Civil War), but always associated with a fixed and announced intent to resume a precious metal base as soon as possible. Even in such cases a heavy loss usually occurs because of the inflation. Thus, after the recent World War the entire gamut was run, from total loss by those holding the paper issues of Germany, Russia, Austria and others to about eighty per cent loss in the case of France and Italy. Great Britain alone, of those driven to paper money issues, attempted to resume at par, and after the most heroic effort was forced to abandon the project, to the great loss of foreign holders of English paper money at the time.

Such recent examples among the

most powerful, most highly developed and intelligent nations of the earth have but confirmed mankind in its historic and instinctive, if not intuitive, opinion that no paper money, unless tied to and restricted by a precious metal base, can long deserve and retain the confidence of those who hold or use it.

THE important questions then are: What should be the precious metal base, and in what proportion to the paper issue it supports.

Obviously the latter question is important, for whatever paper money is issued not covered by a precious metal base is, and must be, the mere unsecured promise of the issuing government. Now, the promise of the United States, Great Britain or France is far more valuable than that of Nicaragua, Haiti, Turkey or Russia. Hence, the less dependable the issuing government, the greater should be the precious metal base supporting its paper issue.

The total monetary stock of gold in the world is estimated at about eleven billion dollars. Of this, the United States and France now hold about six billion dollars, something approximating forty dollars per capita of population. (France has more per capita than the United States.) Neither country believes it has an undue or unnecessary amount of gold. Both would regard any material loss with anxiety and alarm. But if two of the strongest, richest and most dependable nations require forty dollars of gold per capita, the less strong, less rich and less dependable should have at least as much. The *World Almanac* estimates the present population of the world

at two billion persons. If, for conservatism, we reduce the estimate fifteen per cent, plus an additional two hundred million as an ample estimate for the peoples still in the primitive stages of savagery or barbarism and using little or no money, we have one billion and a half as the really commercial population of the world, including India and China. The same average of gold per capita as in the United States and France would require about sixty billion dollars of gold, or roughly five and one-half times the present total supply in the world.

Using our same estimate of one billion and a half of world population in nations of real commercial importance, we have less than seven dollars and a half of gold per capita, even if some way could be found to distribute the world stock of gold among the nations proportionately to population.

Of the total of eleven billion dollars of world monetary gold stock, about five billion is owned outside of France and the United States. If from the one billion and a half of commercial population we subtract that of India and China as silver-using countries, and also that of France and the United States, we would have only about eight dollars per capita of gold for the remaining countries of the world, comprising among them Germany, Italy, Japan and all other countries of Europe and North and South America, except France and the United States. If we include India and China, we would have less than four dollars per capita. (Both these nations must ultimately be included if the world is to be on a gold basis. India has al-

ready adopted a gold bullion basis, although at present following the pound sterling to a paper basis. Professor Kemmerer has recommended the gradual adoption of gold by China. That country inclines to adopt his Report, but can not get the necessary gold—if at all—except by slowly absorbing from gold-using countries payments of balances of trade in its favor.)

The mathematical argument that the monetary stock of gold in the world is not adequate is further supported and demonstrated by experience. If gold is insufficient in quantity, it enhances in value as expressed in commodities. The same amount of gold purchases an increasing amount of commodities. This is exactly what has been happening for the last five or six years, beginning as far back, at least, as 1926—long before the explosive end of the speculative era, which undoubtedly accelerated and increased the rapidity of what was already taking place. Measured in commodity prices, a dollar of gold will now purchase approximately twice what it would seven years ago. Disastrous consequences have followed. The whole industrial, commercial and financial order has been disorganized. The payment of debts and taxes has practically doubled in burden. The farmer who voted for good road or schoolhouse bonds when one bushel of wheat would pay a dollar of tax must now supply two bushels (or more) to pay the same dollar of tax. All debts incurred between about 1917 and 1929, if they are paid now, yield the creditor nearly twice the purchasing power the same amount of money had when originally loaned. The

debtor must, in effect, pay twice what he borrowed besides the interest.

Can he do it? Is it fair that he do it or suffer bankruptcy if he can not? On the other hand, is it not equally unfair and unjust that the creditor receive less than he gave? Should not our monetary system be at once flexible and stable, so as to permit of considerable change, but always insure to creditor and debtor alike that the one shall receive and the other repay exactly the amount loaned in money of the same purchase-power, plus, of course, the agreed upon interest? Is not such a system possible if silver is used to supplement gold?

Looking backward, we can now see that the recent great appreciation in gold or fall in commodity prices was inevitable if the supply of gold remained constant. The War produced a great inflation in prices. When the inflating process ended, how, on a gold basis, could we help returning to the pre-War level of prices? The mine production of gold had not kept pace with increased population, and normal yearly increase of commercial transactions. The highest level of gold production ever reached was in 1915. The normal increasing rate of world business and world population requires an increase in mine production of gold each year, which has been estimated by the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations at a minimum of two per cent. This estimate calls for an increase of gold production of approximately thirty-four per cent between 1913 and 1930. Instead of any such increase, there has been an actual decrease of approximately ten per cent. In the seven year period 1907 to 1913, gold production totaled

153,207,000 ounces, which is 16,569,000 ounces more than the production for the last seven years, 1924 to 1930, of 136,638,000 ounces.

Looking forward, there is little probability that the gold production of the world can be very materially increased. True, a fall in labor and supplies will make workable ore not previously profitable. But such increase will, on the whole, not more than offset the normal decrease from exhaustion of mines now working. For example, the Rand, which now produces about one-half of the total yearly mine production, has reached its apex and will begin to produce less about 1935. There is little probability of discovery of new gold fields of major importance. Gold is more easily found and has been more eagerly sought than any other metal. Alluvial or placer deposits are especially easily discovered and have now been practically exhausted. Vein mines may still be found, but the mining engineer who knows of the intense search of the last thirty years, and especially since the airplane and hydroplane have made hitherto remote places relatively easy of access, as in Canada, Africa and New Guinea, entertains but little hope of discoveries of a magnitude approaching the California, Australia and Klondike finds, not to include the Rand, which ranks by itself. Failing one of these, the production of gold will greatly lessen in the next ten years, unless saved by a further drastic fall in cost of labor and supplies.

WE REACH, then, the conclusion that gold for some years has been, is now, and will continue to be, insufficient in quantity to afford

alone an adequate basis for the world's money systems. It must be aided and supplemented in the future by its old ally — silver. The world went too far in so completely discarding the latter. It has found itself unable to have a stable monetary system without it. It must now retrace its steps, learning from the experience of the past and modifying the restoration of silver with that experience in view.

For nearly two generations the economists and financiers have taught that fixed ratio bimetallism is impracticable — that always one metal will be changing in volume, and hence in value, as compared with the other; the cheaper for the time being displacing the dearer and becoming the sole medium of payment of debts, to the injury of the creditor.

Fixed ratio bimetallism raises at once the question of ratio, and obviously this raises the great debatable question of amount of inflation desired. Let us take an example: Suppose the ratio of 20 to 1 is adopted. The present world production of silver is normally about 250,000,000 ounces, equivalent at 20 to 1 to 12,500,000 ounces of gold. Gold production is now about 20,000,000 ounces per annum. The effect, then, would be the same as if gold production were increased sixty-two and a half per cent per annum.

It is estimated that the world has produced 15,000,000,000 ounces of silver since 1492. Much of this is doubtless lost and much is in India and China and would probably remain there. But, under free coinage, a large amount would be offered the mints. If eleven billion ounces, this would, at 20 to 1, in effect, at once

double the amount of monetary gold in the world. Doubling offhand, and increasing the amount of annual production of gold thereafter by sixty-two and a half per cent, would cause a very great inflation of prices — far more than is desirable. Of course, no one could tell, in advance, how much of present stock would be offered, but the possibilities are very great.

But fixed ratio bimetallism is not the only way of restoring the necessary silver to the monetary systems of those nations that have abandoned it or lessened its use.

In returning to the use of silver without going too far at once, it would seem wise first to retrace the steps of demonetization last taken, and to resume the pre-War use of silver — all nations ceasing the further sale of silver and returning to its use, as from 1900 to the War. This action would relieve gold reserves of the burden of subsidiary coinage and would tend rapidly to revive the pre-War status with silver-using countries, especially China and Mexico, making trade with those countries more stable and increasing the possibilities of business.

But a still further use of silver seems necessary in order to raise the present low level of commodity prices. Instead of going to a fixed ratio bimetallism, some form of the many suggestions for partial use of silver with gold might be adopted. In general, these provide that a given unit of paper money, say each thousand dollars, should be supported by precious metal, to some specified extent, say, from forty to sixty per cent. Of this metal, two-thirds or three-fourths should be

gold, always of the same value (\$20.67 per ounce). The remaining one-third or one-fourth might optionally be silver — not on a fixed ratio of value to gold, but at its market value averaged over a period of, say, the last six months. For example, suppose each \$1,000 of paper money is to be backed by fifty per cent in metals, of which three-fourths is gold and the other one-fourth optionally silver at market value. Each \$1,000 of paper would then need a gold backing of three-fourths of fifty per cent of \$1,000, or \$375. The remaining \$125 might be in silver. If the price of the latter is twenty-five cents per ounce, 500 ounces of silver would be required. But if the price of silver were fifty cents per ounce, only 250 ounces would be necessary.

Some such plan (several variations have been suggested) avoids the principal objections to fixed ratio bimetallism:

(1) That of too great and too sudden an inflation because of too great an expansion in the metal base. This is controlled by the proportion of silver fixed in the original limitation. For example, one-fifth silver value in the base of all money systems would be the equivalent of an increase in present gold stocks of twenty-five per cent, one-fourth silver value an increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent, and so on.

(2) Variations in price of silver due to mine production would be immaterial, since, if the price fell because of increase in mine production, a greater volume of silver would be necessary, and vice versa.

(3) When and if gold production increased, the use of silver could be lessened.

(4) Great flexibility would follow, tending to keep the purchasing power of money more stable, to the great benefit of both creditor and debtor, as against a system where purchasing power now rises and then falls.

(5) The plan in no way weakens the gold standard. Debts made specifically payable in gold would still be so payable, and all other benefits of a gold standard would still remain unimpaired. The new money, however, should be legal tender for all taxes and payment of all debts not made specifically payable in gold.

Plans of this nature can be adopted by any one nation. Combined action of the British Empire and the United States would probably be followed shortly by most commercial and industrial nations — quite certainly if also joined by France, Germany, Italy and Japan.

If silver is not used, how is the world to stabilize its money systems? How is it to pay its debts and taxes on the present level of commodity prices? How is the present level of commodity prices to increase above the pre-War level (substantially the present level, as a whole) with gold increasing in value? Substantial increase of commodity prices seems necessary to meet debts and taxes. Is it not better to trust to a moderate use of silver (a metal used successfully as money for thousands of years, and still mainly used by nearly one-half of the world's commercial peoples) than to embark on a sea of "managed currencies," which is but a new phrase for printing press money? Ultimately, the world must choose between paper and silver.

Should Dramatic Critics Be?

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

*Once again the hoary argument has flared up. Here is support
for the bludgeoned reviewers*

ACTORS, managers and dramatists will never love dramatic critics. There will always be discord betwixt them. The theatre will always blow hot and cold to the pronouncement of critical opinion. If the critic writes a favorable review, it's "Oh, wise young judge; oh, estimable young man!" If he writes an unfavorable review, it's "Anathema!" Who is the critic, anyway? "I'm a trained observer," he says. "You're a detriment to my investment," says the manager. "You're a menace to my reputation!" cries the actor. "You're a parasite feeding upon my creation!" suggests the dramatist. They would all like to see the critic thrown out of the theatre. "Where does he come into the scheme of the theatre, anyway?" is the usual professional challenge. He's a hanger-on!

The Actors' Equity has sanctioned an editorial in its official organ for December, 1931, which attempts to put the critic in his place. The Association, through a writer, speaks for the actor who takes a look at the critic. The substance of this wail is that, could the public trust the manager's word about a play, there

would be no need for critics; that, could the public rely on the infallibility of a cast of actors in a play, there would be no need for critics; that could the public in advance look over the dramatist's script as a prospective purchaser of an automobile picks out the car finally that satisfies him, there would be no need for critics. But, since the theatre is not organized in this naïve fashion, then critics *are*; that is where they enter "the theatrical scheme."

It's a badly built editorial, this which the Actors' Equity sanctions, at bottom a defense of the thin skin of the actor. It's an ill assembled assortment of just grievance against the wise-cracking and clowning of a few critics, and a false statement of the critic's necessary position in the realm of creative art. "The manager makes the critic necessary!" says *Equity*. Now, what do you get from that? Nothing more than that if the manager would turn dramatic critic, or the press-agent turn dramatic critic, there would be no need for critics. In that way the theatre would be rid of the pests. But the manager is an *entrepreneur* and there is only one direction in which he

wants to guide the public: toward his box-office. Since this is so, the Actors' Equity sees the dramatic reviewer merely as an accessory of the manager. They regard him merely as a vainglorious exploiter of himself, picking on the flesh of other arts. They picture him shooting darts of wit with malice aforethought. He is not, in their eyes, a legitimate appraiser of art. He is an entertainer at the expense of the dramatist and player; he wins a clientele of readers by reason of his willingness to dance clownishly at the expense of anyone and anything. Morning after morning he makes puns which he passes for criticism. Turn the rascals out, advises *Equity*, putting a shielding arm about the lacerated body of the actor. Then, to safeguard the actor's attitude from seeming unreasonable, they add that there are some critics who may be taken seriously.

If *Equity* only knew the true condition of affairs! Have they ever read William Hazlitt, who believed that the theatre wasn't half as necessary to the critic as the critic was to the theatre? Boil it down to brutal frankness, the dramatic critic is drained in spirit by the constant worthless theatregoin' he has to do in a season in order that he may discover the small residue of worth while material offered the public. If that worth while material could be sensed and shown at the very first, he wouldn't have to go to the theatre more than twenty-five times, to be very generous as to the results. His wasted evenings could be very much better spent. He then could live in the country, put his feet on the grate of the open fire, and write about that

fine art of the theatre which the average manager knows nothing about; write of the audiences regarded by the manager as merely purchasers of seats; write about theatre taste, of which there is much to say; do reading which would make him much broader in view than the average dramatist makes him; write about the actor who does clever and sometimes brilliant work under conditions which will keep the work a piecemeal affair with small hope for full development.

THE true solution to the problem of criticism is, not where does the critic come into the scheme of the theatre, but rather, where does the manager, with his wares, come into the scheme of criticism? As for the actor, we know that whatever immortality he may hope to have professionally rests in the written word. "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone!" The ideal condition would be to have the manager plead with the critic to come to his show; give the critic just and clear brief why he should take the time to see his show; impress upon the critic what claim the production has on his attention as entertainment; justify to the critic the actors he has selected; point out to the critic why he accepted the dramatist's play, what excellences it possesses, why he was prompted to tie up so much hard cash in the venture. The sum total of the plea would determine whether the critic should come to his show or send a reporter to cover it in a perfunctory way as news. Instead, the critic wears himself out, in the main, on shows that are not worth the space given them in the press.

But, since this can not be, we have the reviewer of plays, created through the necessities of modern journalism, rushing around in a welter of first nights, with no time for contemplation, with a mad rush for the office after the final curtain drops — often before it drops to catch the first issue — in a wild competitive system of news gathering, where he dare not be later than his brother critics, since he must render immediate service to the newspaper reader. In the face of this system — to judge by the recent critics of New York — it is surprising the unanimity of agreement one has on current plays, good and bad. They are not snap judgments, though written quickly; they are not personal preferences or animosities; they are not — as a usual thing — flip asides such as flavor the columnist's corner — but straightforward opinion, written with certain grace, certain enthusiasm, and with certain shifting of vision according to the species. Thus far this season, it has been generous praise for the actor and the playwright. Certainly Eugene O'Neill has no cause for complaint with the reception of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, nor has Philip Barry with the notices of *The Animal Kingdom*, nor has Elmer Rice with the welcome given his *The Left Bank* and *Counsellor-at-Law*. Certainly neither Philip Merivale, nor Katharine Cornell, nor Leslie Howard, nor Helen Hayes has any cause for complaint that the critics have facetiously set about menacing their reputations! But it would appear that there must be an unconditional surrender of the critic in all things. Praise or nothing, praise and the rest is silence! On the whole I believe

current play reviewing steers skilfully between the untenable positions of Sir Oracle and Sir Jester.

In journalism there is small place for the æsthetics of drama. Close upon the heels of critical opinion crowds the insistent necessity for dramatic news. Not that news matters so very much in the measurement of art, but it does — to be practical — help greatly to reinforce the manager's advertising. Surely the editor must harken to the advertiser! In days gone by I have known of editors who dismissed the critic because he aroused by his review of a play the animosity of the manager. Today he stands more whole-heartedly behind his reviewer. The editor sees that the public knows more about the theatre than it used to know; it welcomes a sounder content to the theatre column. This same public can not be so easily duped by the clever spreads of the press agents that used to fill the Sunday papers. Theatrical publicity has improved just as advertising has become more professional. There is less arrant hokum in our theatre pages than there was in the 'Nineties. The theatre policy of the 'Nineties is the movie policy of today.

None the less, the dramatic critic is not selected for his erudition. He is chosen to advise the average theatre-goer sanely how to spend his four dollars to the best advantage. Surely you can not complain of the lack of catholicity in taste of critics who will welcome *Of Thee I Sing* — the Kaufman-Gershwin success — and the delicate *Animal Kingdom* of Philip Barry almost in the same breath. The critic must take each offering in itself and judge it on its own merits.

The critic — as journalism is constituted — can not pick and choose, unless there be two or three openings the same evening; he must meet each night as it comes. Under such conditions, the man with literary feelings plays the game of play reviewing honestly for what it is worth, and waits for other days when he may give more careful consideration to the theatre as a social institution and to drama as an expression of ideas. Often, in his Sunday summary of the week's net gain in the theatre, he shows some of this better fervor. But it is difficult for any man with feeling for style, with sensitiveness to beauty, with æsthetic passion for the theatre arts, to find sufficient material in the average theatre season upon which to call into play his critical faith. The critics more often than not have to say something about which it were better to say nothing at all. How often is the entire fire department called out, where a fire extinguisher is all that is necessary! But there is no doubt that the sin of play reviewing is to be found in the mad accumulation of plays to be reviewed. This has been the case for many years. James Metcalfe, the past dread critical voice of *Life*, once said: "The high pressure life of the newspaper reader calls for a newspaper made under high pressure and for today. In this process there is little opportunity for the display of scholarship, leisurely thinking and carefully evolved judgments which gave their fame to critics of an earlier period."

This is one of the reasons for the *coloratura* writing in our theatre columns. It is agreeable and entertaining when it comes with the

refreshing boyishness of Heywood Brown; it is devilishly clever and repetitive when it runs the satiric gamut of George Jean Nathan's glib nature. But if the managers made as palpably sure shots in their judgments in a season as the dramatic critics, then we would have more successes and better plays!

Equity talks about theatre writers rising in public favor at the expense of the actors. What of the days of George Henry Lewes, when critics showed out and out favoritism, when they were partisans and played theatre politics? Audiences also were then more a part of the active life of the theatre; they showed their prejudices at the slightest provocation and were easily led by the printed word to riot. Today, audiences are alarmingly non-partisan, rigorously cold, almost without loyalty. They have no means left — in the theatre scheme of things — to create standards. They are living in an age of theatrical exploitation when a play is squeezed dry of its money-drawing power and then relegated to the bookshelf, or utterly transformed by the movie tone. The audience today sees things as they come and forgets them as they go. Under these conditions, it is surprising how much fervor and faith in the good thing, the right thing, the critic shows.

If the truth must be told, therefore, I should say frankly that the manager, the actor, the dramatist have never been so intelligently handled in the press as they are today. I am of course speaking from a metropolitan angle. Neither the manager nor the actor nor the dramatist cares a hoot what the reviewer of Oshkosh says, though

often the comment of Oshkosh is sound. These gentlemen of the theatre await eagerly what the gentlemen of the press in New York are going to say. I have never known the time when the dramatic critic has read his literature of the theatre more thoroughly and used it more intelligently and unobtrusively than now. He may fall into conventional phrases, but this is largely because, as a rule, the public thinks in general phrases.

So busy has the critic been that he has left largely unanswered the charge made again and again and now repeated by *Equity* that dramatic criticism is a parasitic practice. It is a flip charge, unregardful of the fact that the critic must create within himself a perspective that will put the theatre clearly through the paces of its development so that the drama will appear to him in its true relationship with changing social condition and shifting moral conventions. For, just as truly as he sees this, will the critic be able the more potently to see the relation which exists between the contemporary theatre and the forces — social and scientific — molding it. If the critic realizes a thing of beauty that has been handed down, not as tradition merely, but through the sheer power of its undying vitality; if he relishes the idea of being an adventurer among masterpieces, he will the more truly have an aptitude for discovering the authentic note in the drama of his own day. Having been trained to see tendencies, to analyze public reactions to moral and social conventions, he is the better equipped to determine how far the contemporary dramatist is fulfilling

his functions as a thinking being. The public easily takes fright at the appearance of change; the critic is the steadying balance for the public opinion toward manager, actor and dramatist. Many movements in the theatre have faded out because there has been no authentic voice to sound their hopes and purposes. The New Theatre venture partly failed — I feel sure — because it did not have a Lessing and a *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*. The Theatre Guild has been helped, not alone by the astute policy of its Directors, but by an intelligent critical approach from the press.

Not for an instant must *Equity* believe that the dramatic critic's life is a sinecure. In fact, the critic is so busy that he has left unargued this parasitic charge. He might grant that he has the theatre and all the elements in the theatre to work upon. But he will insist that he brings forth a new product. He preys upon the life of the theatre no more tenaciously than the novelist or the dramatist preys upon life itself. And the form that criticism takes — at its best — is just as definitely original as the form of the novel, the poem and the piece of sculpture. In this respect, dramatic criticism, or criticism generally, may be regarded and should be regarded as a creative art. Will one deny this to Matthew Arnold?

IN THE popular mind, criticism is really a matter of your opinion and mine, and I am the guilty person until I prove myself adequate: in other words, until I come into agreement with you. The actor says: "How can a critic know about acting,

when he doesn't act?" The dramatist declares: "He can know nothing about play-writing, for if he did he wouldn't be a critic; he would write plays." There is a slogan that the critic is a dramatist who has failed. But whereas the actor's business is to act to the full bent of his powers, mimetic and mental; and whereas the dramatist must write plays that are actable according to the theatre conventions of his day, that are interesting, tell a consistent story and develop character — none the less, the dramatist and the actor have nothing to do with the fundamental principles distinguishing the critic's craft — weighing the evidence, adjusting the balances, discussing the proportionate means and their proportionate effects.

The dramatist says: "I have done it — written a play on a certain theme, with certain characters. Here it is." The critic says: "You have done it to the best of your ability; have you done it to the full bent of your theme? Have you been true to your characters?" The actor says: "Here is my characterization." The critic says: "Is it a full character you give or a compound of clever characteristics and mannerisms? Is it done with any surety of technique which you can carry forward into a new part? Is your coin original or imitative, is it gold or brass?" The dramatist gives no thought, and shouldn't, to those currents of an age which shape him in the image of his age. The dramatist knows little and cares less about those categories into which the critic places him. But does this indifference on his part, this irritation, destroy the validity of the categories? The dramatist uses a

symbol when he finds it necessary; he treats a theme realistically, when he thinks the subject matter demands it; he is impressionistic when he determines that it is useful for the effect he wants. But he is no analyzer of himself. He would attempt to throw out the critic who entered his study and cried "Halt" to a false step or a false conclusion.

So, an entire world of vital viewpoint is left to the critic. And the irony is that the actor and the dramatist eventually appear in that viewpoint only in proportion to how vital they are. Shall we leave that viewpoint alone because of the sensitiveness of the actor and the dramatist? They damn the dramatic critic, but at the same time they are angry if they do not fill a place in the mental picture the critic has of the season's work. It is bravado on the part of the actor and the dramatist that creates a rift between them and the critic. "I never read reviews," exclaims the playwright testily. But recently I visited the author of successful shows and his desk, his chiffonnier, the chairs in his room were covered with clippings from a press bureau. "I never read reviews," says the actor. But I notice that after an unfavorable comment he and his wife, if there is one, give the critic an icy stare.

Yet, my observation tells me that the gentlemen of the press who go to the theatre often bend backward in their zealously to say encouraging things of a show that is given with serious intent or with amusing claims. This season S. N. Behrman and Benn W. Levy might well be pleased with the generous attitude of the critics. Why, the present theatre

doesn't know what criticism is at the full bent of its relentless power. They don't want it, even if it *is* fair. I have seen the self-deception that goes on at the rehearsal of a play; the cross purposes between actor and dramatist, the fight between actor and director. I have seen all of them in their frantic effort to get around glaring faults that were right before their eyes. A production is got ready amidst an atmosphere of emotional blindness. Then the play is thrown to the critics in the arena and they are expected to be just as emotional. They are sworn at if they pass sincere unfavorable judgment. For what all three are wanting is praise.

Of course there are exceptions to this picture, just as *Equity* says there are exceptions to the critical birds of prey. Plays *are* rewritten after try-outs; plays *are* sometimes entirely abandoned rather than risk the critical fire of Broadway; actors *are* suddenly taken from a cast because of their unfitness. But this is behind doors. What *Equity* complains of is that each appearance of an actor *before* a critic jeopardizes the position of the actor. If he can fall before a wisecrack, the poorer actor he.

Equity strikes another true note which may be acknowledged. The manager *does* tempt some critics to a self-conscious creation of the flashy line. So do the readers of the newspaper who find him "so entertaining." If he is entertaining, they read him again; if he is entertaining three times in succession, he becomes a fad and is asked to write for the smart magazines, and to give lectures on his experiences behind the scenes. These are called his by-products, as the moving picture

rights are a by-product of the novelist and dramatist, and Hollywood the very tempting by-product of the actor who is so sensitive to criticism of his art! But flashy lines are mere incidents in criticism, though they are the meat of billboard and newspaper advertising.

What really matters in dramatic criticism is whether the critic stands firmly and knowingly for the whole thing he says. *Equity* never wrote a truer thing than that criticism is no better than the man who writes it. Yet in the same breath, *Equity* condemns the entrance of the critic's personality into the matter. The very fact that there is a personality to reckon with is evidence that there is a creative principle to criticism. For art is not an impersonal matter; it is bound up with the emotional, the intellectual and the spiritual background of the artist. When I speak of the unusual amount of unanimity of critical opinion in our press, I do not mean that critics do not differ. The very safeguard of the actor and dramatist is the chance for diversity of opinion. This was clear the morning after the production of Sophocles' *Electra*, which was produced because of public curiosity to look upon its picture and O'Neill's New England version of it in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. When the critics suggested that there was an absence of classic proportion to the production, I heard some one exclaim, "Ha, what do they know of classic proportion? They never saw the play given by the Greeks."

We now are in a state of mind where we do not wish to have cleared up this misunderstanding of the critic's function in the theatre, or his

function in any other of the fields where he exercises his prerogative to pass judgment. Book reviewing is as badly muddled. Book reviewing has been as weak at times as groups of critics have. In both fields there has been undoubted log-rolling, undoubted favoritism. Books are boosted that should never have been boosted except for sweet friendship's sake. Plays have been foisted into favor around a luncheon table, actors eliminated that never should have been. But in the long run, dramatic criticism is exercised in the interest of public service. Managers know that a review can either mortally wound or else make a show. The broadside of favorable comment on *Mourning Becomes Electra* or *The Animal Kingdom* or *Of Thee I Sing* helped spread the news very quickly. Press comment is the stamina of the box-office. The healthy line in a review is a valuable slogan. It is fair for the manager to exploit it. Just as fair as that the critic should come into his theatre and have his critical fling at the show. But to the credit of most of the critics, the line is not all; they do not even impress the typesetter with the necessity of putting the line in bold face type.

Yet, even if they did, it would be no more reprehensible than the actor's attitude when he marks on his script of the play, "Here's where I get a laugh," "Here's where I must bring tears." The actor's business is to entertain his public. The critic's business is not to bore his reader.

Could the critic be given a chance to read a play before it was produced, and could he call around and give warning to the manager that "this is a rotten show," he'd get for his

pains the answer, "Who's producing this play anyway?" But when he goes to see it on its opening night, if he writes truly of its worthlessness, he is reviled. If the critic could put his hand on the shoulder of the actor and say, "You haven't half touched that part," the answer would be, "Go do it better." If the critic should go frankly to the dramatist and say, "You have a magnificent idea here, but you just don't get it across," the retort would be, "You don't know what you are talking about," and then the dramatist would talk it over with his manager and a play doctor would be called in.

No, you can't take from the argument the undoubted fact that dramatic criticism is a good corrective, a subtle deterrent, a healthy menace to the theatre. Without it, the theatre would be what the streets would be without traffic signals. Now I grant, as a lover of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt, that I would like to see in theatre reviewing more attention paid to the human picture of theatre-going, more subtlety paid to portraiture, more time given to the pure æsthetics of theatre arts. But we don't see particular actors often enough to æstheticize about them; their range of work is not wide enough or vivid enough for us to do more than take them at the play's immediate worth. The dramatic critic is off a play as soon as he's on it. He fills a rapid fire job. In the history of the drama, criticism has always prepared the way for great periods of dramatic writing. But the dramatic review of today, if it departs from its journalistic restrictions, becomes other than it avowedly is, a guide to a transitory

season, with the privilege at times of pointing out or suggesting the ways by which the critic reaches his judgments and conclusions.

So, the subject will always be at an *impasse*. The critic will always have to be aloof, and the relations between himself and the theatre will always blow hot and cold. If he cites tradition, he will be called academic; when it is necessary to call upon tradition, if he doesn't he will be dubbed ignorant. The actor will always shout, "Why do you compare me to a dead actor?" — while death afar off laughs at the irony. If you would know what the power of criticism has been in our contemporary theatre, know that Ibsen won his way in the wake of critical championing, that the renaissance of the English stage was brought

about by the critic, Jones, shouting a certain battle cry of freedom, that our own recent revolution which changed our old theatre of old stage design, of old stage production, of old methods of acting, was brought about by critical opinion. Maybe the question, "Why dramatic critics?" is after all not worth while answering. Maybe the irritation of actor, manager and playwright is good for all of them. Maybe that is the way eventually of getting good actors, managers and playwrights. And you can't take away the vital matter: that the measurement of the people's amusement for their enlightenment, pleasure and ultimate good is a rather important function in the theatre. Even though some might account it an evil, it is a necessary evil!



Nothing But Airplanes?

BY RALPH C. PARKER

Commander, United States Navy

Who seriously questions A. G. West's inference of a few months ago that navies and fortifications are entirely superfluous for national defense

A RECENT article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled *The Anti-Aircraft Fable*, by A. G. West, raises points which should concern all citizens who are interested in national defense, as well as military and naval men. The main thesis is that protection against air-attack by gun-fire, either from the ground or from ships, is wholly ineffective; and that the money and effort allocated to this form of defense had much better be expended on additional fast fighting planes which can meet air-attack in its own element.

It seems a pity that in supporting his opinions Mr. West should have interlarded his many sound arguments with others which are either based on incorrect assumptions or else are foreign to the whole issue.

The statement that history nowhere records that either fortifications or fleets have guaranteed protection can not pass unchallenged. A fort without men means nothing, but it can and does multiply the effectiveness of its comparatively

small garrison, so as to make it equivalent in defensive power to a field force many times larger. Hence it is logical military economics to use fortifications wherever protection is certain to be required, instead of leaving such a point unprotected, or tying up for its defense a large field force which might be much better employed elsewhere. There is no possible use of erecting them anywhere but at points where their presence will frustrate the enemy, unless he first overcomes them; and if the odds against them are too great they will be captured or destroyed, as is equally true of armies, navies, and air forces. But nevertheless, from the siege of Rome's capital by the Gauls to the German drive on Verdun, history fairly bristles with instances where a stronghold, successfully defended, has saved its people and its country.

And the statement is even more inaccurate in so far as it concerns fleets. Setting aside all the numerous other examples, Britain has for two hundred years been the unacknowl-

edged but virtual leader, almost policeman, of international affairs, with one of the world's smallest armies. Conquerors like Napoleon and Ludendorff have gnashed their teeth impotently in turn at the thought of what they would do with but a few hours' control of the seas in which to land and deploy an army on the Sussex coast. British forces have landed almost at will in North America, Flanders, Spain, France, Asia and South Africa. And to deny that the power of their fleet made all this possible leaves no explanation other than a Kiplingesque theory that it was done through Divine Aid and Favoritism.

Nothing in the lessons of the World War tended to diminish the importance of sea-power by one iota, though the submarine caused decided alterations in our conception of how sea power was to be constituted and maintained. Now without enmeshing our discussion in the intricacies of strategy, the facts are as follows: Control of the sea means the ability of a nation at war to secure what it needs from abroad, to sell its own products in return, to transport troops, supplies and munitions by water for the prosecution of the war, and to prevent its enemy from doing any of them. This is exactly what the Allies did in the World War and what the Central Powers failed to do, though it is universally recognized that a reversal of sea-power would have reversed the outcome of the War. The effort of the American and British armies in France weighed in terms of men, material, money and lives lost was of course much greater than that of their navies at sea; but the fact remains that without those

navies, the armies would never have reached France or have continued to eat and shoot after they got there.

The early German submarine successes did unquestionably catch the British napping, but fortunately for the Allies these early successes against combatant ships were more spectacular than decisive. And when the gallant Von Weddigen of the U-9 startled the world by sinking the cruisers *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir* in such rapid succession, he little realized that he had perhaps rendered the Allies a service by thus early affording a lesson severe enough to be taken to heart, but not severe enough to shake the supremacy of British sea-power.

It is true that thereafter the Grand Fleet kept largely behind the mines and submarine nets of Scapa Flow, except to make occasional fast sweeps through the North Sea, to chase back the Germans whenever the latter ventured from their bases, and to prevent any breaking of the cruiser blockade and the anti-submarine campaign. It is true that the battleships of both sides never came into contact but once and then very indecisively. But it is also true that had the preponderance of the Allies in battleships never existed, or had it been lost by some catastrophe at any time during the War, Paris and London would now be lucky if they were merely paying reparations to Berlin, and not learning the goose-step under Prussian drill-sergeants.

The submarines continued to take a heavy toll of merchant shipping until a tardy realization of the menace forced the introduction of the depth-charge, the convoy system, and other defensive measures, which

turned the curve of submarine losses upward and that of their successes downward. But for all these successes the Central Powers continued to pinch and starve while French and British ports could scarcely handle the wealth of men and products poured into them by all the argosies of the world.

Only their inferiority in capital ships kept the powerful German and Austrian fleets from coming forth to demolish at a blow this huge structure of sea communications on which the whole Allied cause rested. And it is unreasonable to proclaim the battleship ineffective because our superiority therein achieved success by its mere existence instead of by having a chance to fight the enemy. As well blame the policeman on your beat because he has never shot a burglar escaping with your silverware, when his mere presence has kept your house from ever being broken into!

THE foregoing may digress somewhat from the immediate subject of air-power. But since much of the quite reasonable propaganda in favor of air-power is accompanied by wholly unreasonable attacks on other arms, it is only fair that a voice be occasionally raised to contradict arguments founded on a perversion of the historic truth. The status of the plane in future warfare has unfortunately become a subject evoking more controversy than considered judgment; and few of the partisans on either side recognize it as a question of relation rather than choice between this new arm and all others. Now it were blindness not to admit the tremendous importance of the

air arm, but such an admission by no means carries with it the corollary that all other arms can be dispensed with, or that all anti-aircraft defense other than by planes themselves is useless and wasteful.

There are a few fables about air-power itself which need a gentle touch of the scalpel. An effective air-force can not be built and maintained at any such moderate cost as has been popularly imagined. For every plane actually in the air there is required a supporting establishment of men, material, ships, shops, hangars and machinery considerably larger in proportion than that which other weapons require, because the plane itself is the least self-sustaining of all weapons.

As an example of this overhead, take the air force of the United States Navy, which we have reason to believe is equal in efficiency if not in size to any aviation body in the world. Number of personnel is generally a fair index to effort. With approximately 1,000 useful planes on hand as of June 30, 1931, there was employed in connection with naval aviation activities a total of 3,492 civilian employes and 13,952 officers and men, of whom only 1,184 were pilots or otherwise engaged on regular flight duty. It is hardly likely that the Navy Department, accused by some radicals of being reactionary towards aviation, has been allocating more men than needed to its air-force, or that the latter needs more in proportion to its planes than any other air organization. The conclusion is obvious then that the cost of the plane itself is only a minor item in the total aviation effort, and that while our air forces both at sea

and on land should undoubtedly be increased, it is not going to be done at any modicum of expense.

The damage which aircraft can work is not nearly so horrific as has been pictured, weighed in comparison with the ordinary destruction of war. The average bombing plane can carry a single bomb equal in weight to a torpedo or fourteen-inch projectile, or can carry two of half the weight, and so on. Aërial giants can be built to carry even heavier loads, but the cost goes up very nearly in proportion to the weight carried, and there is rather more chance that the one big fellow will be shot down or otherwise come to grief than that two smaller ones will. When the bomb, big or little, is finally dropped, it may hit or it may miss, for there is no deadly accuracy about it that sets it above all other missiles. The plane may drop it from a considerable altitude with very little danger to herself from anti-aircraft fire, or she may come lower, accept more risk, and have a better chance of hitting what she aims at. The thing she can not do is play perfectly safe herself and at the same time be very dangerous to the enemy. She obeys the same laws in this respect as does any other weapon.

When a bomb finally succeeds in hitting, it does no more harm by virtue of having come from above than would the same weight of explosive propelled more or less horizontally from a gun — less in most cases, for the air resistance puts a limit on the penetrative velocity one can give to a missile by dropping it. We would choose a bomb on the deck of our battleship any day in preference to a heavy armor-piercing shell, though

we make no pretense that either will be all pure pleasure. The point is that we expect to get hurt occasionally in war, and though we may have proved a new weapon to be capable of doing considerable hurt, we are still a long way from having proved it to be more deadly than any other weapon.

Whether hitting or missing, the one heavy bomb or several smaller ones represents a good day's work for the plane and pilot, and not such an infinitesimal part of their life's work either, at least in war time. No aërial ammunition wagon is going to give them reloads up there, and neither man nor mechanism will stand the strain of too frequent flights, even aside from the dangers. Much of the immunity claimed for the plane is due to its own factor of weakness. It is a fleeting, evanescent target because its missile load is small and can be dropped almost instantly. And when men have held out for hour after hour amid the inferno of destruction poured from masses of rapid-fire artillery, they are unlikely to be awed in advance by the few seconds' worth of bombs which even a large flight of planes can carry and drop.

Great striking range (or radius), in which the plane excels, is a tremendous asset to any weapon, but is not everything. We may recall how in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, the first in which rapid-fire, high-velocity, long-range weapons really came into their own, it was freely predicted that personal combat was a thing of the past, and that the bayonet was useless because one force or the other would be destroyed or put to flight before they ever came

close enough to use it. And mark then how in the World War the very severity of the fire drove the combatants underground and to night operations, not only restoring the prestige of the bayonet but introducing such short-range weapons as the trench-knife and hand-grenade, whose utility would have been scoffed at as little as ten years before.

Air forces are well adapted for quick striking, damaging, and harassing, but not so well for capturing, holding, or even totally destroying. They are excellent for attack, but not so reliable for defense. We freely admit that they can hurt an enemy whether he has or has not an air force of his own, but there is the greatest doubt as to their ability to keep that enemy from going over us like a steam roller if he has sufficient superiority in the shorter-range but heavier-hitting types of arm. In the World War the air forces bedeviled London and Paris and destroyed an occasional ammunition dump, bridge, or factory, but they never stopped an enemy's advance or wrested any of his holdings from him. They will do considerably more in the next war, but will not win it single-handed.

MUCH capital has been made of the British decision to entrust the Royal Air Force with maintaining order in Iraq, despite the fact that it was really sharing that job with a considerable native army organized and trained by British Officers. Such a step is logical enough in an open country, where climate, distance, and difficulties of supply are harder to overcome than any direct resistance by the enemy. Why march

perspiring Tommies over the inhospitable desert, and into an occasional ambush, after a foe they can never catch, when a bomb or two in the village street may bring the recalcitrant but impressionable natives to reason before they are well started on their uprising?

It works when it works, but it did not work so well when the hard-boiled and sophisticated Afghan tribesmen staged a raid on Peshawar in India, and found to their delight that the British planes not only were innocuous against targets that took to cover and emerged again like rabbits, but that the airmen would expend good bombs on turbans strewn flat on the ground, under the impression that the owners were still beneath them. The air force did excellent work, but fortunately for Peshawar, its defenses also included some good old-fashioned infantry and artillery!

The contention that our present anti-aircraft practices fall short of reality is true enough, but it is rather unfair to impute this to deceptive motives on the part of reactionary Army and Navy authorities. Sleeve-targets, towed by a plane, are the only kind we can fire at; and if the practices are conducted with a certain amount of formality, it is not with intent to produce inflated scores, but to keep from registering a stray hit now and then on the aviator doing the towing. So far as the Navy anti-aircraft practices are concerned, every possible uncertainty is introduced consistent with safety and with the unavoidable limitations of a towed target, and this is presumably true of the Army's practices also. It is difficult to see

why the reports of these practices are to be considered as insidious anti-aircraft propaganda, while the vast publicity given to the planes and their achievements is the pure milk of disinterested truth!

Many of the arguments advanced against the effectiveness of anti-aircraft fire apply equally against the effectiveness of aerial bombing itself. There are always many factors which combine to make anti-aircraft gunnery or any other kind largely a matter of trial and error as well as of scientific calculation. But these factors work both ways. The missile dropped from the skies carries no stamp on it which insures special delivery any more than the missile hurled by a charge of powder; wind, motion and atmospheric conditions play hob with one as well as with the other.

Sharp banks, sudden turns, and other acrobatics by a free-flying plane which are denied to the towed target, will unquestionably increase the difficulty of anti-aircraft fire against the former, but will do no less to its own bombing accuracy. The velocity and direction which a gun imparts to its projectile are imparted to a bomb by the motion of the plane carrying it, as well as by gravity, and hence the plane must steady for at least a few moments before the launching, unless the pilot is sacrificing all chance of accuracy in the attempt to secure his own safety.

It is well to recognize right here the sophism of crediting the bombing or torpedo plane with the same degree of immunity from anti-aircraft fire that the high speed, climb and maneuvering power of the fighting

planes give to that type. The two are less alike than a Percheron dray horse is like Man o' War, for in plane design the qualities just mentioned are all at the expense of ability to carry weight. You can secure either extreme or some compromise between them, but not both extremes. And when any one vaunts the difficulty of hitting a target with gnatlike maneuverability, 200 miles per hour speed and 15,000 foot ceiling, it may be well to ask skeptically, "Yes, but what bomb weight can such a craft carry and how far and at what height does she expect to hit anything with it?"

We will readily admit that since the anti-aircraft batteries are unable to go after an enemy's planes, they must of necessity be located where the planes will come to them, that is, where they can defend some highly important and vulnerable point or structure. No plane is going to approach anti-aircraft guns merely to make the latter feel useful. It is useless to scatter a few guns over a long line or a wide area, and it is probably poor military economics to provide a lot of them for the same purpose. But that by no means proves that structures of such concentrated value and vulnerability as ships, bridges, dams, or canal locks should be protected only by air forces, which are likely to be somewhere else when needed and whose ability to protect at all times is quite as unproven as that of anti-aircraft guns.

The instance cited, where planes from the U. S. S. *Lexington* caught the Panama Canal defenses off guard and bombed the locks unresisted, may prove many things, but it certainly does not prove that air forces

themselves afford certain protection when anti-aircraft guns fail to, or that we should scrap both our *Lexington* and our battleships in order to spend more on land-based air forces. The latter were there in plenty but could not get up in time, and there is nothing to show that they would have done so had their numbers been thrice as great.

THERE is considerably more to war than merely shooting at the enemy in front of us; and whether we do it with a rifle ranging a mile, a heavy gun ranging ten miles, or a plane ranging two hundred, it is done to enable us to advance, seize and hold a position, line, or territory occupied by the enemy, or to prevent him from doing the same to us; not merely to do damage which has no result beyond itself. And if air-power by its mere ability to hit at ranges greater than anything heretofore can of itself decide a battle, then why was it ever necessary for men to "go over the top" at all, when their artillery was already battering the enemy with a volume of fire far greater than anything planes can achieve? Because until that enemy's position had been occupied and made a stepping-stone for further advance or defense, nothing at all was really accomplished. Why did the enemy ever undergo such punishment in his trenches, instead of getting out of range and letting his own artillery stop the attack? Because the long range weapons seldom *did* stop it, and the issue was not fully decided until men with rifle, bayonet and machine gun had met at close quarters. Does this then assert that the long range guns were ineffective?

Not one whit, but they were merely one highly important element out of several, as the plane in its turn is bound to be; and to stake a war wholly on one element alone will be as disastrous in the future as it would have been in 1914-1918.

But will not matters be different at sea? Not necessarily. The myriads of planes which are to sweep across the Atlantic or Pacific and attack us are as mythical as the wings of Icarus and Dædalus, for such flight radius and bomb carrying capacity do not go together. To bomb New York or San Francisco these invaders must first get ships to carry them to within a few hundred miles of Ambrose Channel or the Golden Gate, and it would seem that a Navy which can keep their carriers from ever getting that close is a better guarantee of protection than shore-based planes which can promise little more than to stage a good fight in the air — perhaps after the harm has been done.

And the battleships that are to be sunk so freely by air attack? Well, setting aside the fact that we believe aerial bombs to be considerably less damaging per hit than heavy shells or torpedoes, and glossing over such incidents as the recent bombing of the steamer *Mount Shasta*, which the planes from shore could not even find and then could not hit when it was found for them, we will freely admit that much damage can be done to ships by air attack — as through any other sort of battle. But such air attack must come from either shore bases or plane carriers. There is no necessity for a fleet to dally within flight range of the former when it can largely exercise control of the sea without it. And while carriers are the

essence of air-power at sea, they are themselves highly vulnerable to attack by air as well as by gun and torpedo. We must be equal to our enemy in air power afloat, but we dare not be inferior to him in gun power. It takes both to make sea power.

Should the foregoing discussion smack of anti-aircraft partisanship, it is wholly unintentional, for surely one may question whether a certain arm is so superior as to exclude all others, without thereby disparaging its high intrinsic value. The proposition we would advance and which it is believed would help considerably

towards straight thinking on military matters, is that the plane is merely one more weapon, though of first rate importance; that it excels all others in range and speed of attack, but lacks the destructive capacity which high volume of fire alone can give; and is neither so cheap nor so invulnerable as we have been led to believe. To realize its limitations as well as its advantages is the first step towards success with it.

Unfortunately the truth is always a matter of qualifications, degrees and relativity, and as such is far less impressive than extremes of statement.

(Note: The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer, and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.)

Giant Cacti

BY SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

GROTESQUE, misshapen, furred with thorns, and weird,
 The cacti tear the dusky webbing air
 Like creatures out from some nocturnal lair
 To exercise at will of durance cleared;
 And rove, inquisitive, where shadows reared
 Before them on the dunes are kin who dare
 To venture friendliness as harsh and spare
 As any festered pool the sun has seared.

Distorted and obtuse, they seem to prowl,
 Encumbered by their own malignant weight.
 And when the distance yields a rising howl
 No wolf could send, no catamount nor mate,
 The desert folk hide in the dark's deep cowl
 Until its mad resurgencies abate.

These Musical Electrons

BY RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES

The invasion of science into music threatens a revolution which horrifies conservatives, but holds great promise for others

MUSIC, securely anchored in its almost sacred traditions, has always been serenely indifferent to the purely materialistic conquests of formal and dispassionate science in its department of sound physics. As a result, the evolution of musical media has been tediously slow, even stupid and resentful of anything that approached an invasion of its realm. This resistance has been anything but passive and the persistency with which it held gave subtle warning that when the invasion of science finally came it would be swift, sure and totally devastating.

Such a tragic moment, tragic at least for those who hold that music can obey nothing but the most æsthetic responses of humankind, appears to be at hand. From July 6 to the 8th of this year, there was held in Munich, Germany, the first International Electronic Music Congress, a congress full of menace and threatening gestures for the established order of the musical world. It was a congress full of the spirit of daring and inspired solely by the discoveries of electrical physicists who have, within the past five years, placed at

the disposal of musicians a new and transcendental means for the expression of the human emotions through the medium of sound. It is a means so utterly and fantastically revolutionary and so full of diabolical promise that the conservative members of the conventional school shudder and become uncompromisingly belligerent at the mere thought of it.

When the physicist, like a mother unable to find nourishment for her new-born babe, left his infant on the doorstep of music, the incorrigibles permitted it to remain there wailing in the night. It was benign and bastard and there could be no asylum for it in the sacred corridors of so virginal an institution. There are humans, however, even in the shrines of the arts, who are moved by the wailing of an infant in the night and who will open the adamantine door to bring it in.

In the case being discussed, no less a person than Paul Hindemith, professor of the Berlin Academy of Music and conceded to be the best composer in modern Germany, has extended succor to the offspring of a dispassionate parent; a parent imbued with mathematical exactitude

and incorruptible temperance for anything that is subject to an æsthetic play of the senses.

BUT why the need for a new means of musical expression? Why are the conservatives steadfastly holding to the contention that our present instruments are sufficiently versatile to provide adequate extension and division of tone? Surely we must be musically mature with centuries of tradition behind us and apparently inexhaustible resources for a glorious and still more productive future. Music can not be bankrupt; emotion can not starve on the sustenance that fed Beethoven, Bach, Wagner and the rest of the immortals.

Before giving thought to such an apparently impossible idea as musical bankruptcy, some attention should be given the supposition so tenaciously held to by the patriarchs that our present instruments provide adequate division and extension of tone; extension and division sufficiently flexible to encompass the expression of any emotion however delicate or elusive. An unprejudiced observer, with even a superficial knowledge of the physics of sound, is inevitably drawn to the conclusion that such a claim is an exaggeration and that it is more or less defenseless when viewed with a panorama of the whole sound spectrum behind it. The audible sound spectrum extends all the way from acoustical disturbances having a frequency so high as to find no part of our ears sufficiently small to be in resonance with them down to frequencies so coarse and low as to degenerate into noise. While the invasions of the lower registers have been bold and daring

enough, especially in the stops of some of our modern organs, the extremes of the upper registers are practically unexplored. Super-treble is still the north pole of music.

Those who argue that our present musical instruments provide sufficient tonal division are, in all probability, either by reason of their being so close to the forests that they can not see the trees or so grossly ignorant of the mechanics of sound, unmindful of the enormity of their exaggeration. No composer has been adventurous enough to set his feelings down with anything more continuous than the conventional chromatic scale with its half-tone limitations. To do anything else would be futile and incapable of being interpreted by any save a few of our musical devices. The violin, confined to a rather narrow portion of the sound spectrum, is capable of producing infinite division of tone, but its propensities are not shared by many other instruments. Those masterful instruments, so completely able to search the whole soul of conventional music, the organ and the piano, become utterly inarticulate in the expression of any sound divided into intervals more delicately separated than half-tones.

Must the half-tone forever remain the arbitrary limit of tone shade even though composers may wish to sing in the blank spaces and even though we humans with finer sensibilities, more delicately sensitive nervous systems and with far greater aptitude for complications and complexities in every phase of our lives, may be developing musical appetites far more insatiable as regards tone shades than were those of our grandsires? Growing

complication and complexity geared to an ever-increasing tempo is the rule and future of life as it greets us today. We find this in every department of human activity. Music, it would appear, has been a laggard in this race to appease the new and intricate human appetite. To greet the eyes, there has been a new glory in colors and forms, for today our chemists have split and compounded the shades, hues and primary colors of the spectrum until an entirely new conception of chromatic effects has been born. We find the same delicacy, the same fine splitting of hairs in the concoction of foodstuffs, for the variety of foods today is utterly appalling when compared to the limited culinary elements enjoyed by our forefathers. In the spectrum of taste, which lies between the extremes of gall and saccharine, we have an almost unbelievable number of blends. The olfactory sense has not been able to escape this pampering, this new and feverish desire to multiply sense responses with new forms of stimulation. Our perfumers are perpetually alert in the task of discovery of odors that will provide intrigue for our nostrils.

In commenting upon this riotous appeal to the senses, one can not overlook the multitudinous forms of stimulation that modern civilization has brought to the sense of feeling. Our automobiles, our airplanes, our elevators, fast motor boats, railroads and the thrills of the amusement parks have given new and often alarming sense responses that in conditioning our nervous reflexes have complicated our entire nervous system. The whole order and environment of life has created sensations

and reactions that have not only burdened the senses and nerves but given them a hunger for still more stimulating forms of excitement.

IF MUSIC has responded at all to this sensual madness, it has answered, or attempted to answer the call, in the blatant language of jazz which is still, with its mutes and muffles, a mere tonal mutilation of standardized expression. It has certainly added no new delights to the art, for its whole inheritance came from the conventional school.

When one reviews the output of composers during the Twentieth Century, one is drawn logically to the conclusion that music is slowly becoming bankrupt either for want of genius or for lack of material with which to express the spirit of the age. This is not to say that the present century has not been productive of works that will endure. It most assuredly has, but the number has been gradually tapering off and at the present rate of decline it begins to presage musical starvation. This decline can not be due to a mere depletion of the reserves and resources of music for the singing mind can never be thwarted for want of musical elements with which to express its song. Music is still fabulously rich in new combinations and untried synthesis but it may be that our composers, especially the younger ones, are either consciously or unconsciously feeling the urge to appeal more deeply to that nervous instability, to that racy and more wanton appetite of the new age.

Fineness of texture and sensitivity are concomitants of extreme complexity in both organic and social life

and it is possible, whether we be aware of it or not, that the coarseness of conventional music is too great to reach those deeper wells of emotion that have been developed in humans removed by countless ages from the lumbering *pithecanthropus erectus*. If the reaction to pain in living matter is directly proportional to the perfection, extent and complexity of the nervous system, it must be certain or the whole emotional being becomes more highly attenuated and less easy to satisfy as civilization marches on.

From the lyre and the lute we have come finally to the symphony; from the simplest murmurings of melody to the highly organized and coordinated interpretations of great groups of instruments capable of producing an astounding number of tonal colors. But after the symphony what? Does it represent the pinnacle of musical achievement or must we look forward to the day of quarter, eighth and even sixteenth intervals and to tone synthesis so delicately fabricated that it will allow more complete emotional satisfaction to a race whose responses demand something more sustaining than present-day music has to offer? If that day must come, electrically created music is here to serve it.

ELECTRICALLY produced music, or, more correctly, electronic music, is not to be confused with ordinary electrically reproduced music coming from radios, talkies or electric phonographs. Electronic music is made up of fundamentals, overtones and harmonics created by the interaction of electric currents modulated by human intervention. It

represents a new source of amenable sound that is utterly free from the limitations imposed by ordinary musical instruments.

When an alternating current of commercial frequency (sixty cycles or 120 complete reversals per second) is permitted to pass through a radio loud-speaker, a note, more or less pure, of that frequency is produced. If a graph, showing the periodic rise and fall of energy from zero to amplitude and from amplitude back to zero were drawn of such a performance, the result would, for all practical purposes, appear similar to a graph showing the action of energy converted by any musical instrument. The energy transformations in either system would be identical, the only difference being that in the one case kinetic energy was converted into sound, while in the other electric energy was converted. Thus it is seen that alternating electric current is capable of producing sound waves. The next step needed to produce music is a means of varying the frequency and volume of this sound.

The physicist, turning to the ubiquitous vacuum tube, took advantage of its squealing. When a radio vacuum tube squeals, it generates an alternating current with a frequency depending upon the electrical dimensions of the circuit of which it forms a part. Perfect control may be exercised over this squealing by introducing or subtracting the necessary electrical elements which take various forms. The introduction of these elements may be brought about by keys, by sliding contacts, or, in the case of certain electronic musical instruments such as the thereimin, by a mere move-

ment of the hands to control both frequency and volume.

The vacuum tube is an efficient generator of alternating current, its range of frequency capable of being extended all the way from one a second (which is the lowest that physicists have as yet reached) to many millions a second. The audible sound spectrum does not extend beyond twenty thousand cycles a second and there is for each human a distinct and critical point reached in the super-treble and at a point slightly above or below this figure where sound, however virulent, exits stealthily into the realm of pure silence. Such is the range of this new and amazing source of music.

Those who are not familiar with electronic music will immediately question the tonal characteristics of such electrically produced sound. Is it able to produce all of the overtones and harmonics that go to make up the color and tonal beauty of music produced by conventional instruments?

The question can best be answered by asserting that the electronic method of tone creation can do anything that can be done by any musical instrument known. It can do more both in the upper and lower registers, in volume and in the method of manipulation, which may be a keyboard, a fret board, a bow or a mere waving of the hands. Blow, bow and pound as they will, the members of a symphonic orchestra can succeed only in reaching a very definite limit of volume while with electronic music a child at the keyboard may fill an auditorium or a group of auditoria for that matter.

So rich are the resources of elec-

tronic music that no sound however delicate, however sweetly compounded with harmonics or overtones can be elusive enough to escape faithful creation. For the first time the whole spectrum of sound has been made available to music and this availability has come along with a flexibility of control that makes ordinary musical media appear gross and stupidly mechanical by comparison. In the lower register, where prevailing instruments provide rather grotesque performances, electronic musical instruments are capable of producing a richness and roundness of tone that brings entirely new possibilities of expression.

ELECTRONIC music has long since emerged from the laboratory. Already it has invaded one of the most important citadels of music, Carnegie Hall, and many of its other audiences have been equally sophisticated. In Europe, where the art is far more advanced than it is here and where performances have been made before audiences that are more musically mature than those in America, this new form of expression has been rather kindly received. At least the musical bourgeoisie has been favorably impressed and even certain members of the musical aristocracy have expressed warm enthusiasm for the *enfant terrible*.

Electronic instruments take on multitudinous forms, the most interesting probably being the very versatile tratonium developed by the radio research section of the Berlin Academy of Music by Dr. Trautwein with the coöperation of Paul Hindemith who regarded the development seriously enough to compose

music that would lend itself more perfectly to electronic interpretation. Indeed Trautwein's researches into the possibilities of electronic music have been so amazingly penetrating and so utterly beyond the limitations of ordinary effects, that they have been responsible for a new theory of music. To quote R. Raven-Hart, an authority:

The principle here is radically different and involves a new musical theory according to which the characteristic tone-color of an instrument is (in most cases) caused, not by overtones which are multiples of the fundamental frequency as in the older (Helmholtz) theory, but by damped vibrations of a fixed frequency or frequencies bearing no relation to the fundamental frequency except accidentally (and then tending to produce undesirable effects, "wolf tones," etc.). Such tone-formers (German: *Hallformaten*), as they are called, are caused by some acoustical "circuit" in the instrument being resonant to this fixed frequency and being set in vibration by shock excitation due to small variations in the volume of the fundamental note. It should be noted that the tone-formers are always of a higher frequency than the fundamental; should the fundamental (in the ascending scale) pass one of them, it at once disappears and the timber becomes simpler, for example, the upper notes of a clarinet are relatively characterless owing to the loss of tone-formers present when the lower register is in use. It is also to be noted that these tone-former vibrations die out before the end of each fundamental period, or are wiped out by the beginning of the following one. A simple example of the control of quality of acoustic tone-formers is by the muting of a violin or of a trumpet (by wooden cone or derby hat!) since the mute checks the vibration of some particular acoustical "circuit."

One of the most interesting developments on the American scene has been the electronic organ of Captain Richard H. Ranger. Ranger has succeeded in providing means for the production of no less than three

thousand tonal effects and his frequency range extends all the way from sixteen cycles to eight thousand cycles. As yet no musician has been able to tap the appalling tone resources of his instrument. So versatile is this instrument that Leopold Stokowski has said, upon hearing it, that several such organs might replace an entire symphony in the near future. Brass, woodwind and string effects all easily come within the range of this musical jack of all trades. New and old tones are created with equal facility.

Aside from Trautwein's tratonium and Ranger's organ, there is Prof. Thereimin's thereimin, Dr. Miller's electronic piano, Prof. Hardy's photo-electric organ, the martenot and a dozen other inventions of some note. More than half of these instruments are available commercially at prices ranging from \$150 to \$5,000.

So revolutionary are the musical effects that may be produced by these new instruments, that musical talent is baffled by them, it stands awed in the presence of a new glory in sound with resources so vast that perhaps many years will have to pass before they can be fully understood. Musicians are needed with a genius searching enough to find new and subtle effects, and composers are needed who, like Beethoven and Mozart in exploiting the resources of the piano, will be able to take advantage of devices so rich in their range and character that they were never dreamed of by earlier composers.

Let the conservatives say what they will, a new and glorious day of promise so immense that it stupefies one even to attempt to measure its full significance is here.

Walden in the Red

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

Rusticating may be bliss, but urban life is cheaper

IT'S A die-hard fallacy. I mean the utopian notion that the Golden Acre of economic paradise lies somewhere between Walden Pond and North Burlap. I mean the philosophy of "Back to the Soil" as variously expounded by Messrs. Rousseau, Tolstoi, Thoreau, and all social perfectionists cut on an agrarian bias. And I particularly mean the persistent myth (terribly vocal in the last couple of years) that living in the country is cheaper than living in the city; that a nice woodsy landscape is a sovereign remedy for this cyclic depression business and vice versa; and that plenty of fresh air, new-laid eggs, sweet milk, heavy cream, and green garden truck will blast the world out of its present economic slough.

These venerable myths, recently revived by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in his programme for the ruralization of American industry, date back to the time when Cato wrote his *Treatise on Agriculture* and Q. H. Flaccus penned his *Odes* in the lee of his Sabine barn. Such fables may have had some cogency for America in the post-Revolutionary era when the *Farmers' Almanack* was the preferred reading-matter of a

race of congenital husbandmen; conceivably, too, the idea was valid when the virgin forests of Oregon rang to the music of the pioneer's axe. But here and now, as life is presently organized, any one who can afford to live in the country (excepting the farmer, of course) is a social curiosity — and could probably get more for his money by moving to the city.

IN JUNE, 1926, I arose from my instructor's desk in Columbia College and announced that I was through. In my statement to the trustees I intimated that I was not only bored by classroom obsequies but was also rather weary of stretching my \$2,000 salary over a dormitory cubicle and a cafeteria diet. Something of a bucolic impulse (superinduced by a too literal reading of *Walden*) was boiling within me, and I was of a mind to let it boil. As I remember it now, my idea was to get out into the country and be poor; to go in for plain living, high thinking, and the articulation of such lyric poesies as I should find within me. In my salad verdancy I fancied that I had picked an easy berth for myself. Ah, if youth but knew. . . .

Of cash I had almost none, but by disposing of my books and furniture at an academic auction I obtained a sum large enough to take me to Ruralia, New York. Ruralia is about fifty miles south of the elbow where the Hudson River becomes unnavigable to night boats; the little valley in which Ruralia snuggles is a pinfold of the Catskills, a thickly timbered crease in an unfashionable section of the Vacation Range. The chief products of Ruralia, in order of their importance, are: 110 proof apple-jack; pork sausage for summer boarders; and modernistic canvases by the art colony. There used to be a tannery and a wood-turning mill in town, but that was a long while ago — before my time.

I had heard that Ruralia's rents were grass cheap, and its conditions of life absolutely primitive. Both rumors were at least fifty per cent true. For \$20 a month I hired a five-room farmhouse without plumbing, furnace, or furniture. But plenty of fresh air filtered through the cracks in the roof, and the owner gave me a barrellful of chipped crockery to adorn my pantry shelves. To celebrate my conversion to naturalism I got married, and brought my bride of twenty-four hours to this sylvan retreat dedicated to the germane pursuits of poverty and minor verse.

It wasn't long before I discovered that verse was too slender a staff to support even a disciple of Thoreau, so I began to lean more and more heavily on those traditional literary crutches — book-reviewing and manuscript-reading. Occasionally, I wrote an article. I figured that if I could earn seventy-five dollars a month, all would go well with the

revised *Walden* program, but needless to say, I did not balance my budget every month. During that first year we had to exhibit some ingenuity in disguising our menus — eating cornmeal and fat bacon not less than seven times a week, and easily avoiding such refinements as an automobile, radio, dinner jackets and bath salts. Young romance and a wild ambition to Waldenize modern life were all that we had to support us through a long winter spent in virtual isolation.

But romance can not last forever, and even love's young dream begins to include something in the way of a tight roof and one's own furniture. And because the article-writing business began to prosper (anything could prosper in America between 1926-29) I eventually found myself with enough money to acquire title to a remote ark of a house with a glorious view but no plumbing. The house was situated three miles from the village of Ruralia (which meant that I'd have to buy a car) but in that first flush of property-holding madness I made a down payment and started in to build a habitable residence out of the rural barracks I had purchased.

To buy the lumber for the repairs on my house, I had to travel thirteen miles to the nearest lumber yard — which happened to be at the county seat. Seeing so many trees about the terrain, I thought: "Surely, lumber will be cheap." Swiftly was I undeceived. Lumber was not a penny cheaper than it would have been in New York City — and in addition to the cost of the material, I had to pay for a soon-to-be-familiar item known as "haulage." In the country, every-

thing has to be hauled long distances — lumber, sand, crushed rock, cement — and you are charged plenty for the hauling. After buying a thousand dollars' worth of building material I found that I had to pay a ten per cent surcharge for getting it to my lot. Of course, I could have hired a truck, or bought one of my own, but I figured it would be cheaper to pay the haulage tax and chalk it up against the economy of living in the country.

The local carpenters who worked on my house charged me six dollars a day for labor; they came at eight-thirty in the morning, took an hour off for lunch, and quit at four. When I remonstrated that this was not a full day's work they told me that it was an old rural custom to knock off at four o'clock, in order to get home in time to do their own chores. In compliance with this charming custom, I paid them nearly a dollar an hour for labor — certainly no cheaper than the city rate for an appreciably higher grade of skill.

There was no spring on my property, so I had to dig a well. Actually "dig" is a misnomer; the proper term is "drill," since the whole region around Ruralia is overlaid by a thick ledge of blue-stone. Now to penetrate this stubbornest of rocks was certainly worth the three dollars per foot that the well-drillers charged me. But because my well was ninety-one feet deep, the total cost of getting water to the surface of my backyard (not into the house, mind you) was \$300. Eventually it cost me \$700 more to instal running water in my home. Oh yes, bird-notes are cheap and lovely in Ruralia, but plain cold water is a commodity

that a country dweller pays dearly for.

By this time I was in need of financial assistance, so I applied to the local bank for a mortgage. This meant that I had to insure my house against fire. Now fire protection being non-existent in that sector of the woods, I had to pay a terrific rate for my insurance policy — almost three times as much as a city dweller has to pay for similar protection. For a time I wavered, but because I sorely needed the cash to complete my building operations I paid the stiff premium — and am still paying it. Later on I learned that none of my neighbors are insured for the full value of their property; they claim it's cheaper to take a chance on their houses going up in smoke. You can't blame the insurance companies, but they certainly lay a heavy toll on their rural customers.

Transportation is a problem that the city dweller dismisses when he drops a nickel into the subway turnstile or buys a commutation ticket at half the regular rate. The urbanite of small income can easily dispense with a car, but I soon found it was practically impossible for a family (we had an infant now) living three miles out of town, to get along without an automobile. One must be prepared to meet illness and emergencies when they arise; there is a minimum number of trips that must be made to town for supplies — to say nothing of the imperative need of getting across-country to see one's friends occasionally. All these journeyings require some sort of a car, and in my part of the country such cars are generally picked up second-hand for an average price of \$300.

The life of such a conveyance is about a year, not longer, for nothing will rattle a car to the junk pile quicker than a real country road. My first car cost me \$344, and the upkeep per month (including gas, oil, tires, repairs, license plates and insurance) was twenty dollars. Thus for transportation I was soon paying over \$500 a year — a huge and rather disproportionate part of my income for a commodity that my urban brother obtains for a few cents a day. Very few suburbanites with incomes under \$5,000 pay such a transportation tax — a tax paid, in the last analysis, for the privilege of living in the woods.

AND NOW for food!
 A There is extant an old wives' tale that food, especially dairy products and fresh vegetables, is cheaper in the country than in the city. Romanticist that I was, I believed the yarn until skeptic figures persuaded me that I had been dealing with folk-lore instead of facts. I don't keep my grocery bills — that would be too harrowing — but whenever I examine them I notice that I am paying from three to seven cents more for staple commodities — sugar, flour, bread, tea, and coffee — than I'd have to pay if I lived in a larger centre of distribution. There are no chain stores in Ruralia; the general store of song-and-story handles an omnibus line of goods ranging from steel plows to brown sugar — charging the customer for the inevitable slow turnover, unprofitable lines, and bad debts. Gasoline, motor oil, and kerosene (all bought at the general store) are always two or three cents a gallon higher than city prices, due

to the obvious fact that they must be re-shipped from central distributing points to Ruralia and similar small-bore tanks. For fresh western beef, pork and lamb, the epicures of Ruralia pay ten cents a pound more than regular urban prices.

And as for dairy products — the "nice creamy milk, plenty of eggs, butter, and garden truck" of legendary fame — I have never been able to discover why I have to pay more for them in Ruralia than in a city delicatessen shop. Apparently, the local farmer with a few registered cows prefers to sell his milk in bulk to a Dairymen's League at three cents a quart, rather than peddle it among his neighbors for fifteen. Many times I have paid this price for milk at the stable door when I could have traveled to the county seat and bought it for three cents less. But the farmer knows I won't drive twenty-six miles to save three cents, so he rubs in the extra price. Usually he "separates" the butter-fat from the milk before he sells it to me, so I actually get a thinnish blue concoction instead of the "rich sweet cream" of the hoary fable.

By a specious kind of logic, the farmer takes his price-cue from the local store-keeper. One day not so long ago I asked the local chicken-rancher, "How much for a dozen eggs?" He turned to his wife and said, "Ring up the grocery store and find out what they're charging for eggs today." The store price was fifty cents, so he charged me fifty cents — although eggs were selling in New York stores for thirty-eight cents a dozen.

"Fresh garden sass" is so highly valued by the man who grows it that

I have had to pay five cents an ear for standing corn when it was selling for thirty cents a dozen in urban markets. Beets, peas, carrots, apples and potatoes are never sold without reference to the current "store prices." For summer vacationist trade, this practice may be justifiable — but the farmer has known me as a neighbor for five years and claims that he won't raise the stuff unless he can "get his own price for it." I can sympathize with his point of view, but have never been able to understand why I should be obliged to pay more than city prices for the privilege of rooting carrots out of the earth.

On the fuel problem I am taken from the front and rear. For five winters now, I have paid a dollar a ton more for coal than the city furnace-stoker, and use one-third more fuel than he does to offset the intenser rigors of the upstate climate. Briefly, I pay the freight on coal — which seems a reasonable proposition. But you'd suppose, with forests of oak, maple, and chestnut surrounding me, that cord-wood might be fairly cheap. No such thing! I've never yet been able to buy a cord of fireplace logs for less than twelve dollars. One winter I flew into a cold rage and cut my own wood; because I burned six cords between October and May, I saved the estimable sum of seventy-two dollars. Very probably I'll repeat the performance this winter from sheer necessity. Yet even so — after I wrestle, sweat, and haul logs all winter — my fuel bill will be about forty per cent more than if I were living in the city. You see, there are no anthracite mines on my property, so I'll still

have to pay fifteen dollars a ton for hard coal.

How about public utilities — gas, electricity and telephones — those assumed indispensables of comfortable living? These, I can warn you, come high in the country. But since my warning would be useless if not buttressed by specific facts, here is my story:

For the first three years of our life in the woods, we lighted our establishment with kerosene lamps. The effect was quaint, but rather hard on the eyes during long stretches of night work. Finally an energetic spirit amongst us persuaded the dozen householders along our road to petition the electric company for a service wire. Why yes, said the electric company, this could be arranged if we would pay for the installation of our own poles, twenty dollars apiece, and guarantee a minimum payment of seven dollars a month, per householder, for twelve months of the year. This seemed to me, and was, a terrifically high guarantee, but actually my monthly electric bill has been as high as twelve dollars. I pay the highest legal rate for electricity, simply because I don't use enough of it. I have been told that if I instal an electric stove my basic rate will go down; maybe so, but at the present rate I can barely afford to pay for the privilege of reading by electricity, let alone cooking by it.

I have no telephone. True, I could get on a party wire with eleven other persons at the tempting rate of four dollars a month, but such an arrangement does not appeal to my sense of decency. There is no greater

nuisance under heaven than the rural party-line, jangling constantly and unimportantly, with its accepted privileges of eavesdropping as part of the service. If I wish to escape all this jangle and espionage, I can instal a private line by paying down a forty-five dollar deposit and meeting a seven dollar per month minimum charge. But the chances are that I'll get along without a phone for many years yet, because the service is too expensive for an ex-disciple of the simple life.

It may be argued at this point that I have attempted to transplant to the country whole categories of needs and equipment that are peculiarly urbane, and am disgruntled because I have to pay the inevitably higher rate for them. Searching my emotions, I do not find this to be true. If I am disgruntled, it is not because I am paying three times over for *luxuries*, but because the bare necessities of life are costing me more in the country than they did in the city. If I were to drop a few more notches in the economic scale, my style of life would be painfully primitive; as presently conducted, no one could plan his life more simply or frugally. And yet I am earning a moderately good income — an income on which many millions of Americans are living comfortably in large cities and suburbs. I *spend* as much as they do, yet I live on a much lower plane of comfort and convenience! How then, can it be maintained that country living is cheaper than life in the city?

To the best of my knowledge and experience, *it can't!*

Rent is the single budgetary item that is positively cheaper in the coun-

try. The rent of my house, were it located in a large city, would be in the vicinity of \$100 a month. Right now — figuring only my taxes, insurance, interest on my investment and interest on the mortgage — I am paying \$600 a year as the equivalent of rent. This is cheaper than city rent, but not a penny cheaper than rent in the nearby county seat. But by the time I have built a new driveway, landscaped my grounds a bit, and have the storm-windows set in, I think my total expenditures for "improvements" will more than offset my savings in rent. Meanwhile, I have the admitted luxuries of privacy, fresh air, and a wide panorama of scenic beauty. Yet much as these advantages mean to me (and they mean a great deal) it can not be said that I have purchased them cheaply.

I HAVE been wondering, as I wrote, if we have saved money on clothing while living in the country. A brief computation shows me that we have not. Stout country-boots, corduroys, sweaters and mittens are by no means cheap articles of clothing, and they wear out doubly fast in Ruralia because of the increased strain put upon them in performing the hundred chores of the day. And because I have to make a certain minimum of trips to the city to see editors and publishers, I must have a complete repertory of city clothes in addition to my fustian attire. Also, a third set of wearing apparel — sport clothes — is essential to summer tennis and parties. And since American life decrees that if you wear white clothes they must be clean, one's flannels and linen have to be as fresh

in Ruralia as in Newport. Add laundry and cleaner's bills (as steep in the country as in New York) and you get a nice item at the end of the year. So after casting up the annual totals for five years, I regret to say that we haven't saved a tremendous fortune in wearing apparel or its upkeep.

There are, however, certain economic admissions that must be made in favor of country life. I have noticed, for example, that the cash pressure is less imperative in a country village than in a large city. City life is built on a "cash and carry" plan, but in Ruralia I have been able to drift along for weeks at a time without putting my hand into my pocket for hard money. When my income lags, or is temporarily non-existent, my grocer carries me over longer periods, my bank allows my notes to slide, and the garage man continues to repair my tires and car. Ultimately, the burden is felt in the increased prices I pay for these extensions of credit, but in distressful times like the present it gives me a feeling of security to know that I can ride with my banker and grocer until a changing wind blows some cash my way.

It will be franker, also, to admit that country life in America is as yet a bit of an anomaly for the non-agricultural worker. At present, the type of person who can support himself and his family in the country is a rarity, limited almost rigidly to the craftsman or artist with an established market for his work. In Ruralia there are absolutely no jobs for the transplanted city dweller; at no time is there enough work for the native population. There are

already too many chicken ranches, mink farms, and Sealyham kennels dragging out a painful existence on the deficit side of the ledger. Literally, there is no way to earn money in Ruralia. Dozens of my friends have tried to cash in on the summer colony trade by running restaurants, riding schools, real estate agencies, book shops and speak-easies. But they lose their little capital in the attempt, and drift back to the city at the end of the summer—wiser and poorer for their country experience.

Finally, I have observed that most city dwellers are temperamentally unfitted for country life. Around November first, they break down into acute melancholia when faced by the very real hardships of winter weather, isolation, and inconvenience that make the country unattractive as a year round proposition to the millions. Quite logically, most city persons like the city between October and June, and will stay there until the country becomes more urbanized.

When this happens—when country communities can provide heat, light, water, transportation, food, and schools as cheaply as the city—we may look for some considerable exodus to the woods. But this can not happen by legislative decree or utopian wishing. For good and sufficient reasons (chiefly economic) people will stay huddled in the city until there is something for them to do in the country. This charming ruralization of industry advocated by Governor Roosevelt is as yet nothing but a literary dream—an outworn dream at that, with a long tradition of failure behind it. Owen, Rousseau, and Ruskin had such a dream,

and Henry Ford is just getting the first whiff of it. All social purists have at one time or another filled long sweet pipes with this sylvan opiate. Eventually a flame of reality may arise from the smoke, but when the flame does burst forth, the country will be so citified — in prices and in landscape — that no one will be able to tell the difference.

Meanwhile, I propose to fight it out along rural lines if it takes a

whole lifetime. I like the country; it fits me, my family and my work. But I have abandoned most of my romantic notions about the cheapness of such a life, and have found that I pay dearly for the privilege of hearing Chanticleer wind his sunrise horn. Understand me, I value that privilege (among others) but a candid examination of my accounts shows me that I have not purchased it cheaply.

Bird

BY FRANCES FROST

THAT night
Full of the ruin of spring,
Night in the east was bluer than the still
Slow-shadowed timberline until —

That night
Darkness was closer than the strange dark loam
Tasting of wildness, bitter with the foam
Of ended blossoms, till from out the south —

Than the brief heart stirring darkly in your breast,
Than the mute and generous nearness of your mouth,
Darkness was closer, till from the windless crest
Of the orchard slope there fell

A singing for rain,
A crying for the cool and windy stain
Of wetness over trees and grass, a crying
For spring again when swift rain-shadows float
Down from the mountains, — till suddenly there fell
Through the still and intimate night, a gust of singing
Out of a robin's burnt and drowsy throat!

Don Juan as a Collector

BY MARY DAY WINN

*Why are there people who collect garters, furnishings of saloons,
air mail stamps—and even tombstones?*

I KNOW a gentleman who has devoted the best years of his life to collecting clay pipes and the buttons from soldiers' uniforms. He has, in effect, *married* clay pipes and military buttons, and is living with both in bigamous content. In this marital union he probably finds happiness above the average.

It would be impossible to produce comparative statistics in proof, but any one who has touched the fringes of this subject will agree that collecting is on the increase; it is one of the major enthusiasms of our time. A list of things which are the objects of the collector's passion would sound like the table of contents of a Sears Roebuck catalogue—or an inventory of the city dump: shaving mugs, mustache cups, gilded rolling pins, hat boxes, cigarette snuffers, miniature furniture, glass slippers, maps, old insurance policies, conch shells, wishbones, wooden Indians, wax flowers, time tables, playing cards, hymn books, beaded bags, fans, canes, baskets, beetles, babies' caps, spectacles cases, ink pots, buttons, garters, crutches, talking machine records, petticoats, old love letters. It is revealed that at

least one macabre amorist has even made a collection of tombstones.

There recently appeared in the "Personal" columns of the *New York Times* an advertisement asking for help in the choice of a hobby; the author evidently felt that he must, to be perfectly regular, collect something, but experienced no quickening of the pulse when any of the ordinary collectors' inamoratae were mentioned. Not the least interesting features of this nation-wide mania are the psychological reasons back of it—which might, if realized, be disquieting to the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals. Of the subconscious urges which drive the collector on I shall say more anon. At the moment I want to point out another significant aspect of the *Times* personal: its yearning for originality, even in the choice of a hobby.

It is this yearning which each year adds to the already bewildering list of things collected more oddments suggested by some recent world event, or growing out of some revolution in our social customs. The Great War, the Eighteenth Amendment, Lindbergh's flight, the

death of Edison, all have spawned new accumulations. These current events foci, around which collections are grouped, possess other advantages besides their originality: the collector who centres his fond gaze on some just-born subject can begin, so to speak, with bibs and teething rings, and include among his treasures mementoes even of his beloved's infancy — an achievement which proves pretty expensive for those who have become infatuated with Fifteenth Century incunabula, or the pottery of ancient Greece!

When "We" landed at Le Bourget, the collecting of airplaneiana developed from a mild insanity into a mania. Envelope covers, with canceled stamps which have been carried on record-breaking flights, are now so eagerly sought that they play an important part in the financing of such ventures. Amundsen's flight over the Pole was paid for mainly by the sale of stamps. Postcards sold in this country at a dollar apiece were forwarded to his point of departure, given a cancellation stamp and then recanceled on the other side of the world. From this source the explorer is said to have realized about \$600,000.

Pictures and contemporary accounts of early flights, signatures of the heroes, bits vandalized from the planes themselves, flight maps, books on aviation, even the most personal wearing apparel of the birdmen are objects of the collector's desire. Rose of all the roses is the canceled check for \$25,000 which inspired the Lone Eagle's venture. Ultimately this bit of paper will probably be, if it is not already, worth more than before it was cashed — unless it is,

as a collector's item, so unique that there is just no use yearning for it; after all, no girl should really feel it a slight on her powers that she has not been able to marry the Prince of Wales!

Another event which has given birth to a host of fondly reminiscent collections is the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Like the pressed flowers and ribbon-tied love letters which remind us of some departed sweetheart, every bit of furnishing from the old-fashioned saloon is cherished. When the Waldorf Hotel was torn down, a flood of offers came in to buy the fittings of the famous bar, which had, alas, already been disposed of before its value was realized. Chairs and tables, however, bearing the alcohol rings of former conviviality, went briskly under the auctioneer's hammer.

No item of the old bar-room is so lowly that it has not found a lover. Even the labels which covered rare vintages are eagerly sought. The framed liquor license which hung on the wall is an object of veneration; I know a designer of home bars who will give a hundred dollars for a genuine liquor license. More popular, because more easily acquired, are the bottles. Since the passage of the Volstead Act, bottle collecting has taken on a new fascination, the lure of forbidden things. The whiskey bottles that the antique dealer used to be glad to dispose of at fifty cents apiece now bring \$8.50. Chicago boasts a justly famous collection of bottles which has been gathered together by a woman; one of her proudest exhibits is the last champagne bottle opened (that is, opened before Prohibition) at Colosimo's,

where Capone used to be the bouncer.

From the blood and mire of the World War sprang an almost innumerable number of collector's items. We remember the old taunt that the Frenchman fought for his country, the Englishman fought for glory, and the American fought for souvenirs. The finest War collection in existence is that gathered together by President Hoover and now in the possession of Leland Stanford University. Other enthusiasts, without his money or resources, have focused their attention on acquiring some one item connected with the great conflict — books, enlistment posters, uniforms, propaganda material, arms, and medals commemorating War events, one of the most prized of the latter being the *Lusitania* medal, which, German apologists to the contrary, was actually issued.

On the death of any very great man who has contributed to the literature or history of the country, those who have specialized in acquiring his autographs, his books, or documents relating to him have difficulty in suppressing their inhuman delight. For now, with the supply of items stopped at its source, those already collected increase in value. The recent death of Edison will undoubtedly stimulate the collection of Edisoniana — unless Mr. Ford has already cornered everything cornerable; when one remembers that he removed from Menlo park and shipped to Michigan even the actual dirt for two feet down on which the great inventor's laboratory and other early buildings had stood, it seems probable that not much is left for the Edison

Pioneers and others who cherish his memory. So many people are collecting the signatures and letters of the Presidents that these are always in demand, though greatly varying in commercial rating. Some of the most expensive of the letters of recent Presidents are those written by Harding. After his death Mrs. Harding, fearful of further revelations and exposure, is said to have gathered together and destroyed all of his correspondence that she could get her hands on. This act of a harried and agonized woman created a bull market in Warren Gamaliel items.

Partly because writing her name is painful to her radium-burnt hands, and partly because she sees no sense in it anyhow, Madame Curie has an almost inflexible rule against giving her autograph. Therefore when she makes her visits to this country, a special guard has to be appointed to stay near her day and night and protect her from collectors. This is a job comparable to that of Horatius at the bridge. I know, because on the occasion of her most recent trip, I was the guard. I shall go to my grave with the curses and maledictions of those I turned away ringing in my ears, especially the piteous cries of the man who showed me photographs of his chubby-cheeked babies and explained that the only reason he was collecting autographs was for their sakes. It was his only way of providing for their future!

THIS commercialization of collecting seems to be more prevalent than formerly, and is bemoaned by those who have the "true collector's spirit." They point with

horror to the shops in midtown New York which deal in autographs as if they were so much soap or tar, and when they see a dealer's catalogue, quoting the price that some beloved object has brought at auction after its owner has died, they shudder as did Henry Ward Beecher when he contemplated the slave block.

When it sees a chance to make money out of the collector's tender passion, our Government, however, has no such delicacy of feeling. Washington realized five or six years ago that there was gold in those stamp enthusiasts, and started a Government philatelic agency to issue lists of new stamps and help collectors get well centred specimens. This bureau started with one clerk; today it has a dozen or more. Some of their most profitable business is in air mail stamps, which have a high face value but, sold to collectors, demand no service; stamp collectors have made the air mail financially possible.

Banks and other big business institutions have also found it profitable to encourage stamp collecting among their employes. They have discovered that it heightens the powers of observation and encourages neatness and a love of system. A man who has become a stamp enthusiast is less likely to let counterfeit money get by him.

Such practical considerations, though, mean nothing to those who collect for the love of the game. A friend who devotes most of her waking hours to acquiring early American book marks, Civil War envelopes, trade cards, old business calendars, valentines, orders of merit, lottery tickets and twenty or more

other items, many of which have almost no commercial value, explained her viewpoint: "The joy of collecting," she said with eyes aglow, "is in the chase. Not what you can sell an item for, but what it is worth to you — that is its value. Now H — lets an agent buy for him. He has not" — her tone implied moral obliquity — "the soul of a collector."

The soul of a collector — what is it? What is the subconscious incentive which drives men and women on in a mad race to acquire? Sometimes the answer is obvious. The man who buys first editions for their future value is simply investing. The cattle baron who sends an agent to Europe to outbid his rivals for a package of yellowed love letters whose writers have made literature is usually actuated by another motive: he has made his successful investments in less glamorous commodities and now feels the need of wrapping around himself the cloak of cultural interests. So he becomes a patron of the arts.

The prominent lawyer who keeps important clients waiting in his outer office while he sorts and studies his stamps (an authentic case) probably does so for still a different reason: he is shifting mental gears. To clear his mind of one complex problem before he tackles another, he gives it a twenty-minute interlude of relaxation and escape.

But what of the man who subordinates everything else to his acquisitive passion? What are *his* subconscious urges? As usual, our wise men, the psychiatrists, have given us the answer; I pass it on with profound apologies to all my collecting friends, but with an equally

profound conviction that the psychiatrists are right. Stekel, the Austrian neurologist, quotes from the poet-philosopher Kierkegaard a passage describing the writer's acquisition of a writing table:

Some seven years ago I caught sight of a writing table at a second-hand dealer's, which immediately took my fancy. It was not in the modern style and rather the worse for wear, but it interested me. It is impossible to describe the emotion I passed through, but I suppose most people have had similar experiences. My daily routine led me past the writing table at the dealer's, and I never failed to look at it lovingly in passing. In due course this interest in the writing table became an event in my life; it became a necessity of my existence to see it, and I would even make a detour on its account. The more often I saw it, the stronger grew my desire to possess it. I knew well enough that this was an extravagant wish, as I had no use for it, and had to confess that it would be sheer waste of money to purchase it. But it is notorious that a craving will find itself some excuse. One day I stepped into the dealer's, and after asking about various other things, I was on the point of going when I casually made a very low offer for the writing table. I thought it possible that the dealer might close with the offer and then it would have been through a lucky chance that the desk became mine. It was certainly not a question of money that suggested this point of view, but the desire to ease my conscience.

But the attempt failed; the dealer was unusually determined. For a while I continued to pass by daily and to cast enamoured glances at the writing table. I must decide one way or the other, I thought to myself, for, once the writing table is gone, it will be too late. And even if I were to succeed in tracing it again, I should no longer get the same satisfaction out of it. My heart thumped as I entered the shop again, and bought and paid for the table. This shall be the last time I will be guilty of

such extravagance, I thought; it is really lucky that I have bought it, for now every time I look at it, it will remind me of my extravagance. This writing table shall start a new era in my life. Depraved desire is so plausible, and the way to hell is paved with good resolutions. The writing table was placed in my room, and, as in the first days of my passion I found my joy in regarding it from the street, I now paced up and down before it at home. By and by I got to know its interior, the countless drawers, pigeon-holes, and shelves, and was in every way delighted with my writing table.

Every genuine collector will recognize the emotions described above. He will also realize, if honest with himself, that they are the emotions of a Don Juan. As Stekel points out, the genuine collector is really gathering together a harem; a harem of fantasy in which each new object, as it is added, is the symbol of a new conquest. The real collector falls in love with every acquisition, sees it through a rosy veil of illusion, overestimates its value and rejoices that it is rarer or more beautiful than some similar item in the collection of another.

To a man with the soul of a collector, nothing else in his life is equal in importance. One of the biggest stamp collectors in the United States, who died recently, sold his business holdings, worth several millions, because he was faced with the choice of selling his stamps to save the business, or selling the business to save his stamps. Of the two interests, he chose the one which brought him the greatest happiness.

Proving, perhaps, that Don Juans may also be philosophers.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



THE most mountainous of peaks upon the landscape at the moment this is written is the long-awaited report by O. H. Cheney, a banker, upon the present state of book publishing in the United States. Many things are wrong with this important industry, says Mr. Cheney, suggesting almost a round hundred remedies for the evils that beset the production of reading matter. There is not space here to take up the details of the criticism or the cure; this department has not been altogether free in the past from suggestions that all is not well with book publishing, although it has not had so many remedies to offer as Mr. Cheney. This may be explained at least partly by the fact that the Landscaper has, under one of his various disguises, to grapple daily with the problems of publishing, and is therefore slower to tell people how the business should be run than a banker whose imagination and ingenuity are not hampered by experience.

It is upon the broader phases of publishing that Mr. Cheney seems to the Landscaper to go farthest astray, for the reason that he is

dealing in intangible elements. Much of what he has to say concerning the parlous state of the retail book trade in this country is not only true, but of vital interest to the public which must depend upon this same retail trade to supply it with books. A

soundly and intelligently run bookstore is a community asset of the first importance, and one for which no department store department can be a substitute. How many American communities have such bookshops? The statistics would shock the thoughtful. Mr. Cheney's suggestion that the publishers may in the long run have to look after the retail marketing of their products is in line with the thought of other intelligent observers; perhaps in the long run the chain book store will solve the problem of distribution. Perhaps, too, if the depression continues long enough a good many other perfectly obvious evils in the American publishing situation will be cured; perhaps, indeed, we may lose enough of our "rugged individualism" to coöperate along sensible lines, which would mean mainly along lines of better business organization. Certain European countries might furnish the examples.

The Problem of Selection

MR. CHENEY thinks a great improvement would become evident immediately if publishers were only more careful in the choice of manuscripts to be made into books, and hints that many times publication occurs for reasons that have little or nothing to do with the intrinsic merit of the piece of writing under consideration. There is, to be sure, an element of truth in this accusation, publishing being at best no more than a human institution, but the flaw in the reasoning is simply this: Good and worth while books that are chosen with care and prayer often fall flat, while manuscripts that are published for no very good reason find a warm reception. Much of the junk that clutters up publishers' lists and which would seem to the casual observer as wholly unworthy of preservation in book form finds popular favor, and helps the publisher, if he be a publisher with a conscience — some have and some have not — to take chances on books that seem to be worth doing for the good of the race, but which find no more than a handful of people to buy them. There is the suggestion, too, in this interesting report that if publishers kept more careful records, they would be in better position to judge prospective additions to their lists. It is this type of reasoning that makes a report on publishing by a banker just silly in spots; who can apply a formula to public taste with any degree of success, or who, having such a formula, can find a book to fit it? It is in the very nature of the product that publishing varies from other

businesses, and every attempt to apply rules that have been worked out from success in selling cigarettes, cold cream, Latin-American bonds, toothpaste, or motor cars to publishing has in it a large element of the ridiculous. It is obviously true that publishers bring out too much second rate stuff, but there is not enough first rate stuff to go around, and publishers must publish . . .

Are We Book-Readers?

THE Landscaper wishes there were more time and space to devote to Mr. Cheney's report, which, incidentally, was published in a very limited edition and supposed to be more or less the property of the industry that financed the study, but which seems to have found its way into the newspapers without much difficulty. Perhaps the question may be asked as to the public's interest in such a document: The Landscaper's answer would be that every intelligent person has a direct stake in the publishing industry, which, in a Utopian country would be among the most important of educational and cultural, as well as recreational, influences. It may be a natural enough prejudice on the part of this observer, but he has the feeling that a strong, well-organized and flourishing publishing industry, with an abundance of successful retail outlets, could do a lot for these United States. And this remark, coming from one who grows more and more profoundly distrustful of the beneficial influence of education of any sort yet discovered, means something. It needs to be said again that the fundamental difficulty in publishing and book selling in this country is that

Americans are not a book-reading people; most Americans read only when there is nothing else to do, and then newspapers and magazines usually furnish the necessary time-killing ammunition. Mr. Cheney says our boys and girls learn to hate books in school and never get over it, and this may be a good place to drop the discussion, as it might lead on to some remarks about our educational system. And how could any one quarrel with a system in which so many teachers are working without pay? As in Chicago, for example, where preparations go gaily on for an exposition in 1933 to be called "A Century of Progress." One hopes that the payless teachers will be given passes, if they have not starved to death before the gates open.

Publishing Goes On

WITH or without the assistance of Mr. Cheney, however, publishers continue to bring out books, and some of them find people willing to dig up the sums necessary to buy them. William McFee's new novel, *The Harbourmaster* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), started with the assistance of one of the book clubs, is finding much popular favor. It is a romantic story, with an exotic heroine, not especially hampered by the old-fashioned device used for its telling — first-person narration — and well filled with Mr. McFee's own comments upon the greatest possible variety of topics. There are times when Mr. McFee seems to be little else except an audible prejudice — he is the most prolific literary page letter writer in New York — but he has opinions about everything and most of them are entertaining.

Conradian influence or no, he understands the technique of fiction, and while he has never touched the heights, not even in *Casuals of the Sea*, he is wholly reliable, a good and honest workman. Most fiction readers will enjoy *The Harbourmaster*. Somewhat the same thing might be written of another recent book club choice, Francis Brett Young's *The Penningtons* (Harper, \$2.50), a long book of a good and comfortable mediocrity that should be acceptable reading to almost any one, a book with some of the "homely" quality of a good deal of recent English fiction. Mr. Young wrote some unusually good novels a few years ago, *Woodsmoke* among the best of the lot, but he now seems to have struck a steady stride in the production of good but uninspired and uninspiring stuff. The book clubs could hardly have hit upon two safer choices than *The Harbourmaster* and *The Penningtons*.

Mr. Herrick on Sex

ONE of the recent American novels that leaped at once to the best-seller lists is Robert Herrick's *The End of Desire* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), the first book by this distinguished novelist for several years. It is concerned with the amorous adventures of an elderly pair who attempt to put into practice some of the teachings of the newer school of psychologists and who do not find the happiness so freely promised. It is definitely a thesis-novel; Mr. Herrick is burning with indignation against the modern theorizing about sex, and the passion with which the book is written makes it assume an importance beyond its

value as literature. It is, aside from the point of view so vigorously expressed, no more than a competent novel, but old-fashioned Americans who have not been won over to the New Morals will find it excellent reading. The Landscaper takes no sides in the fight, believing that there is a good deal to be said for both, but it is a pleasure to have some one as sure of himself as Mr. Herrick take up the cudgels. He finds ample expression for irony in the change of rôles that has occurred in the sex-drama, with Woman now playing the lead. Another of the current native offerings that may be recommended is Maristan Chapman's *The Weather Tree* (Viking, \$2.50), which is a story of Glen Hazard, the mountain community already familiar to readers of *The Happy Mountain*, etc. Since the publication of a very fine biography of the Duc de Morny under the name of Maristan Chapman, it has developed that this is at least in part a pseudonym, being composed of Mary and Stanton, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. *The Weather Tree* is about a stupid young city man who turned up in Glen Hazard with ideas of modernizing the town. He falls in love with a mountain girl, and brings down the wrath of the whole section upon him for an attack upon an old tree. For once, however, the forces of Progress lose a skirmish, and he is at last forced to leave without having destroyed the charm of a backwater of civilization. There are very obvious faults in this novel, but these are pretty well covered up by the poetic beauty of the writing, the Chapmans again making use of Biblical cadences and Elizabethan turns of speech to

give their prose fresh appeal. The Landscaper finds it very hard to believe in these extremely poetical mountaineers, but accepts them with pleasure; they have their own reality. One listens for the animals in the story to break into conversation, but they are silent; it is only the people who talk as one never has the good fortune to hear people talk.

A Novel About Negroes

JESSIE FAUSET, one of the most talented of the younger Negro authors, whose fiction has been worth watching since her first novel, *There Is Confusion*, shows a considerable advance in skill in her latest, *The Chinaberry Tree* (Stokes, \$2.50). This is the story of an average Negro family in comfortable circumstances, a cross-section of life among rather well-to-do Afroamericans, whose entire existences are not conditioned by the color of the skins. As in Miss Fauset's other novels, the book suffers a little from the author's desire to make her characters a little too correct in speech and deportment, but she has done living people, and has thrown light upon a segment of contemporary life about which we all know too little. One of her characters has been the mistress of a young white man; the two loved each other, which was more often the case in these mesalliances than is admitted freely by Southerners. Miss Fauset is forging ahead steadily and will do other good and worth while books. The swiftly changing status of her race, its rapid urbanization and spread over the country, will soon make her type of stories more genuinely typical of her people than the conventional plantation novels.

Good English Novels

FROM England come other novels that are worth looking into, notably *Life and Andrew Otway* by Neil Bell (Putnam, \$2.50), whose *Precious Porcelain* was commented upon favorably here not many months ago. Mr. Bell's new book, which has been taken by one of the clubs, is sure to call to mind H. G. Wells's *Tono-Bungay*, so sure, in fact, that Mr. Bell has supplied his book with a short note of explanation. The parallel between the two novels is truly remarkable, but one need have no suspicion of plagiarism. As in the case of *Tono-Bungay*, Mr. Bell has related the life story of a man who attained power and wealth, and who finished a failure, and has done a behind-the-scenes picture of this sort of human being that is not at all inferior to Mr. Wells's own study. *Life and Andrew Otway* is a long, rich book, filled with varying human emotions, well-written, and showing that Mr. Bell is handsomely endowed with the creative gift, which one might have suspected from reading his earlier novel. Sylvia Thompson's *Summer's Night* (Little, Brown, \$2.50) will not disappoint those of her followers who have learned to expect intelligent work from her; it is the story of the marriage of a young Englishman of the old aristocracy to the Jewish daughter of the new, and a picture, in small, of an old and a new England, done with a great deal of insight, and an admirable fairness to both sides. This novel goes well toward the top of the recommended list; it has real stuff in it, and is delightfully written. *A Strong Man Needed*,

by Maurice Richardson (Liveright, \$2.50) introduces a new talent to this country in the field of broad satire; it is primarily concerned with the adventures of a female prize fighter from Australia, and spoofs everything in sight. It is done with no particular reserve or finesse, but it is amusing. A *Richard Hughes Omnibus* (Harper, \$3), containing sixteen stories, thirty-one poems, and three plays, ought to be of interest to every one who has read and liked *The Innocent Voyage*, either under this title, or as *High Wind in Jamaica*. The Hughes novel will be out before long in the Modern Library, with an introduction by Isabel Paterson.

Samples from Europe

THE most interesting European importation the Landscaper has seen recently is *The European Caravan*, published by Brewer, Warren and Putnam under the editorship of Samuel Putnam. This well chosen anthology of the work of contemporary European writers contains several valuable essays in addition to numerous excerpts. France, Italy, Spain, England, and Ireland are represented in the present volume, which is numbered Part I; there are introductions to the various sections by André Berge, Massimo Bontempelli, Jean Cassou, and E. Gimenez-Caballero, the last mentioned gentleman being one of the founders of *La Gaceta Literaria* in Madrid, and by the same token, one of the leaders of the *Vanguardistas* in Spain. Mr. Putnam's selections are well made and the book should serve as an excellent sampler for people who wish to know something, but not too

much, about what is going on in contemporary European literature. There is, too, a new volume of short stories by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton, \$2.50), called *Horse in the Moon* that will well repay reading. Pirandello is a remarkably clever short story writer, easier to read and to understand in this form than in the novel or the drama.

Mr. Ford Remembers

THE Landscaper's choice of recent books of memoirs is Ford Madox Ford's *Return to Yesterday* (Liveright, \$4), a fascinating account of the long and unceasingly interesting career of Mr. Hueffer-Ford, with an endless number of stories about the people he has met, including Henry James, Stephen Crane, Galsworthy, Conrad, and dozens of others. Mr. Ford always writes engagingly — there are few people living who understand the technique of writing half so well as he does, and he has forgotten more about writing novels than most of our contemporaries will ever know — and he has done an excellent job in this new book, which is long, and full of meat. Incidentally, one of Mr. Ford's recent enthusiasms on this side the Atlantic is Caroline Gordon's splendid novel of the South, *Penbally*, about which the Landscaper has already expressed a highly favorable opinion. Looking back upon 1931's fictional output, *Penbally* looms as one of the best of the year's American novels; it will amply repay reading and if Miss Gordon can hold the stiff pace she has set for herself, she will lose no time in winning a place in the top flight of fiction writers.

Clarence Darrow's *The Story of*

My Life (Scribner, \$3.50) is as fine an autobiography and chapter of American history as one may hope to discover for a good many years to come. The main outlines of Darrow's career are known to every one; he has been a fighter in many good causes, and remains one of the last of American liberals, an inspiring figure in an all too tame and standardized world. Robert Irving Warshaw has done a simple and easy-to-read life of Hamilton under the title *Alexander Hamilton: First American Business Man* (Greenberg, \$3.50), emphasizing the pioneering activities of Hamilton in the field of finance and industry. Mr. Warshaw regards Hamilton as more or less the founder of American capitalism as we know it. His is a life that is bound to have interest, no matter from what angle it is studied.

More About Washington

NATURALLY there are lives of Washington about, the most pretentious of the lot being *George Washington* by Louis M. Sears (Crowell, \$5), a long, well illustrated and fully documented study of the Father of His Country by a professor whose style is somewhat uninviting, a pedestrian book, but with plenty of research to give it value, and an honest attempt at a fair valuation of Washington. *More Precious Than Fine Gold: Washington*, by George Ernest Merriam (Putnam), contains some 1,500 quotations giving the opinions of four hundred people about Washington, many of them contemporary, many others of our own time. There are sixteen reproductions of portraits.

A good biography of a little-known

American who played a highly important part in the War between the States is *Robert Barnwell Rhett: Father of Secession*, by Laura A. White, a publication of the American Historical Association brought out by the Century Company at \$5. Rhett was a Southern firebrand whose career was full of storm and tempest, and less is known of him than of other figures of the period who were really not nearly so influential upon the course of events as he was. Dr. White, who is professor of history in the University of Wyoming, has done a straightforward account of his dramatic career in his native South Carolina and in the Senate of the United States.

A Life of Citizen Rousseau

FARTHER afield, Matthew Josephson's carefully done and admirably written *Jean Jacques Rousseau* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5) offers interest for all who admire good biography; Mr. Josephson established himself with his successful study of Zola a year or so ago, and his portrait of Rousseau is done with intelligence and understanding. Frederick Chamberlin's *Private Character of Henry VIII* (Washburn, \$3.50) is a biography in praise of a Tudor monarch who, Mr. Chamberlin feels, has had much less than his due from most historians. The famous ulcer was the starting point of this book; Mr. Chamberlin does not believe it was caused by syphilis at all, thus kicking the foundation from under many theories. It is a book with a fresh point of view, thoroughly documented, and worth reading, no matter what the present state of one's prejudices concerning King Hal-

Raymond Recouly, whose *Foch: My Conversations with the Marshal* was one of the best of the many books about Foch, is the author of *Joffre* (Appleton, \$3), a friendly study of a general who was first given all glory and then had it all taken away from him. M. Recouly is after striking a balance, and this he seems to have done.

The Harding "Comedy"

THERE is only one reason for mentioning here another biography of Harding, which is called *Warren Gamaliel Harding: An American Comedy*, and which is by Clement Wood, a writer of undoubted talent who is rapidly becoming a hack of the worst sort. Faro, about whose publishing activities there has been some comment here before, has brought out the book about Harding which is as bad as might be expected, a mere rehash of the other lives of this worthy, the worst President this country has ever had. The reason is Mr. Wood's Appendix, which has to do with the association of Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, author of *The Strange Death of President Harding*, with the Bernarr Macfadden contingent. Not so long ago, in Mr. Macfadden's magazine, *Liberty*, Mrs. Thacker repudiated the Harding book, saying that she had been taken in by Means; Mr. Wood gives evidence to show that both *The Strange Death of President Harding* and *The President's Daughter* were brought out under the auspices of associates of Macfadden, thus making it possible for Mrs. Thacker to play both ends against the middle in a truly amazing fashion. Wood wrote a life of Macfadden about two years

ago, and had the opportunity of knowing something of the inside story. It would be a pity if this matter rested as it now is; some one should make a thorough investigation of the whole business, that is, some one with a strong stomach. Macfadden and Macfadden methods are among the signs of the times that refuse to be ignored; they have yet to be estimated at their proper value as danger signals. There is one other feature of Mr. Wood's book that is interesting, a parody of *Frankie and Johnny* called *Warren and Nannie*. The incredible vulgarity of everything connected with Harding and his administration is what is so shocking, and even more shocking is the recollection that the present President of the United States pronounced a eulogy over the magnificent mausoleum of Harding only a few short months ago. Perhaps it is worse to try to preserve the myth about such a man than it was to elect him in the first place. And as a footnote to the part Mrs. Thacker played in the Harding "comedy," it is interesting to note that her brother, Thomas Dixon, Jr., is the co-author of a Harry M. Daugherty book, which attempts to whitewash Harding and his memory. Couldn't Mr. Daugherty have let us forget him when we have so many other disagreeable things to think about?

Japan and Manchuria

A PECULIARLY timely volume is Harold J. Moulton's *Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal*, written in collaboration with Junicho Ko, and published by the Institute of Economics of Brookings Institute. Mr. Moulton's pages contain the

real reason for Japan's venture into Manchuria, and the answer to the fact that the Japanese have paid not the slightest attention to any of the protests made against their invasion, not even the extraordinary notes from our own State Department. Mr. Moulton contends that Japan's sudden conversion from a medieval nation into a modern one, with high living standards, is the most remarkable social feat of our time; he points out that the islands that make up Japan can not supply the necessities of life to a population that is still increasing at a rapid pace, and that Japan has no choice, therefore, except to expand. A nation with such pressure of population and a first-class army usually expands, no matter how many Leagues of Nations raise their voices in pleading and protest, or how many editorial writers declare it is shameful for the poor Chinese to be treated the way they are being treated. Mr. Moulton's book is filled with information, contains many maps and charts and tables of statistics, and sells for \$4. Read it, and see if you think the Japanese will ever leave Manchuria — they will when the French leave North Africa. . . . Another book on a narrower phase of this problem, narrower, but still the most important, is *The Japanese Population Problem: The Coming Crisis*, by W. R. Crocker (Macmillan, \$4), which gives the same answer to the Manchurian question as Mr. Moulton's volume.

Ding Looks at Russia

THE first book of the new year on Russia to come this way is *Ding Goes to Russia* (Whittlesey

House: McGraw-Hill, \$2.50), made up of the articles and drawings of Jay N. Darling which appeared last year in the New York *Herald Tribune*. This is a good book on Russia, quite sane and shrewd, and the drawings are not only amusing, but interpretative. Ding carried a canny Middle Westerner's eyes with him to the Soviets, and he was much more interested than alarmed by what he saw there. The measure of his intelligence may be found in such passages as his comment upon the recent destruction of the largest church in Moscow to make way for a new Soviet Government centre. To most people this was an act of blasphemy and desecration. Ding merely says the cathedral was very indifferent as architecture and made for traffic jams. He found it possible to go to church every Sunday while he was in Russia and did not discover the country to be so entirely godless as it has been represented. *Conscription of a People* by the Duchess of Atholl, M.P. (Columbia University Press), is another kind of book about Russia, the Duchess being very much alarmed over such matters as forced labor and other not entirely pleasant practices of the Soviet rulers. She "views with alarm" with a vengeance, but it is hard to see what can be done about it. Perhaps forced labor is better than none at all, or better, even, than that noble English experiment, the dole. For people who like to know how bad things are, though, the Duchess's book may be recommended, and with it, take H. Hessell Tiltman's *The Terror in Europe* (Stokes, \$3.50), a study of political conditions in Russia, Italy, Poland, and other

countries. This book shows to what extremes the "Ins" will go to defeat the "Outs"; abroad they are even worse than the American Republicans and Democrats, or the Drys and Wets. Also interesting to students of international affairs is *The Unseen Assassins* by Norman Angell (Harper, \$3), in which Mr. Angell points out the people really responsible for wars, and explains how the common people who fight the wars can check these evil activities. And so the common people could, if they had the required intelligence and the energy, and were not so busy trying to make a living. Granting, of course, that they really wanted peace, which remains one of the most debatable of all the questions that perplex the human race. The pacifists calmly assume that nobody really wants war, except perhaps a few Machiavellian statesmen and professional soldiers; that every one else is tricked into fighting. Is this true?

Mr. Dreiser's Latest

THE most uncomfortable book before the Landscaper is a long indictment of the American industrial system by Theodore Dreiser called *Tragic America* (Liveright, \$2), a tome of 426 pages in length, into which Mr. Dreiser has crammed all he could find out about capitalism and its workings in the United States. There have been times when this reader suffered principally, in reading a book by Dreiser, from the style, but in this instance, the style isn't of much moment. It is the matter that counts. It is to be hoped that all the hundred-per-centers who consider America the most enlightened and most progressive nation in the

world will at least leaf through Mr. Dreiser's book. Perhaps they will be convinced that we are no better than anybody else, and in many instances, not as good. We have less excuse for being as we are, however, than the poor benighted nations who do not know the blessings of democracy. Dreiser has very evidently turned propagandist for the cause of the downtrodden, and he will prove a powerful one, no matter how often his opponents have him arrested on trumped up charges. His publishers are to be congratulated in this instance for keeping the price of a very fat book down so low.

Man's Upward Climb

ON THE more miscellaneous shelf, there is no better book just now than Gerald Heard's *The Emergence of Man* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75), which is a remarkably well written account of man's upward climb to his present state. Mr. Heard writes with a kind of poet's grasp of the problem, although his prose is simple enough; he has done a stirring account of the greatest drama of all which should appeal to every intelligent reader. Another excellent book of popular science is *The Story of Living Things, a Short Account of the Evolution of the Biological Sciences*, by Charles Singer (Harper, \$5),

with many illustrations. And for those who enjoy getting away from the commonplace, *Told at the Explorers' Club: True Tales of Modern Exploration* (Albert and Charles Boni, \$3.50), which contains stories by Roy Chapman Andrews, Carveth Wells, Robert Bartlett, Dillon Wallace and many others. *Congorilla* by Martin Johnson (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$3.50) is a readable book about gorillas and other wild animals in Africa, and is also adorned with many photographs of Mrs. Johnson, known to the public as "Osa." Mr. Johnson did not find gorillas particularly savage, and was sorry he captured a pair, and also sorry that he snatched other happy monkeys from their native forests. Maybe this will be a lesson to him; one wishes it would be a lesson to other explorers as well.

Dr. Olga Knopf has written an unusually sane book in *The Art of Being a Woman* (Little, Brown, \$3), which will tell women a good deal about themselves, and may even help to enlighten a few males upon certain highly important questions. And if you have not yet read Will Cuppy's *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes*, the Landscaper's final word for this time is not to miss the most important book of American humor of the past decade . . .



The North American Review

VOLUME 233

APRIL, 1932

NUMBER 4



Apéritif

The Gloomy Future

SOME months ago Mr. Struthers Burt wrote an article which was published in this magazine and which has stuck most persistently in my memory. His subject was the material left for novelists in our day, and his conclusion, after dismissing with appropriate arguments such things as plot, action, love and the stream-of-consciousness method (though this last with modifications could still be used), was that decisions of people are practically all that remain for the serious novelist to write about. As a matter of fact, the article was published in our August issue of last year, and this appeared at approximately the date of a news release from Dr. E. E. Free which has unaccountably remained in my desk until now. In this release there is described a speech by the Reverend Dr. John White of Glasgow before the World Conference on Stewardship and Church Finance at Edinburgh. Dr. White thought that the task of science had been completed at that time and that the task of religion was only beginning.

The difficulty of bringing these

two arguments into one coherent system of thought is, I suppose, weak excuse for mentioning them together, but they do seem to have a connection. That is, if one is right, the other ought to be wrong. And if I am to believe Dr. Free's news releases at all, there is continued and amazing progress in the work of scientists; they are busier than they ever were before—finding out why round-the-world ships grow whiskers on one side, that unseasonable weather makes people quarrelsome, that automobile driving may make people go blind at the edges of their eyes, that the universe is built of waves and many other fascinating, useful and instructive matters. So we may assume Mr. Burt to be substantially correct on at least one score: that religion is not going to usurp the individual's privilege of free decision right away and that science is going to make things immensely more complicated and interesting to decide upon.

So we have it, according to Mr. Burt's argument: most of the major conventions, dogmas and bases for etiquette have been undermined, if

not actually destroyed, in the last decade or two. For the first time, almost, in civilization man has the opportunity to decide for himself, unhindered by the rule of the dead or the maxims of his brethren. He has a new world to build. For his particular craft, and contrary to the laments of many backward-lookers, Mr. Burt concludes that there is plenty of "important, exciting and dour" work to be done, and he rejoices. But how about us less gifted mortals?

Both because there would be scant livings for the whole group of novelists if they wrote only of unrealities and because their abilities along that line are distinctly limited, the great mass of spade work for the new masterpieces has to be done by you and me. If the next generation or two is going to feed its reading appetite on the decisions of a hero or heroine or both as the main motif, you and I are going to have to make those decisions first. And whether or not the rest of the novelists feel as pleased at the prospect as Mr. Burt, there will be enough of us quite worn out before we get through. I know I shall be.

THE difficulty and unpleasantness of making decisions is a demonstrable proposition. Ask any life insurance salesman. But consider what Mr. Burt and other prophets of great change are letting us in for. We are to make many, many more decisions than we ever have before, but we are also going to make them without any precedents, without, or with very little, experience to fall back upon for comparison. When I think of the distress occasioned by

such a comparatively simple matter as choosing a few verses for this magazine each month (an operation which has been familiar to men for centuries) I shudder at the future.

If you are immunized to the subject, take the machine. In adjusting ourselves to the automobile, for instance, we lay more or less end to end about the same number of corpses annually as there were American soldiers killed in action in the War. Contrary to expectations, the airplane has not proved quite so destructive, but as the autogyro idea penetrates, it probably will, and the projected stratosphere plane ought to add considerably to the damage. Other inventions to increase our mobility, if not our sense, may come along and with each one there will be an entirely new set of decisions to plague us. There are so many people in the world today who are constitutionally unable to decide which way to turn an automobile after giving a signal that I need not labor the point.

Take an almost equally bedeviled subject, the presidential election. Call yourself—and me, if you can bring yourself to it—a reasonably intelligent, informed citizen. Who among the aspirants deserves our votes? How shall we decide? Whose statements shall we believe? Modern inventions surely complicate our choice, but will they go farther and make it impossible? Will the polls in November be emptier than the farmer's bank account? Is there a point in confusion beyond which the human brain refuses to grope?

Take ordinary business during the depression. There is an unprecedented field for you. To be sure, the choices of action are somewhat limited: you

can (if you are an owner) pull in your oars, cut wages and salaries and fire employes by the carload; you can, on the other hand, keep up wages, spread work, retain labor, concentrate on economies in management; you can do something in between; or you can get out and try some other form of endeavor, such as jumping off the roof of a skyscraper. But within these broad outlines are a myriad lesser choices in design, merchandizing, salesmanship, advertising, credit and whatever else vexes business men. None of them has any certain value in these times, one way or the other. You can be sure only of hard work and little gain. Probably even the varying degrees of swindle from stock promotion to the sale of dyed rabbit fur on the streets are much less profitable than they were and require much more cerebral exertion.

Take the novel writing field itself. There are some reasonably bitter choices here, too. For instance, whether to write novels, or advertising — perhaps even advertising for novels — or to succumb to the golden lure of publicity, or the lecture platform, or to try to make an honest living. There are also schools which teach their students how to write novels and short stories.

BUT this is descending into a lecture on vocational guidance. There are many other decisions. It may be that people will soon have to decide whether it is worth the effort to learn how to read. With the radio, television and such graphic pictorial advertising, there may be little need of the accomplishment for the average run of humanity. A few symbols

might be helpful, such as the dollar sign, things for murder, divorce, breach of promise and other sex offenses — so that the tabloids could still remain in business — and the figures for business purposes; but the rest could go. Writing in long hand will, of course, die out very soon. Already there are many people advocating the instruction of youngsters first on the typewriter. Probably there will be some kind of machine invented for the sake of records which will transcribe dictation, some elaboration of the dictaphone. Perhaps a few new jobs will be created: public readers, like the old amanuenses. Men who choose to read will be endangering their reputations with a taint of scholarship, which seems to carry no less derogatory an implication in America than it ever did.

Then it appears that war is destined to become a matter of much more painful decision in the future than it was even in 1914. The economic consequences are now so widely known that it will take a deal of ingenuity to steer people into it for a long time to come. But that is not so much the point; it can be done, in fact is being done. The really arduous task will be in deciding what to call it. Despite the presence of some of the most distinguished journalists of our time, no one has found an entirely satisfactory euphemism for the affair at Shanghai — unless there is some untranslatable word in the Japanese language.

A still more elaborate decision, also on the grand scale, is what to do to stop a war. The great minds of most civilized nations have been wracked for months trying to find

some way of stopping the not-a-war in China and at this writing appear to be relying more on the hope that both sides will tire of bloodshed of themselves than anything else. One amateur plan which has points of considerable interest originated, evidently, in London and has the support of Brigadier General F. P. Crozier, appropriately, who wrote *The Brass Hat in No Man's Land*. The idea is to recruit a large number of volunteers from non-combatant countries and parade them between the two lines of soldiers, who would be invited to shoot if they wished. As Miss Maud Royden, one of the creators of this plan, remarked, "The question is, would they kill us?" Its main idea is to make the combatants laugh, which is thought to be the most effective way of stopping a quarrel, and Miss Royden thinks that thousands of civilians besieging a war area would be very ludicrous indeed. The decision, as I see it,

would be next to impossible for any one with common sense. If he could bring himself to appear ludicrous for the sake of stopping what a vast number of people categorically deny is a war, it would be a marvelous feat. But how can you expect him to submit to the risk of being killed to appear ludicrous for the sake of stopping what a vast number of people categorically deny is a war? The complications of motive alone are too much.

There is not space to add more dire predictions, but the trend must be clear. If Dr. White's hope for religion could be realized, we would have a much easier time of it: there would be rules of conduct for some matters, at least. If it can not, however, there might be a measure of alleviation in an Act of Congress forbidding all decisions except those made on the first of January or April Fool's Day.

W. A. D.



The Hope for Liberalism

BY CLAUDIUS MURCHISON

In the recent wholesale idol-shattering liberals have not been ignored, but here is an economist who points to definite progress they have made and to the good they still will do

WERE it possible to mobilize the forces of liberalism in the United States and so procure action along a single battle front, the mastery of our major economic problems would be comparatively easy. Liberal forces have never been so numerous, so virile and so intelligent as at present. They promise much, have the power to achieve much, but have actually accomplished little. There is as yet no laboring in a common cause.

The bankers exhibit a high type of liberalism as regards those policies which foster the health of foreign investments. The farmers, otherwise conservative, literally reek with liberalism in its relation to cotton and wheat. Truly inspiring is the sympathetic appeal of labor's liberalism, so long as it has to do with hours and wages. The manufacturers are enthusiastically liberal on the issue of trust laws and trade associations. In addition, we have reparations liberals, managed currency liberals, tariff liberals and taxation liberals. But bring the various groups together with their respective liber-

alisms and the result is comparable to a volcanic eruption.

Disconcerting though it may be, the spectacle is by no means discouraging. It offers reassurance in that many of the conflicting notions represent attitudes which are new. In outwardly professing to be liberal, they imply a break from traditional thinking and a willingness to appraise specific cases on merit. There is at least no calling upon the Constitution, no great cry for court sanctions, no appeal to the "American system," no undue insistence upon what Washington said. One hears but little quibbling about such things as "due process of law" and the proper application of the "police power."

With these improvements in attitude and practice there needs to be joined one further characteristic, in order that the welding of a single broad programme of liberalism may proceed. This essential is the recognition that the fundamental test of a liberal view is its relation to the factual basis of economic life. If all programmes of reform are made to

radiate logically from this factual basis, there can be no inconsistencies, no mutual intolerances. Our hope for an early realization of liberal thinking and acting on a nation-wide scale would seem then to depend on the speed with which we absorb economic enlightenment. At what rate are we moving toward that much to be desired goal?

THE last decade has certainly taught us more of underlying realities than has any other. It has demonstrated with brutal frankness the full range and breadth of economic relationships, the essential dependence of all industries, of all occupational groups and nations. We have learned bitterly that the solution of no problem is possible merely by arbitrary concessions to the interests most directly affected.

From the beginning, one trained in economics knew that the Government programme of agricultural relief by purchase and storage of surplus output was an open invitation to disaster. Now the entire public knows it, and the experiment was doubtless worth while, despite its ravishment of the Treasury and its placing of the farmer himself in a plight worse than his original one. In this case, as in so many others, the fault was not in motive, but in the failure to understand so simple an economic principle as that price control must be linked with production control.

Equally illuminating have been the recent revelations with respect to our international economic affairs. We have traditionally viewed the tariff solely as a domestic matter involving only the questions of a pro-

tected home market and high wage scales. We assumed that it had nothing to do with the success of our export business, or with the ability of foreign citizens and countries to pay their debts.

We have thought of inter-governmental debts as being in the nature of private debts, to be paid in money from the internal revenues of the debtor country. We did not seriously consider that they must be paid from revenues derived from commodity exports, thereby implying a contradiction of high tariff policy by the creditor countries. In like manner, we thought of international investments as creating problems merely for the individual (or the navy); of international gold movements as easily controlled convenience operations to settle incidental balances; of international price movements as matters not seriously concerning domestic price behavior; of reparations as a problem in international ethics, or law.

The public has seen all these assumptions crumble into dust. It now knows that tariff policies, foreign loan policies, the movements of international prices, the behavior of gold, the settlement of reparations are connected parts of the same whole, inseparably woven together by their own interactions. Only by world-wide calamity were we forced into seeing it, but the point is that we have at last seen it.

Three years ago the public thought it knew all that was worth knowing about business cycles. It now thinks that it knows nothing about business cycles. As a matter of fact its learning and wisdom in this field have expanded vastly from the minute

proportions of three years ago. The pseudo-economists with their fancy patterns of economic sequences, their barometrical time-lags and their trick formulas no longer control our thinking. In 1929 the backwoods readers of the county weeklies could rattle off as glibly as the denizens of Wall Street the reasons why prosperity could not be destroyed. In 1930, though in a somewhat dazed condition, they were rattling off prescriptions for recovery. In both years they derived sad disillusionment from trial and error, a learning process which is absolutely dependable. If it be objected that previous crises by this method have taught but little, the answer is that their coming in every case was heralded by conditions generally regarded as unsound. The crisis which came in 1929 not only had no heralds which were visible to the experts, it was not even accorded a chance of birth. That is why it turned out to be so exceptionally informative.

In 1893, we had learned that a threatened shift from gold to silver could produce monetary chaos; in 1907, that an unwieldy banking system with no facilities for rediscount and no centralized reserves could not stand the strain of prosperity; in 1920, that war-time inflation and commodity speculation must end in temporary economic collapse.

But in 1931, we learned at first hand literally a host of things: that all of the known bulwarks of prosperity were vulnerable, that all of the doctrines of stability were fallible. What if production efficiency was superlative, commodity speculation absent, finished goods inventories small, employment satisfac-

tory, wages high, gold abundant, credit cheap, the banking system powerful and flexible, and last, but not least, the party of prosperity in power? Did ever a generation learn so much about the limitations of these things in so short a time?

And how worth while it is to know, contrary to previous belief, that the stock market, which had on the rise tied up eight billions of dollars in brokers' loans, failed to release those billions for legitimate business when it crashed; but on the other hand virtually destroyed them, and in addition tied up other billions in the form of frozen loans! And how fortunate it is to learn at last that when the industrial equilibrium is upset, the possession of a couple of billions of dollars of surplus gold is about as effective in maintaining confidence and credit stability as so many pounds of run o' the mine coal!

THE additional information on the causes and effects of combination is colossal. But a few years since, knowledge on that subject was confined to the few who could engage in labored research. They burrowed into reports of the Industrial Commission, into bulky hearings of Congressional committees, into United States Supreme Court cases, and formulated vague academic conclusions which students went to sleep over in the class room. But during the great prosperity, the curtains were torn wide apart, the fog was blown away, the combination movement with drums beating and flags waving was made a part of the great parade. Every possible form of showcase, spotlight and broadcast was resorted to in order that the

magnificent riot of mergers and consolidations might be revealed in utter nakedness, not by way of alarm, but in vainglory! Financial procedures, production reorganizations, marketing policies were not hidden as of yore, but were displayed to a cheering public as prideful achievement.

Two great industries, textiles and bituminous coal, failing to perform their expected share of combination, were denounced as the ulcerous spots in the economic organization. The railroads under legal compulsion to combine, aroused general indignation by their tardy compliance. The farmers disposed to individualistic behavior were subjected to every form of moral, political and financial pressure to induce a change of heart. Finally, in the oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas, the armed forces of the State were used to suppress individualistic, competitive practices!

In the sober aftermath, we see as a matter of record that the Titans of each particular industry overdid the issuance of securities and the expansion of plant even more extravagantly than their smaller competitors, proved to be no better judges of the course of economic events, no better regulators of production, no stronger influences toward business stability, no better handlers of the unemployment problem. They augmented, rather than lessened, the perils of competition and aggravated, rather than alleviated, the varied tendencies to excess which always make their appearance in prosperity. Like huge pachyderms they stand unwieldy and resourceless in depression, as they were Pollyanna-like and undiscerning in prosperity.

We must, therefore, reopen the question as to whether these super-corporations should be retained in the economic structure. Examination discloses that only in rare cases have they reached their extreme magnitudes from considerations merely of manufacturing and marketing efficiency. Beyond certain limits large scale enterprise should not go, if size is to be determined by forces which are truly inherent. If we justify combination on other grounds, or retain it without justification, shall we be satisfied with the competition of giants, or shall we insist upon "regulated combination"? The latter will demand an elaborate and ever growing machinery of Government control, continually narrowing the gap between Government and business until finally it will be bridged over by the adoption of state socialism or some form of Fascism. So would die competition and capitalism with it.

We are not concerned, as a present problem, so much with the relative desirability of these outcomes, as we are with the course of events which will lead to them. We have obviously reached the time when a rational choice should be made between two roads. Whether the road to increasing combination be chosen, or not, it is well to be clear on the point that the power magnates, the professional promoters, the investment bankers and the stock jobbers, through an unrestrained piling up of corporation super-structures, can do more in five years to precipitate socialism, or one of its counterparts, than all of the cohorts of Stalin could do in a century.

A form of liberalism which is

designed to function permanently within a system of capitalistic enterprise is logically compelled, therefore, to fight for the maintenance of a widely diffused competition. Are there exceptions to be made? Possibly, as in the oil fields, where the paramount consideration is that of conservation of natural resources. But in the case of the railroads, a condition of competition is not incompatible with the formation of large systems made up of trunk line and feeders, a principle explicitly recognized and provided for in the Transportation Act of 1920. In the case of the power and light utilities, the principle of regulated legal monopoly must be accepted, so far as the provision of current and gas for general business and residential purposes is concerned. But there is little reason for the application of such a principle to the provision of large scale power for industrial purposes. With approximately eighty-five per cent of the country's power and light facilities in the hands of a half dozen holding company groups, the combinations have swept far beyond the proportions prescribed by the requirements of maximum economic efficiency. In the final stages of their formation there was no important motive other than the speculative and political gain from the welding process itself, and no achievement other than converging the profit flows of many separate companies into a single bottle neck.

Throughout the major manufacturing industries, the optimum size of each competitive unit is a matter to be determined by the nature of the product and the technological conditions of production and market

distribution. If there is expansion beyond the demands of these criteria, the additional financial power is less likely to be used in the interest of a more efficient industrial process than it is in arbitrary and extravagant attempts at market exploitation. It is under circumstances such as these that competition has displayed its worst abuses, and so brought upon the competitive system criticisms which it does not inherently deserve.

A true economic liberalism will insist upon the maintenance by the American state of its most precious heritage — a virile competitive system without which freedom of economic opportunity becomes a hollow myth. A liberalization of the anti-trust laws is indeed in order, not for the purpose of conjuring into existence new industrial and financial leviathans, but to break the crustations which already bind us.

WHAT shall be the liberal attitude toward labor? Heretofore such liberalism as we have had was distinguished primarily for its whole-hearted and vigorous support of whatever policies organized labor chose to have. Such an attitude is wholly illogical. Organized labor is our staunchest supporter of a high protective tariff; it welcomes, rather than opposes, combination and monopoly. What are these but the essence of conservatism? Moreover, in all international economic questions labor is in essential agreement with the doctrines of mercantilism which were the vogue 150 years ago. Its great antagonist, capitalism, is not nearly so dreadful as possible competition with the workers of

Europe, or Japan, or Russia. The American Federation of Labor has a keener horror of communism than has the American Bankers Association. In the United States, its most feared enemies are not the employers, or the helpless bondholders, but the radicals who surreptitiously join the ranks to "bore from within."

The nearer its attainment to power, the more nearly does unionism approximate an agent of fixation. Even those arrangements known as "labor-management coöperation" when established tend to oppose further economic change, technological or otherwise. Railway management, shorn of its profits by reduced traffic in 1930 and 1931, did not arouse the enmity of its own labor by wage reductions, or changes in the character of service, but with the fervent support of the Brotherhoods took the easier path in a campaign for higher rates. Not until the spring of 1932, when the entire railway systems had reached the verge of insolvency, was any readjustment made in Brotherhood wages.

In England, labor has advanced to a more complete testing. Having won its first objectives from individual employers, it proceeded through its central Trades Union Council to a formulation of national policies, and finally moved forward to a virtual control of government. In this last responsibility, it failed miserably, for the simple reason that its programme of liberalism designed in the interests of a class ceased to be liberal when applied to the nation as a whole.

Faced in 1931 with her greatest economic crisis of a century, England came to the task of solution with the

least flexibility of a century. Her economic structure, machinery, processes and relationships had been coagulated, largely by the efforts of labor, into an unyielding rigidity. When the pressure of international markets compelled a physical rejuvenation of her methods and equipment, and a downward readjustment of labor costs, prices and doles, in order that the life-giving flow of imports and exports might continue unabated, labor's concept of the proper procedure was scarcely broader than that of the American Brotherhoods.

In no country has the programme of labor been so unimpeded as in Australia. Supreme both in industry and in the administration of the state, the labor group was free to cultivate to its final harvesting the "doctrine of the common man." But the establishment of arbitrary wage scales bolstered by a prohibitive tariff and reckless expenditures in all forms of public enterprise, sustained by unconscionable foreign borrowings, finally brought her to the inevitable dénouement of a defaulted public debt, a suspension of specie payments, inflation and depreciation. In the long run, her particular brand of progressivism turned out to be only an inordinate nationalism. A similar outcome in England is held in suspense only by a last moment breakdown of party lines.

From the experience of these two countries one is forced to the inference that labor given a free hand in the promotion of its own policies, suicidally deadens and emasculates the capitalism of which it is a part. In its own interest, then, labor must strive for a proper functioning of the

economic system in its entirety, and must be no less responsive than capitalistic enterprise to the influences making for change in economic procedure or structure.

IT IS now possible to say that at home and abroad we have gathered the full fruits of such liberalisms as the past has had to offer. At home they have consisted of spasmodic sorties in behalf of unrelated and particularistic ends; struggles for objectives that were mutually repugnant; sops for aggrieved interests; alleviating expedients to relieve the pressures of the moment. In Europe they have taken more consistent and harmonious forms, but have enjoyed no great breadth of application and no great freedom from the polemics of class warfare.

Both experiences prove that liberalism to endure must stand above groups and localities. It can make no permanent gains which are not in the interest of economic society as a whole. It recognizes that any proposed reform must be tested not

only by its effect on the sponsors, but by the whole series of impacts which it would create. In the wake of every readjustment is a long sequence of interactions and repercussions which have no less a claim to consideration than the objective which stands in the forefront. Only with such an attitude can we stand on solid ground when adjudging the compensation claims of the American Legion, the claims of the agriculturists, the claims of the manufacturers, the claims of the international bankers, the claims of labor.

In these principles will lie the continuing distinction of the liberalism of the future. They contain no outlines of a Utopia, they do not set the final goals toward which the nation shall strive. But they do provide a method of approach to current economic problems which assures that the solution of each shall be in harmony with the solution of the others. There is no greater immediate need than this. Its satisfaction gives us purposeful mastery over the national destiny.



Why Amateurs?

BY H. W. WHICKER

A defense of subsidization in college athletics

THE world in which intercollegiate athletics exist as an institution is a professional world. The adjustment they make to the circumstances of modern life is of necessity a professional adjustment. They are constantly face to face with such economic problems as building and equipment costs, salaries of personnel, transportation, competition and a multitude of other considerations which fall rigidly within the realm of financing.

Similar considerations have forced professionalism into industry, commerce, banking, medicine, the ministry, teaching and the various arts and crafts. But for all that, an intellectual minister's message on the probability of life after death is none the less inspiring, if he be paid for his speculation. A teacher may still be a useful and an honorable force in society, though he contract for his pittance. We attach no stigma to the salaries of bankers, statesmen and other public servants. And the chances are excellent that the learned gentlemen who conducted the Carnegie Foundation's research into athletic subsidization, a few years ago, were handsomely rewarded for the dust they kicked

up behind the scenes. There is, in other words, nothing amateur. Amateurism is at best but ideal theory, and like Utopia, impossible in practice. The amateur is a creature of myth. He does not exist in flesh and blood.

Athletic subsidization, we may safely assume, is but sin in perspective, a perspective that has given way to the practical in all other walks of life — a perspective, too, that would bring the whole superstructure of organized society down about our ears if it were maintained. The fact that intercollegiate athletics have developed into the great national institution that they now are, serving the purposes they now serve, with the intricate organization they now boast, is evidence enough to support the conclusion that the amateur perspective will not stand in football or any other competitive sport. The turnstile is the patron saint of football and other intercollegiate games, just as it is the patron saint of professional baseball, the prizefight and the theatre.

II

THE graduate manager is first of all a business man, generally a sensible business man. His first

consideration is gate receipts. He knows that without gate receipts there would be no activity on the field. He can not escape this fundamental economic pressure. There is still another, and one perhaps even more exacting. The college administrator insists, as do the alumni and the immediate public around the college, that intercollegiate athletic competitions are the institution's most dependable medium of advertising.

Here again, the college administrator is forced, like the graduate manager, to lay aside sentiment for the practical in the face of circumstances. The college administrator, particularly in the West, where the drama of development is climaxing in new cities and empires, is first a builder, then an educator. He is an institutional engineer and architect compelled to meet the problem of institutional growth and development in a world of mass educational movement. In States now supporting two or more institutions of higher learning, these ranging from normal schools and colleges through to universities, the administrator must compete with other administrators before legislatures which apportion funds on the basis of percentage of enrolment increase. Naturally he must look to his advertising and publicity.

Football has for years been his most effective medium. The administrator must appeal to a public which does not concern itself with logic in buying, or with fine distinctions between false and true advertising. It is a world where black-faced comedians establish trade names in toothpaste, where the

paid endorsements of popular cinema stars are the determining factor in cigarette distribution, and where sales volume fattens upon sensation and emotion and starves upon reason and logic. We can not expect, for instance, that the institution which wins the national gridiron championship has a better academic equipment for educational purposes than all other American colleges and universities. And that is not the intention of the administrator. He merely wishes to place the institutional name before the public with a view to enrolment increase. His judgment of the general appeal in football and other games is accurate. His motives are beyond reproach. When he utilizes football for advertising and publicizing the college, he is but making an intelligent appraisal of public habits of mind, and adjusting himself shrewdly and expediently to actual conditions in a world where the methods and ethics of salesmanship have long since been established by legitimate business. He knows that his institution has other branches and facilities more vital to the education of young men and women than football, but he also knows that the national broadcasting companies do not make Saturday afternoon capital of philosophical lectures, classroom floundering through language and literature and other realms of intellectual progress, and that there is more radio and sport page interest in an all-American halfback than in a Phi Beta Kappa.

The Chamber of Commerce and other booster organizations concerned with such problems as city and district growth and development

were also quick to realize the national benefit to be had in this connection from winning college teams. Notre Dame's gridiron achievements, for example, have won the city of South Bend no little reflected glory and given her municipal name more news space than her automobile manufacturing and all other industrial activities combined. The Pacific Northwest is known in the East because of the University of Washington crews at Poughkeepsie; hence the Seattle Chamber of Commerce feels it no imposition when she is called upon to contribute her share to the cost of sending this crew east each spring.

It is highly probable that football and other college games might have educational value in an educational perspective which allowed general student participation. It is also highly probable, in this same perspective, that football and other college games might develop character, train the individual in those vital principles of living best symbolized by games, and build healthy bodies. But educational perspective has long since been driven from the system by the natural pressure of two economic, or *professional*, considerations, gate receipts and advertising and publicity. The team must win. The American public does not patronize a loser. The American public does not tolerate a loser. If the team does not win, it loses its advertising and publicity value; and the institution itself, its city, and its district fade from the sport sheet and are no longer heard of in national broadcasts.

The success or failure of a coach is therefore rigidly determined by the

standing of his team in conference records of games won and lost. His contribution to student character, ideals of sportsmanship and physical health can no longer weigh in such an analysis. To win, he must limit his squads to the few experienced athletes who no longer need his instruction and eliminate the many who might profit by it. To win, he must take this select few and drive them through an intensive training which practically bars them, at least during the season, from the broader fields of college life, cultural and otherwise — and which, more often than not, menaces their physical health in the end. He is forced to fight out his gridiron battles in cities frequently far removed from the campus of either student body, and scheduled in main population centres by graduate managers where the greatest crowds may be had. The coach, in other words, is as much a victim of these two all-important economic considerations as the average student, the graduate manager and the college administrator.

III

IT IS but reasonable to conclude, then, that the economic considerations of gate receipts and advertising and publicity were inevitable in intercollegiate athletics from the first, just as they have always been inevitable in any business or industry which depends upon mass gatherings of the public for income and profit. It is also reasonable to conclude that these two economic considerations throw intercollegiate athletics into the same general classification as big league baseball, the prizefight, the circus

and the theatre. It follows, in addition, that the actual *professionalism* in such enterprises relates entirely to their economic purposes and has nothing to do with whether or not the actual workers on the field are paid for their services in attracting the crowd and advertising the institution, the city and the district.

In the face of such considerations, intercollegiate athletics are not *amateur* sport and can not be *amateur* sport, *amateur* codes and creeds notwithstanding. They are grueling labor for commercial purposes, even though every purse of every member of a squad is empty. Legitimate business pays those individuals and personalities who attract the crowd on the professional baseball diamond, on the professional stage, or in the professional ring. Legitimate business pays its advertising agents and pays them well. Is there any sound reason why a college athlete should not receive a just and substantial reward for his work? Harold (Red) Grange was personally responsible for the enrichment of the University of Illinois Associated Student treasury by tens of thousands of dollars during his playing connection with University of Illinois teams. Harold (Red) Grange also brought the University of Illinois a general publicity recognition which officials of that institution considered invaluable. Yet Harold (Red) Grange left the University of Illinois, after his last game, under a cloud of practical ostracism, and with empty pockets. Who committed the *professional* sin here, the university or the athlete?

Some years back, to carry the analysis further, the town of Shelby, Montana, became imbued with boom

ideas. Shelby felt, to no slight degree, the urge for national publicity. Under the enthusiasm of this urge, and in a spirit of civic loyalty, Shelby business men entered into a contract with Jack Dempsey, then heavyweight champion, to fight Tommy Gibbons fifteen rounds for a guarantee of three hundred thousand dollars, an amount slightly in excess of the total gate receipts at any big gridiron classic. Shelby, as a consequence, was prominent in sport sheets and national magazines for weeks, both before and after this spectacle. Other towns and cities have from time to time resorted to the prizefight for publicity purposes with varying success. When intercollegiate football is employed by college administration for enrolment boom purposes, or on the day of a game to stimulate business in a city hundreds of miles from the campus of either student body, can we still hope that it is less professional in spirit and purpose than was the Dempsey-Gibbons fight? When a magnificent crew battles its way through four heart-breaking miles at Poughkeepsie in the joint interest of a State university and the Pacific Northwest tourist trade, are its labors not *professional*, whatever the motives in the hearts of the men at the oars? Can a principle be one thing in theory, and another in practice?

IV

THE present intercollegiate athletic situation is not without its touches of tragedy and pathos when we consider that the college athlete must face economic conditions in an economic world, and still, through a

farce of amateur rules, spend the best four years of his life playing football and other games for nothing. He must pay cash for the food he eats, the clothes he wears, and the roof over his head. He must pay cash for his enrolment in the university, for his laboratory facilities, for his tuition, and for other educational incidentals. Nothing about him, from the actual necessities of life to the common and pleasurable luxuries of living, may be had in exchange for insubstantial returns of honor and glory on the gridiron, the basketball court, the cinder lanes or the baseball diamond.

When everything in life is bought and paid for, why should the college athlete not have his share? If, as is frequently the case, a clean and decent youth must make his own way up the educational slope, athletic honor and glory will not save him from the miserable drudgery of fraternity or boarding house kitchen sinks, and other menial labors which have neither cultural nor intellectual value. When we consider soberly the little contribution such tasks as dish-washing, floor-scrubbing and janitor duties make to the moral and spiritual growth of a modern youth, we may very well believe that the time wasted upon them could be more profitably given to wholesome association with the youths about him on the campus, and to such pursuits as literature, history, science, the arts and other academic branches essential to his education.

When the economic demands of the present intercollegiate athletic system, with their merciless stress on gate receipts and advertising and publicity, force the athlete to live

football and other games for four years to the practical exclusion of all else, what can he be said to have got from his educational adventure but football, basketball, track, or baseball? Other men, after four years of experience in the advertising and publicity fields of legitimate business, face, according to individual merit, opportunity for advancement in their profession — and in the meantime they have been paid salaries proportionate to their worth by the business or industry they represent. Granted that the typical football star knows only football when he leaves his Alma Mater, would he not be in a better position to face life, if from a fair salary he had saved a few thousand of the many thousands of dollars he was directly responsible for bringing in at the gate? Let us assume that the various universities named in the Carnegie Foundation reports and other investigations, from time to time, do subsidize their athletes in violation of the amateur rules. Are they not, after all, a little nearer to actual honesty in the matter than the institutions which still profess belief in the amateur myth, and deny to their advertising and publicity workers what should by all right and principle be theirs? There is, let us admit, some little encouragement to be had from the fact that this payment goes on here and there under cover, and in defiance of a code that was obsolete and impractical from the beginning.

v

THERE may be a time when intercollegiate contests will be scheduled by graduate managers

for purposes other than gate receipts — this, of course, under the assumption that the graduate manager is a miracle worker and a keeper of geese that lay golden eggs. There may be a time when competitive games will be utilized primarily for student health and recreation. There may be a time when the college administrator can get press space and radio time for the intellectual activities which give his institution excuse for being. And finally, there may even be a time when coaches will be hired, as they would like to be hired, for their positive influence upon student bodies. But that time is altogether problematical, and dependent upon radical changes in traits of human nature which have pretty generally held their own for the past twenty or thirty thousand years. And until that time comes, there is nothing to do but forget the amateur myth and allow intercollegiate athletics an adjustment to economic principles which are not less relentless than the laws of gravity with objects heavier than air.

The present situation is not nearly so bad as it seems, when we free our minds from mythological conceptions. There is little reason for believing that intercollegiate athletics are menacing college education. An intelligent young man or woman may still get all out of college that college has ever had to offer. The spiritual values of life are about as permanent

in human nature as the material. Notre Dame was in no sense handicapped by Knute Rockne. Stanford is not worse off for Glenn Warner, nor Chicago for Alonzo Stagg, nor Illinois for Robert Zuppke, nor Southern California for Howard Jones. These men do their duty, and do it well — as do hundreds of other coaches well worthy of mention.

Football and other college games may even, to a degree, refine the public mind, and by so doing fulfill one of the first functions of a college or university. In a world where the senses and emotions are forced, day by day, to prey upon the brutalities of the prizefight, the vulgarity and obscenity of the vaudeville and the lurid details of murder and other crime, intercollegiate athletics have at least given the public wholesome spectacles which somehow symbolize clean manly living, loyalty to a cause, personal sacrifice, and other principles of higher human conduct which are vigorous and vital. There is, in reality, but one matter of deep regret at the present time, and that the fact that year by year, because of fanatical faith in the reality of the amateur myth, institutions war upon each other, sacrificing fine institutional friendships over violations of a code which has never had foundation in principle, and denying to the real actors in the drama on the field the pay that is rightfully and honorably theirs.

Petee Hike

BY UPTON TERRELL

A Story

SLOAN was the only company official in the office on Wednesday afternoon when Mrs. Hike telephoned that her husband was not expected to live. The news came as a distinct shock, for no one in the firm knew Hike was ill. They all thought he had gone to Iowa Sunday night on business. Sloan left messages for Meiner and Carroll, who were out calling on a client, and hurried to the hospital, wondering as he drove north from town why Mrs. Hike had not notified them sooner.

He was not able to see Hike right away because the doctors were in his room. A nurse informed him that Mrs. Hike had gone home to change clothes. She had left word that she would return at once.

"What's the matter? What happened to him?" Sloan said excitedly. "I didn't want to ask her over the telephone. We didn't know he was even sick. We thought he was in Iowa. I don't understand why she didn't call us on Monday."

The nurse smiled wearily. "Streptococcus," she answered in a patient voice. "It's in his nose."

Sloan did not know the meaning of the word. "Streptococcus," he said with difficulty. "What's that?"

"It is a very dangerous infection," the nurse told him, and excused herself as a light flashed above a door.

"I'll wait outside," said Sloan.

He went into the reception room which opened off the entrance hall. There were a number of comfortable-looking chairs there but he did not sit down. He paced slowly back and forth across a stretch of polished floor, a nervous, little man with a drawn face, twisting his hat in his hands. The floor was made of wooden squares stained different shades, and as he walked he was careful to step only in each third square. The amusement helped to calm him.

He had not been waiting long when Meiner and Carroll came in. They had returned to the office soon after he had left, and had started at once for the hospital. They came toward him quickly, their faces concerned and expectant. Carroll was a portly man with a dignified bearing, quite the opposite of Meiner who was tall and thin and somewhat slouchy.

Sloan explained the situation.

"If it's streptococcic infection," said Meiner, "it's bad. My wife's brother —"

Carroll interrupted him. "Have you seen him, or Mrs. Hike?"

"Not yet," said Sloan. "The doctors are in there. She's gone home to change her dress."

A look of disgust spread over Meiner's sharp, bespectacled face. "She would," he muttered.

Sloan looked puzzled. "What do you mean? I never met her."

"Well, I have," Meiner continued in the same tone. "Mrs. Meiner and I had them over one evening about a year ago to play cards, and we never heard from her afterwards. My wife says she's got her nose up in the air, and all she ever thinks about are clothes. Isn't that about right, Carroll? You know her."

Carroll tugged at one of his red cheeks. "I don't think we ought to discuss Mrs. Hike now," he said slowly. "What do we care what she thinks or does?" He looked at Sloan. "How long has Pete been sick? I played golf with him Saturday."

"He's been in the hospital since Sunday night. What do you think of that?" replied Sloan as if he expected Carroll to be extremely astonished.

But the words appeared to hurt Carroll, more than to surprise him. "And she only called us today?" he said. "That's too bad. We might have done something for him. What do you suppose was the reason?"

"She probably had to change her dresses so many times that she—" Meiner began.

"Oh, wait." Carroll stopped him with gentle reproof. He looked about the room as if searching for something. The feeling had come to him that they were wasting valuable time, yet he understood there was nothing to be done but wait. Then as if he were slightly embarrassed at his obvious disapproval of Meiner's at-

titude, he said, "I thought he had gone to Iowa. He told me he would take the sleeper Sunday evening."

Sloan appeared particularly miserable. "Didn't all of us? And Jenkins Brothers, what must they think? Three days have gone by, and not a word from us. They've no doubt placed their order with some one else now."

"Perhaps not," said Carroll hopefully.

Sloan was not to be easily encouraged. "But if we had only known —"

"Hell," said Meiner harshly. "You never think of anything but business, do you? What are Jenkins Brothers compared to Pete? I admit I don't like his wife, but that don't affect my feeling for him."

"That's right." Carroll agreed. "Now —" He stopped speaking as a nurse approached them.

The nurse spoke to Sloan in a pleasant, quiet voice. "You may go in now. But I must remind you that Mister Hike's condition is very serious."

The three men stared at her, as if her words, augmenting the realization that Hike was near death, left them incapable of speech or action. Carroll seemed to find himself first.

"If you think we had better not —" He hesitated.

The nurse's youthful face did not change its composed expression, but her tone became more significant. "Doctor Greenbaum would like you to see him now!"

The men understood. As if with great effort Carroll said,

"All right."

Meiner looked up suddenly. "Here comes Mrs. Hike," he whispered.

She nodded in recognition as she came toward them. She was tall and slender and moved gracefully across the polished floor, a noticeably well-groomed woman, at once striking and handsome. When she reached them a fleeting smile crossed her face.

"It was nice of you to come," she said, looking at Carroll. Her voice was smooth and quiet.

He introduced Sloan. "You know Mr. Meiner, I believe," he added.

Her dark eyes wavered as if agitated slightly by a disturbing thought. "Yes, of course."

"We are all very grieved," Carroll continued. "And you must not hesitate to make any request."

She nodded. "You are very gracious," she said with apparent appreciation.

"Why didn't you call us sooner?" asked Sloan bluntly.

Her thinned eyebrows raised quickly, and her lips tightened. "Why I didn't think it necessary. I didn't think it would be so serious."

Carroll spoke to her sympathetically. "Of course, not. Mr. Sloan means only that Mr. Hike might have wanted something." He cursed Sloan to himself for increasing the awkwardness of the situation, bad enough already.

Her eyebrows and lips relaxed again. A smile neither sardonic nor sincere played about her sensitive mouth creating a rather provoking expression. "I think everything has been done." She turned to the nurse. "How is he now?"

"There is no change," the nurse answered in a cold voice, and looked at Carroll. "Come this way, please."

The three men soon returned to the reception room, for Hike had not known them. They had come too late. Carroll had asked that the attending physician talk with them; and presently he appeared.

Dr. Greenbaum was a small, thin man, quick of movement and speech. His dark hair was clipped very short and stood up stiffly. His features were almost delicate and he wore fine gold spectacles which accentuated this quality in them.

"I'm Mr. Carroll," said Carroll, "and these gentlemen are Mr. Sloan and Mr. Meiner. We are friends of Mr. Hike."

"And his business associates," said Sloan.

The doctor bowed courteously. "I see. Then may I be of service?" He sat down as if he understood that he could be of service.

"Yes. We wanted to know something more of the case," Carroll explained. "We're somewhat at a loss. Everything has happened so quickly."

"We didn't know he was even sick," said Sloan. "We thought he was in Iowa."

Meiner was aggravated. "No one goes to Iowa with streptococcic," he told Sloan irritably. "My wife's brother had it and in three days he was dead."

Dr. Greenbaum's face remained grave, but his round, black eyes twinkled behind the gold spectacles. "Streptococcus," he corrected Meiner. "Of course you understand these micro-organisms are very difficult to combat, especially when the infection is in a vital place. I have learned that Mr. Hike had a habit of rubbing his nose with his index

finger, every few moments. If we had got him sooner we might have been more successful."

Carroll gave a slight start. "My God!" he exclaimed, "Pete did say he had a pain in his head when we were playing golf Saturday. He said he had had a dull headache for two or three days. But he didn't think much about it. I believe he thought it was indigestion—or something. Why didn't I tell him to see a doctor?"

The doctor smiled for the first time: an expression which showed he understood Carroll's feeling. "The trouble became serious before last Saturday."

But Carroll was not consoled. He looked as a man who has realized suddenly that he is in part responsible for a tragedy.

Meiner leaned forward, his face paled. "Then there is no chance for him?"

"I am afraid not," Dr. Greenbaum answered. He stood up and bowed politely. "You will have to excuse me. I must return."

"Wait." Carroll's voice contained a pleading note. "Would you object if we called another physician for a consultation? You know, we only want to feel that we have done everything possible."

"Certainly not," Dr. Greenbaum replied promptly. "I should be glad to have you do it."

"Could you recommend a specialist in such things?" Meiner asked. "My wife would probably know." Then he appeared confused.

"I would say that Dr. Sarnecki, Dr. Thaddeus Sarnecki, had made the greatest advancement in combating infection of this type. You may be

able to get him, although I don't think he makes calls as a rule." The doctor walked away with short, quick steps.

Carroll went at once to a telephone booth in a small alcove off the reception room. When he came out he was wiping perspiration from his round face.

"He's coming," he said to Sloan and Meiner. "It will take him an hour to get here. I'm going outside."

IT WAS growing dusk. Carroll walked slowly to the corner and turned into a street which ran over a low hill. The hospital was located in a residential section of modest houses and bungalows, each with a yard about it. The leaves had fallen and the ground was covered with a rustling blanket. It was pleasant walking in the crisp air of the gathering evening, but he was too sad really to enjoy it.

Secretly he was not willing to abandon all hope for Hike, although he had done so in the presence of the others. He simply could not bring himself to the point of believing it! It all had occurred too suddenly! Yet he knew it was true. There he lay in the hospital verging on complete unconsciousness, the streptococcus draining life from him.

"If only the Pole can do something!" he murmured.

Walking, sharp air striking his face, he became calmer and began to consider the turn of events with a clearer mind. Hike's death would mean the completion of a long friendship. He had known him twelve years.

Hike had come to work for the firm a year after the War ended. He

soon had become valuable as a contact man. They gave him the difficult work of meeting and fraternizing with new and potential customers, for his frank and friendly manner made him likable at once. After a few years he was made the general manager.

Before the War he had been a catcher for Indianapolis. The Cubs bought him, but the War cut short his opportunity to win a permanent place in the Major League. He volunteered at the outset, and eventually was sent to France. Toward the end he was wounded in the shoulder. When he returned he was not able to play ball. His throwing power was destroyed.

They had played golf together once or twice a week for the last four years. Hike was never a good golfer, but he was consistent. Carroll beat him regularly by a few strokes; but their matches were always pleasant and keen. The thought that he would lose the best golfing partner he ever had seemed to hurt him more than anything else at the moment.

"If I could only play him once more—just to let him win!" he said.

He paused on top of the hill. Through the bare trees he could see lighted windows in the hospital below him. They looked cheerful and inviting.

"But what tragedy and suffering is behind them!" he breathed with apprehension. Behind one of those windows Hike was dying.

He pictured Mrs. Hike sitting beside her husband's bed, and his throat tightened. He was not willing to believe everything detrimental he heard about her. But her absolute

calmness aroused a feeling that she was calloused and cold! And she didn't look as if she were suffering.

"Perhaps," he thought, "she is one of the rare type of women who always keep hidden and secret their true emotions."

He started down the hill at the next corner, having gone around the square, his thoughts dwelling on husbands and wives. He really knew little about either for he was handicapped by the fact that he had never married, and in this particular case he was ignorant of specific details. Hike had never talked about his wife, except to mention her casually in the course of conversation. If he was unhappy, if there was trouble, Carroll did not know it. He recalled that only once in his presence had Hike spoken of Mrs. Hike in an angry tone.

The incident had taken place on an afternoon in the previous summer while they were playing golf. Hike and his wife were to leave within a few days on a vacation. Mrs. Hike had bought twelve new dresses to wear on the trip.

"It makes me sore!" Hike had said. "Twelve new dresses for a two weeks' trip. And we're not going to any swell place. Only a summer resort up in northern Wisconsin."

He had forgotten the balance of the conversation. He remembered, however, that Hike drove three balls into a pond from the next tee.

"But she must care for him!" he told himself. "A woman as attractive and refined-looking as she could do—" He was going to say "better," but he said instead, "They've been married eight or nine years. Why would a woman live

with a man that long if she didn't think well of him? They have no children."

Once more he decided the question was incidental, unessential. Mrs. Hike's nature, her habits, character or actions were of no consequence in the matter of saving Hike's life. And neither was it a time for condemning nor praising her — when his friend was dying.

MRS. HIKE came through the reception room on her way out shortly after Carroll had returned from his walk. The aggravating and incomprehensible smile played about her mouth as she spoke to the men. They rose to stand before their chairs.

"I'm going for a sandwich and coffee. Would any of you care to accompany me?" she said.

Meiner suggested immediately, "Couldn't we bring it to you, Mrs. Hike?"

"No, thank you. I prefer to go out." The smile vanished. She looked at the men as if she expected them to step forward, but none of them moved, and her expression changed to one bordering on hauteur. She lifted her head slightly. "Oh, very well."

Sloan spoke in his blunt tone. "I think we ought to stay here — close. I don't feel like eating, anyway."

"Perhaps I do," she said coldly, and started away.

"Mrs. Hike," said Carroll quickly. She stopped and turned to look at him steadily. "We haven't had a chance to tell you that we've summoned a specialist. He should be here soon."

"What for?" she asked so calmly that Carroll started.

"Why — why," he began in utter confusion. Then he straightened himself. His round face hardened. "Surely you haven't any objections to us doing everything we can."

She took a quick step toward the men, the muscles of her face contracted in an expression of extreme reproachfulness. "You should have consulted me! I'd like you, all of you, to mind your own business."

Sloan's astonishment suddenly turned to anger he could not master. "We did it for Pete," he said vehemently. "Why should you care if ten doctors come, if they help him?"

As if Sloan's wrath had been reflected in her, destroying her own self-control, she retorted almost viciously. "That's my business, not yours. Who is paying these bills, you or me?"

"I am!" Sloan cried. "I will!"

Carroll took his arm. "Wait!" He swallowed with difficulty before he spoke again, wiping his brow with a quick motion of his hand. "The firm, Mrs. Hike, the firm will pay all the expenses if you wish."

"Certainly, certainly," said Meiner in an unsteady voice. "We will be glad to do it!"

Her eyes moved slowly from the face of one man to the other. Then suddenly, with very straight shoulders and even steps, she walked across the reception room and went outside.

Before she had returned Hike died.

The nurse with the youthful face came to tell the men.

"Mr. Hike has passed away," she said, her voice revealing only slightly the hardship of her duty. "Dr. Greenbaum wishes me to tell you that he was in attendance at the time."

She turned and disappeared, leaving the three men staring at the door through which she had gone.

They remained motionless and silent until Carroll began to cough. Then together they left the hospital.

MRS. HIKE telephoned Carroll the next morning, asking him to come to her apartment. He promised to call at two, but he was detained at the office and it was nearly three when he arrived.

A maid showed him into the living room. He put his coat and hat on a chair, and stood near a window looking down into the street. Presently he turned around and gazed about the room. It was large and pleasant. He could see the furnishings were expensive. Mrs. Hike obviously had taste in interior decorating as well as in clothes.

"Perhaps," he thought, "her taste was too extravagant to be supported by Pete's pocket-book."

Then he was startled by the sudden realization that in all the years he had known Hike he never had been in his home! They had met always at the golf club. They had gone to ball games, to the races, occasionally to a speakeasy they both liked, and to tennis and boxing matches together, but Hike had not once invited him to his home. It had been rather a strange friendship, rife with loyalty, but never going beyond the world of sport which brought to them a mutual pleasure. They had been friends in play, associates in work, and knew nothing of each other's personal or domestic life. Perhaps this was the reason they had remained friends so long!

Now he was to learn something of

the other side of Hike's life. There were, no doubt, certain things to be done, affairs to be handled, perhaps untangled. He would be glad to help her, not alone because she was Mrs. Hike, but because such a service would be a final tribute to his old friend.

When she came into the room, he saw at once that she had been weeping and was astonished not a little, for having seen her exhibition of frigidity the previous afternoon he had not expected any display of emotion in her now. If she did not weep when Hike was dying why should she weep after he was dead? She was wearing lounging pyjamas of dark blue silk which were extremely snug about her slender waist. Her hair was done close to her head, running straight back and very smooth as if after much brushing. The style revealed the beauty in her features, bringing out the fact that they were entirely self-sustaining.

Still her voice was calm as she asked his pardon for keeping him waiting.

"But I was an hour late myself," he said apologetically. "I hope I haven't inconvenienced you."

"Not at all. There is no particular hurry about — anything." She seemed to have forgotten her thought before she had finished speaking. She sat down on a divan beside a coffee table, and he took a chair opposite her. "I asked you to come here because I know you were Petee's best friend. He rather — idolized you, I think."

"I had a similar feeling for him," he said somewhat huskily. He coughed. "Pardon me."

She looked at a lacquered box on

the coffee table and ran a finger over its rounded edge. "I wanted to speak to you about his golf clubs. I'd like you to take them. He would want you to have them, I'm sure. And his guns and fishing tackle." She indicated bookshelves across the room. "He loved adventure stories, you know. There are probably two hundred books here. I'd like you to take them, too, if you have any place for them. Some are expensive. And then there are other things. All his studs, his watch, his luggage, a wardrobe trunk and three bags, and little things like his fountain pens, his golf cups — and so on. I'd like you to take them all, if you will."

"But haven't you any use for some of those things? Don't you want to keep —"

"No," she said, abruptly interrupting him. "I want to get rid of everything personal of his. I've given his clothes to the janitor. He said they would fit him. I thought you might like these other things. I thought you might appreciate them."

"Of course I do," he assured her, appearing somewhat confused.

She twisted her lips slightly as if to prevent a smile and looked steadily at him. "You think I'm terribly cold and hard, don't you?"

His confusion changed to embarrassment. "Well — you see, Mrs. Hike, I frankly don't understand your attitude."

She hesitated. "But I think you could."

"Thank you. I'm sure I could. Please don't think me rude."

She smiled now. "I only think you are very sincere." Her voice was lower. "I respect you because I don't think you a hypocrite nor will-

ing to condemn a person without sufficient cause."

"You are very kind," he said in almost a whisper, wondering if he could believe her.

"I am very truthful," she answered quickly, as if to correct him. "And because you were my husband's best friend, I want you to know certain things and to understand them. There is no other reason. I am only defending my own actions and the attitude which perplexes you. I don't know what Petee told you about us."

His brow wrinkled. He wished she wouldn't say "Petee." It seemed disrespectful. "I don't quite get you. Pete told me nothing. Really, he very seldom mentioned you at all to me."

"Or to anybody else. I can believe that." She looked as if she might be going to laugh, but she did not. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. As if it mattered."

"But it does," he said a bit desperately. "Don't you see that? I am very much interested — only a bit lost."

"All right. Would it clarify things if I told you that Petee didn't care for me one bit? That I was simply nothing in his life."

"Mrs. Hike!" he gasped. "I can't believe that!"

"It's true nevertheless."

He looked as a man dumbfounded. "But — all these years!"

"Yes," she said somewhat hopelessly, "all these years." Then her face lightened. "But they're ended now." She took a cigarette from the lacquered box and lit it from a lighter. "This lighter was his, too," she said significantly, and as if she

had read Carroll's thoughts, she continued, "A woman loves a man sometimes for his possibilities, not always for what he actually is. I must have seen a great deal more in Petee than really was there."

They sat in a silence very awkward for Carroll. He could not find suitable words to speak, and he said nothing. She seemed to be staring into the smoke of her cigarette, and glancing at her he thought her radiantly beautiful.

"How could such a woman fail?" he asked himself.

But suddenly she tapped the cigarette out on a small brass tray, and the picture was destroyed. He saw her as he had always known her, attractive, dignified, provokingly calm, and now, a woman understanding life in all its cold realism. He was inclined to believe her, and so to feel sorry for her, but he was not yet ready to lessen in the slightest degree his high opinion of his friend not yet buried.

"Don't think I married Petee for protection or to have a home. I didn't need those things. I married him because I thought him rather — splendid. There were almost two years of what I called happiness. I can see now that it was only a period of readjustment. We were digging trenches for ourselves. When we completed them we crawled in.

"You know how much romance Petee had in him. None. He was a thorough sport and business man. I never complained about that. A woman can live without romance if there are other things equally important for her to cling to. I saw them in him.

"I made him a good home. I

gave him everything. He was satisfied, and he paid for it. I'm not extravagant. He could afford everything we have. I have been a good servant."

Her last words seemed to pain him. "Don't put it that way — please."

"Why not? That is the way it was. For eight years, nearly nine, he found his house in order, his clothes in order, his food prepared as he liked it, absolute comfort in every respect, and a woman to love when he wanted her."

"My dear woman, I can tell you Pete was honorable," he said slightly defiantly.

She made a quick motion with her hand as if to dismiss the thought. "You don't have to tell me that. I know it. It was the one thing in him I believe I succeeded in preserving. He had no time for me. You know yourself he never brought any one into his home. He kept me here because I was of service —"

"Oh, wait," he pleaded, but she did not stop.

"— because I was of service to him. But he was respectable. He did not need any one on the outside. He could travel there alone."

"But he must have cared for you," he said as if in an effort to save his tumbling illusions. "You must understand it is hard for me to believe all this. I knew him so well. He was a gentleman."

"Can't a man be that without loving? Even his wife?"

"I guess he can," he replied slowly. "Rather a living death—for you."

"At first I thought so." She looked at him unflinchingly and said very quietly, "I loved him, and he did not know I was on earth."

He smiled kindly. "Believe me when I tell you I think I understand. I sympathize with both of you."

"It was not your sympathy I wanted. I only wanted you to know these things."

"But I am sorry," he insisted.

"You needn't be." She drew a deep breath. "Then that's all there is for me to tell you," she said with obvious relief. "You'll take those things of his?"

He stood up. "Yes, I'll take them. . . . Now, is there something you wish me to attend to? The funeral or his affairs?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "I think everything has been done. I made arrangements with the undertaker last night. I'm sending Petee back to New Jersey. He has a married sister there. The family has a plot. I've telegraphed her."

"Yes, I know he had a sister there. I'll be at the depot if you'll tell me the train."

She lit another cigarette, staring at the lighter flame as she exhaled the smoke. "The five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The undertaker will put the body on."

"I'll be there to see that you get off all right. There may be something —" He turned as if to go and stopped. "The firm's attorney is at your service, you know."

"Thank you. I don't know that any of his affairs are in bad shape. I went to the bank this morning. He had six thousand dollars in bonds and fifteen hundred cash. That was all."

"And his insurance, I suppose."

"He had no insurance."

Carroll gave a slight start. "Why, I know he had Government insur-

ance, his soldier's policy, for ten thousand dollars!"

"Yes. His mother was the beneficiary and she is dead. He never bothered to change it to my name."

Carroll took a step backward. "My God —"

She looked at him, a sad little smile making her face lovely.

He leaned toward her, tense. "Then what will you do?"

"Start where I stopped nine years ago," she answered quietly.

THE three men walked along the line of coaches standing in the great spider web train shed until they came to the baggage car. They stood near the door with grave and concerned faces, appearing very much out of place in such an environment.

Sloan took out his watch. "Four-twenty," he muttered. "They ought to bring it pretty soon."

"I guess this is it," said Meiner.

They turned to watch an electric truck bearing a casket approaching. Two men, one in overalls, the driver, and one in a tidy, dark suit, obviously the undertaker, rode on the truck. When it had stopped beside the car, a second baggage man appeared in the doorway. Carroll stepped forward quickly.

"We'll help you," he told the men.

"Okeh," the driver said. "It's pretty heavy. Must be an expensive one."

"This is the body of Mr. Peter Hike," said the undertaker stiffly.

"We know it," Sloan told him bluntly, and took off his hat. Then the others doffed theirs quickly, the two baggagemen glancing at each other as they dropped their caps.

The six men lifted the casket into

the car and carried it to one corner. When they emerged Carroll took out his pocketbook and gave each of the baggagemen five dollars. Then he and Meiner and Sloan walked back along the line of cars, stopping just inside the high iron fence to wait for Mrs. Hike. A guard appeared presently and opened the gate. The waiting passengers began to file through.

At five minutes of five the three men compared watches and found them within half a minute of each other.

"Well, she better get here pretty quick if she's going on this train," said Meiner firmly. He glanced at Sloan and Carroll. "Say, you don't suppose —"

"I do," said Sloan harshly. A look of hatred spread over his face. "She's not going. What does she care?"

Meiner swore. "That woman —"

Carroll remained silent, watching the last people passing through the gate.

At five o'clock the guard closed the gate. Mrs. Hike had not appeared. The men watched the train as it crept out of the depot.

Carroll took Sloan and Meiner by the arm as they turned away. "Let's not talk about it at all," he said gently. "It doesn't matter now, and we might not understand. Pete was used to traveling alone, anyway."

Old Pasture

BY FRANCES FROST

NO MORE now does the night-dew fall upon
The drowsy flanks, the clover-fragrant breath
Of cattle moving slowly toward the brink
Of the windy pool and bending their heads to drink
The drowned and shivering stars. The cool, deep notes
Of shaken bells have dwindled and have gone
To farther pastures, and this land remains
Companioned alone by weeds and shaggymanes
And a broken fence that staggers into dawn.



"Alfalfa Bill"

BY JACK SPANNER

How can a man with ideas which supposedly were relegated to the scrap heap thirty or forty years ago loom so importantly on the political horizon?

JUST over two years ago William H. Murray, sixty years of age and almost penniless, returned to his home in Oklahoma after having spent ten years in some of the wildest and most remote parts of South America. In June, less than three years after his return, he will go, as Governor of Oklahoma and head of the Oklahoma delegation, to the national convention of the Democratic party, an avowed candidate for that party's presidential nomination. Indications are that he will have, as he now has, the enthusiastic support of tens of thousands of distressed and militantly discontented people scattered through the farming regions of the Middle West.

Whether Governor Murray does emerge from the Chicago convention as the standard bearer of the Democratic party or not, he is very likely to play an important, and probably a dramatic, rôle in its deliberations. He has already announced his plans to be a member of the platform committee and has declared that if his ideas on certain issues are not incorporated in the platform written by the committee,

he will bring in a minority report and "fight it out on the floor."

Whatever rôle he plays, that rôle will have been made possible by reason of the discontent and often bitter dissatisfaction now rife all through the corn, wheat and cotton States. Whatever claims he has to leadership are based on the appeal his personality, views and record as Governor of Oklahoma have to farmers.

To the country at large, which views Murray through the eyes of feature writers for the metropolitan papers and popular magazines, he is merely another "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, an amusingly picturesque figure. His personal habits, his tastes in food, his addiction to weak, black coffee and his own estimates of his own learning, integrity and intelligence have been widely publicized by writers who see in a sixty-two-year-old governor who defies United States courts, calls out and bivouacs with the State militia and stands on his head when he "takes the notion," a challenge to their ability to depict personalities.

But it is only in relation to the

present plight and state of mind of hundreds of thousands of farmers that Murray's immense popularity and possible strength in national politics can be understood. Any one who comes in contact with farmers in the Middle West must be struck by the parallel their present economic condition and mentality furnish with the economic condition and mentality of the farmers of the same regions during the late 'Seventies and early 'Eighties. Allan Nevins, author of *The Emergence of Modern America*, writing of that period says: "Intelligent farmers knew that one cause of their hardships lay in the simple fact that they were producing more wheat, corn and pork than the world would consume at a profitable price; but they also saw other causes rooted in private and corporate injustice. These were the extortions practiced by middlemen, the abuses resulting from the disturbed currency and the iniquitous tariff and the injustices of an unfair and unscientific tax system." Nevins' picture could stand, with but few minor changes, as a portrait of the minds of hundreds of thousands of farmers today.

As yet these conditions have not produced "an exasperation which [is] explosive." But the slogans, the appeals, the arguments, the battle cries which were heard before and during the days of Populism are again ringing across the prairies and being cheered as "the old time religion." Any speaker who talks about higher prices for farm products, lower taxes, less expense in government, "cheap money" or "money reform" and "curbing the power of wealth, the corporations and the courts" is certain of an eager hearing.

Agitators and organizers who have gone out among the farmers to mold this discontent and eagerness to embrace "the old time religion" into organized political power have found the farmers "too broke to join up." These agitators and organizers have also found a deep antipathy to, and suspicion of, almost every manifestation of modern industrial-urban civilization. They see, however dimly, that the long familiar, fairly satisfying way of life they knew is doomed. A thousand influences reach out from the cities to touch and alter their old habits and routines. At the same time their economic condition has grown worse. The results of social trends, long the subject of discussion among historians and students, are being felt by them as facts.

Lacking the wherewithal to finance proposed reform organizations, these people have enthusiastically followed the career of Murray. They have recognized in his dramatic and vigorous conduct and his forthright utterances a sympathy with their own anti-urban point of view, a faith in and a desire to return to "the good old days."

They could not be expected to see that Murray is peculiarly fitted to view present-day problems in the light of indictments drawn and remedies proposed in the later part of the last century when, under the banner of Populism, "the last mortal struggle between agrarianism and capitalism" was being waged. Murray has, by a series of accidents of residence and activity, kept himself outside any typically American environment which might have conditioned his thinking on politics, government and social problems.

BEFORE statehood, Oklahoma was divided into two separate territories "as unlike as any two regions well could be." The eastern half of what is now the State of Oklahoma was Indian Territory, made up of five little Indian republics, each under its own laws and constitution. Oklahoma Territory, roughly the western half of the present State, was settled by homesteading pioneers who, between 1889 and 1907, built a community which was largely agricultural. Outside the towns and few cities, the population was almost wholly made up of farmers living on their 160 acres of land. On the whole, except for greater poverty, life in Oklahoma Territory was not unlike that in Kansas, Nebraska and other Western farming States.

It was in Indian Territory, at Tishomingo, capital of the Chickasaw Indian Nation, that Murray settled when he came from Texas in 1898 as a young man of twenty-nine. In Tishomingo Murray became attorney for the Chickasaw legislature and it was his job to draft the laws proposed for passage by the legislature. Later he was employed as attorney by Douglas H. Johnston, Governor of the Chickasaw Nation. As legal adviser to the Governor of the Indian republic, Murray drew up all the briefs in the Governor's contests with Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock who, under the terms of treaties with the Chickasaws, was vested with certain veto powers as regards legislation passed by the Indian Nations. When Murray married a niece of Governor Johnston he became a Chickasaw citizen and was enabled to practise law before the tribal courts.

As a Chickasaw citizen and resident of a little Indian Territory town, Murray was isolated from the social unrest, the eager intellectual ferment that was then making itself felt all through the Mississippi Valley. His work as an attorney, and the record seems to indicate he was a good one, kept him busy with questions of jurisdiction and sovereignty as between Government and government. While America, and particularly Middle Western America, was in the grip of what Mark Sullivan describes as a "mood of irritation"; while farmers, laborers, small business men and ordinary citizens were thinking, talking and wondering how something could be done about "the Invisible Government, the Money Interests, the Gold Bugs, Wall Street, the Trusts," Murray was deep in the business of protecting the rights and prerogatives of the Chickasaw Nation against the encroachments of a Federal bureaucracy. The status of the Indian republic was, supposedly, definitely fixed in laws, treaties, agreements and written constitutions. White adventurers and fortune seekers who went into Indian Territory to enrich themselves by exploiting the rich natural resources were pressing the Federal Government to wipe away the hindrances set up by the Indian Nations intent on preserving their ancient tribal ways. But defense against such encroachments could be found by diligent search through the body of written legislation—much of which had been intended to continue in force "as long as the grass grows and the water flows."

Governor Murray recognizes that the years he spent as attorney for the

Chickasaws were, intellectually, the formative years of his life. He has told at least one interviewer that his lifelong mental habits, his thought patterns, were largely molded during his employment by Governor Johnston.

In 1903, after he had acquired a grant of land by reason of his Chickasaw citizenship, "Murray retired from law practice to his farm and ranch where" (to quote an admiring biographer) "for a period of four years he studied 'Constitutional Governments of Republics — Ancient and Modern.'" Murray later said he saw that statehood must come and retired in order that he might prepare to play a rôle in drafting the coming State's charter.

Meanwhile, Oklahoma Territory, unlike Indian Territory, was not only feeling and being affected by the mood of the Middle West, it was in many ways a focal point for social unrest. The successive "openings" of Oklahoma lands to settlement had attracted tens of thousands of people. It was inevitable that the opening of this new country should constitute to many restless souls a promise and an invitation to go forth and help build a land which would be socially and politically nearer their hearts' desire. Many of the people who had taken part in the social movements of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties in the older States again "went West."

During the same period strikes and lockouts were numerous. "Ring-leaders" and active participants in these strikes were in many cases blacklisted. Numbers of them came to Oklahoma Territory to "take up land." Even today all through the western part of Oklahoma "old

timers" can be found who are proud to claim they participated in industrial disputes which helped make American labor history. Scattered among "Pops" and the victims of industrial warfare was a small, but very active, Socialist element.

Here, certainly, was a large leaven of persons who had at least one thing — some a vague, others a definite class consciousness — in common. Most of the settlers seem to have been "god-awful poor." In his report for 1891 to the Secretary of the Interior, the first Territorial Governor, George W. Steele, speaks of the "lack of means in the hands of the settlers" which compelled him to appeal to the railroads to sell \$20,000 worth of seed wheat on credit.

The report of the Territorial Governor for 1898 makes it plain that poverty continued when it speaks of settlers "who came into a new and unknown country . . . in most instances with such few possessions as could be loaded with his family in a single wagon and what cash he had was in his pants pocket." The same report speaks of the time "when his [the homesteader's] home was a dugout or a cottonwood shack, when his family were in rags, when his farm was unproductive, when his future was anything but bright."

The growing Populist vote (in elections for Territorial Delegate to Congress) between 1890 and 1896, after which the Populists merged with the Democrats, may give an index of the effect of the "left wing" leaven at work in conjunction with poverty. In 1890, the first election, the Populists' candidate polled 16.6 per cent of the vote; in 1892, 28.6 per cent; in 1894, 32.9 per cent; in

1896, 51.1 per cent of the vote went to the Populists and their man went to Congress.

This militant leftward movement in Oklahoma continued past the turn of the century and gathering increasing strength made itself vividly felt when the constitutional convention, composed of delegates from the two Territories, met in 1906 at Guthrie to write the State's political charter. "That document became," according to R. M. McClintock, Oklahoma capitol correspondent of the *Tulsa Tribune*, "a strange conglomeration of enlightened progressivism and of a series of checks upon legislative action outworn even then. Oklahoma was to be the model State of the Union politically. The toiling farmer and the underpaid working man were to find in Oklahoma their Utopia."

The organized labor and agrarian movement jointly sponsored, and put force behind the sponsorship of, most of the liberal and Bryanesque features of that document. The organized farmers and the labor unions called a convention for Shawnee, Oklahoma Territory, where they drafted a platform covering those provisions they wanted in the proposed constitution. The whole weight of the numerous organizations represented there was thrown behind the campaign to see that the convention demands were met at Guthrie.

Several of the Shawnee convention demands had been made fifteen years before when, in 1891, the first convention of the Populist party wrote its platform. Like the Populists, the Shawnee delegates demanded the Australian (secret) ballot, the eight-hour day on all public works and, most "radical" of all, the initiative

and referendum. The Shawnee convention also demanded the mandatory primary, a declaration in the contemplated constitution permitting the State to engage in any industry, provision that the civil law should always be supreme over the military and numerous elective minor executive officers and commissions. A number of prohibitive demands were also made.

When the constitutional convention met it acceded to almost all the demands of the organized farmers and workers. Only two of their positive demands, those for free textbooks and a tax commission, were lost when the constitution was finally written.

SINCE his 1930 campaign for the governorship, Murray has posed as one of the founding fathers of the liberalism and progressivism which has marked the political history of Oklahoma and the attitude of her people. Weighed down by the cares of office and the concerns incident to his campaign to land the Democratic nomination, he apparently has not realized that during the formative years of his life he was almost wholly outside the sweep and play of those forces which gave rise, strength and meaning to what Oklahoma calls "political liberalism."

Those Oklahomans who call themselves "the real radicals" declare that as president of the Guthrie constitutional convention Murray opposed most of the demands made by the organized farmers and workers. These stories concerning Murray's opposition to the liberalism of 1906 are made with the heat which marks most political discussion in

Oklahoma. But color is lent to the charge that Murray was not in sympathy with the farmer-labor demands when the constitution finally drafted by the Guthrie convention is compared with an earlier constitution, in the drafting of which Murray played an important part.

In 1905 Murray emerged from his retirement to take part, as a representative of the Chickasaw Nation, in the deliberations of a convention held in Muskogee where a constitution was drafted for the proposed State of Sequoyah. This State was to have included only Indian Territory since there was considerable objection there to admission with Oklahoma Territory under the "single statehood" plan. The constitution drawn up at Muskogee did not include a number of provisions later demanded by the Shawnee convention and written into the Oklahoma charter. Mandatory primaries and the initiative and referendum were the two most important liberal provisions not included in the Sequoyah constitution. The Sequoyah constitution also vested far more power in the Governor than does that of Oklahoma; for instance the Oklahoma constitution provides for twelve elective executives, the Sequoyah constitution for but six.

As speaker of the first legislature, Murray incurred the wrath of the trades unions and when, in 1910, he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, the State federation of labor adopted a resolution declaring him "unfair to all union members" and the federation pledged its efforts "to defeat him for any political office he might seek." (This action was rescinded by the

1930 convention of the State federation which endorsed his candidacy.)

After serving as speaker of the first legislature, running and being defeated for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1910 (a defeat to which labor opposition contributed), Murray was elected to Congress in 1912 and again in 1914. During his four years in Washington, his eccentricities seem to have attracted more attention than his statesmanship. He was defeated for renomination when he returned from Washington and, in his campaign, preached preparedness for war. He insisted that America would enter the War, and urged that provision be made for that eventuality. In 1918 he was again defeated for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

In April, 1919, he went to South America, where he spent five years in travel. He returned to Oklahoma in 1923, organized a colonizing venture to settle on a concession he had obtained in the interior of Bolivia and in 1924, leading a band of twenty-five families, returned to South America. The colony soon failed but Murray continued on in Bolivia until August, 1929.

During those ten years Murray was again on a frontier, again isolated from whatever effects the experience and witnessing of great social changes might have had on his thinking. Murray had preached that America would enter the War; but he was not present to see the effects of that participation.

He left America in a year marked by social and industrial restlessness such as had not existed since the early 'Nineties. During that year there were 1,561 industrial disputes

involving 4,160,348 strikers; these included 400,000 coal miners, 350,000 steel workers, 1,100 members of the Boston police force. In Seattle a general strike which lasted five days tied up the city. The Non-Partisan League was getting into its stride, marshaling tens of thousands of farmers of the Northwest under its banner. Attempts were being made to organize a national farmer-labor party. One of the several communist parties was advocating that "the workers" organize into military units and learn how to handle arms. In the liberal weeklies, intellectuals and radicals of the calibre of Harold Laski, Herbert Croly and Thorstein Veblen were discussing the possibilities of revolution.

He arrived home two months before the stock market crash of October, 1929, signaled the beginnings of depression. Intellectuals were now discussing humanism and wondering if the philosopher scientists could help them find new values in life. Such radicals as had not turned to writing advertising were busy trying to adjust their theories to the latest aspects of "the new capitalism." U. S. Steel was selling around 250 and A. T. & T. was either pushing, or had already pushed, itself past the 300 mark.

Within six months of his return home, Murray was out in the rural sections of the State actively campaigning for the governorship. His platform was not distinguished for originality of thought nor did he stress unusual issues. In announcing his candidacy he promised lower taxes, "adherence to the constitution," construction of good roads, consideration of the problem of old

age pensions, an economical administration and restraints on public utility corporations.

Before he went to South America in 1924, Murray had declared: "Democracy in the United States is going fast." In 1930 he was insisting: "In another seventy-five years democracy will be dead." Politicians smiled at his predictions and his candidacy. Murray "has had his day" they insisted. But he was fortunate enough to have as his chief opponent a politically inexperienced oil millionaire who had graduated from the University of Oklahoma. The millions and education of his rival and economic conditions "out at the grass roots" combined to assure his nomination and election.

As Governor he first attracted attention by his slam-bang, fiery denunciations of legislator opponents. Then his spectacular use of the State militia to open two free bridges over the Red River into Texas, and his declaration of martial law in the Oklahoma oil fields in his campaign for "one dollar crude oil," put his name in front page headlines and landed his pictures in the rotogravure sections.

Friends seized on national publicity as an excuse to "mention his name" as a presidential possibility. The same sort of smiles that had greeted the announcement of his candidacy for the governorship of Oklahoma now greeted mention of his higher aspiration. But by September such competent political commentators as Mark Sullivan and Raymond Clapper, Washington correspondent of United Press, were "seeing something in" his boom. Sullivan said that "persons entirely

competent" to form political judgments "consider it likely he will be one of the most potent figures in the convention." Clapper pointed out: "Until recently Murray has been regarded with slightly amused tolerance in such sedate political centres as Washington. But he is being taken more seriously now."

MURRAY is like most politicians in that he has never stated (and probably never enunciated in his own mind) his political views in terms of philosophic doctrine unrelated to the immediate problems with which he has had to deal, the immediate issues he has had to face. Self-educated, the "fundamental principles" he invokes to justify his official acts, and illuminate his choice of, and position on, issues are appeals to his personal experience.

Vernon Louis Parrington in *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America* describes the years from 1903 to the opening of the War as "a distinctive period — a time of extraordinary ferment, when America was seeking to adjust her ideals and institutions to a revolutionary economic order that had come upon her . . . underneath, an intellectual revolution was in progress, setting steadily toward a new social philosophy." There was "a growing conviction . . . that power is economic in origin and that those who control the economics will control the Government . . . henceforth the struggle is to be between organized groups for the control of the State."

In his choice of national issues on which to base his campaign Murray seems strangely untouched by the "intellectual revolution," the "grow-

ing convictions" mentioned by Parrington. His speeches in support of his "Scotch bank" scheme for the reform of currency, his determination to demand from the convention of his party a declaration against what he calls "the abuse of the injunctive powers of inferior Federal courts" do reveal the dependence of his mind on the things he learned years ago while attorney for the Chickasaw Nation.

During his battle to open the free bridges over the Red River, an injunction was issued by a Federal district court "to protect" operators of adjacent toll bridges. Since then Murray has considered injunctions a national issue. "We must," he has declared, "wipe out the twilight zone of government set up by inferior Federal courts behind which corporations and corrupt wealth hide to filch the people. This can be done by asserting the constitutional rights of the States."

Here one can almost see the Murray mind operate. In the back of that mind are memories of a scantily institutionalized, highly fluid pioneer society where it was desirable to establish written and binding constitutions which would guarantee the people against abuses, definitely protect them in "their rights." But at the point where Federal Constitution is supposed to join and overlap State constitutions "corrupt combinations of wealth and capital" have torn a breach. A reëxamination of the adequacy of political institutions designed to function in "a fluid society in process of settling into static ways" is unnecessary — repair the breach and all will be well.

His advocacy of "the old Scotch system of decentralized banking —

democracy in banking" as an issue reveals the effects of his political-mindedness on his consideration of economic problems. The issuance of currency is regulated by the Government; in a democracy the will of the electorate should be the final word on governmental policy — therefore, let the people vote.

In his Labor Day speech before the Chicago Federation of Labor, Murray described his "Scotch bank" idea. To correct "prevailing economic errors" and solve the problem of the present depression and avoid future ones, "the foremost thing of importance," he declared, "is to change our policies governing banking and credits so that the users of money shall control the policies of money and credit rather than as now [when] they are controlled by the gamblers in credits and the speculators in money." Under the "Scotch system" independent banks would be permitted to issue currency secured by fifteen per cent of gold and "one dollar's worth of some staple farm product for every seventy-five cents" of paper money emitted. In saying he is not opposed to a centralized banking system but only wants the "Scotch system" as an addition to it, Murray pointed to political organization for illustration. "Balance," he said, "is just as essential in banking and finance as a combination of national power with local self-government is essential for the preservation of our republic. It can neither be all local nor all national. Just so in the banking system" if "prevailing economic errors" are to be avoided.

Economists, "statesmen," intellectuals and "experts" discuss "long

range economic planning" or examine the effects of the changes wrought by electric power distribution and transportation on rural America and "a new regionalism which would bring producers and consumers together not in a city market but on their own acres of farmland or rural villages." They write articles on "the glowing promise of planning as a way to the better life." Meanwhile the people on whose behalf these plans and dreams are being developed are unable to pay their current taxes, to meet the interest on their mortgages and debts.

Debt-ridden, depression-harried, they hear the speeches of Murray, read descriptions of his almost uncouth directness; here is a man they can understand, a person they can "get." When "Alfalfa Bill" sneers at higher education, laughs at farm terracing to stop soil erosion as "a fad," speaks of "books . . . written by these fellows that have so much hair on their brains they can't help it," disregards and denounces the views of experts, believes that certain crops will yield best if planted "when the moon is right" (admitting he "doesn't know why" this is so but insisting that it is so), and in season and out warns Oklahoma and America of the fate of "Ancient Persia, Egypt and Rome each [of which], in turn, went down in night never to rise again" he speaks as a veritable prophet of the "old time religion." All challenges to the adequacy of his ideas and leadership in this day of science, machine technology and complex industrialism can be met with the exasperatingly calm reply: "Well, anyway Bill *tries* to do something."

Deep-Sea Sail

BY A. J. VILLIERS

*Not only the glamor but also the actuality of sailing-ships
are still with us*

I SAW a four-masted schooner towing out to sea on Saturday afternoon, from her anchorage in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. She was setting her sails as she threaded her way through the incoming and the anchored steamers; before she had passed the quarantine station she had dropped her tug. It was almost a shock to see sails spread from a deep-sea commercial vessel in New York harbor.

But there are still sailing-ships, square-rigged as well as fore-and-aft, competing for the sea carriage of the world's goods. Twenty of them, in this year of grace 1932, are sailing from Australian ports to the United Kingdom and Europe with cargoes of Antipodean grain. Four of them sail in the nitrate trade, to Chilean ports. A few carry guano on the Peruvian coast; until recently another still carried passengers in the North Atlantic trade. Twelve of them, through the summer months, carry firewood from northern Baltic ports to London and Hull. Four or five others transport logwood from the West Indies to Marseilles and Le Havre.

How is it that there are still so

many sailing-ships? When ten per cent of the world's steamships are laid up for lack of freights, how may sailing-ships find employment? The answer simply is that wind is still the cheapest power available; and while the wind blows there always will be sailing-ships of some kind.

Primitive man, watching the effect of a leaf thrust into a piece of bark borne by a stream, first discovered the power of wind on water-borne objects. His discovery remained unused, except in the roughest way, for many centuries. Men did not trust the sea. They learned to propel themselves with oars in floating objects, and for a thousand years and more the use of such sails as they had always was subservient to the oars. They did not trust sails, not understanding them. They used them only when they had fair winds, and then not over-willingly, not wishing to be blown too far. Was there not a danger of being carried away and swept over the world's edge? Development and understanding were slow. It took two thousand years to develop the perfect sailing-ship — such vessels as the beautiful American clippers, the Scots-built iron

square-riggers, and then, early this century, those magnificent vessels of the German "P" Line, of Hamburg, which represented the climax of development in deep-water sail.

From the Middle Ages onwards until the Nineteenth Century, there was scant change in the design of ships and little real progress. Progress and change were always vigorously opposed, particularly by interested persons. Now and again a freak vessel arose; but ninety-nine per cent of the ships that floated were cask-like in appearance and sailed like crates. The sea was not connected with speed (and neither, indeed, was the land); if a ship floated and was manageable, that was all that was asked of her. Fat-jowled East India-men and bluff, high-sided men-of-war represented the best of maritime design. They were inefficient and slow, but staunch and perfectly seaworthy.

Then some one hit upon the amazing idea that a sharp-lined ship might be both seaworthy and fast — an idea which was promptly scoffed at and ridiculed by all those persons who were satisfied with ships as they were. These representing about ninety-nine per cent of the maritime population, the clipper ship might have had a poor chance if it had not been brought to such a pitch of perfection in America while the other nations, sticking to the old ideas, were left standing still. Others soon followed the American idea, when its practicability and amazing performance were known. The sailing-ship now rapidly advanced, almost ship by ship, until it reached the very climax of perfection. First speed, and speed only; then speed coupled

with safety in carrying passengers; then speed plus big cargo capacity and great endurance — power in standing up to the great winds of the Roaring Forties for 6,000 miles at a stretch, and to beat around the Horn; capacity to hold 4,000 and 5,000 tons of cargo. So came those wonder-ships, the Germans *Preussen* and *Potosi*. Five-masted ship and five-masted barque respectively, they carried more than 5,000 tons of cargo each with crews of some two score men, and for many years made long hard voyages out to Chile and back again to Europe, deep-laden both ways, with the speed of average tramp steamers.

But the development was too late. The sailing-ship reached perfection when it was doomed. Steam, hated, scorned, despised, but steadily progressing; improved land transport; the Suez Canal — these dealt deadly blows at the ocean sailing-ship. For many years the die-hards ashore scoffed at steamers and would not send cargoes in them because they were afraid of contamination by the engine oil or the heat of the boilers; nor would they book passages in steamers because they feared the boilers might blow up. (They sometimes did.) They hated the engine vibration, the thudding of the screw, the mechanical feeling of it all.

But the steamer marched steadily on. Always new people are growing up, to take the places of those who are prejudiced. The steamer, last century, found supporters of its own just as the airplane has in this. Railroads across the continent killed the American clippers; it was of little use to boast of passages to 'Frisco in eighty days when the train could

get you there in six. One by one all the better trades passed from the sailing-ship, and nation after nation gave them up. America was slow, and the development of her merchant marine suffered accordingly. When sail was supreme, America's own ships carried nearly ninety per cent of American goods. By 1870 the figure had dropped to 35.6 per cent. By 1910 it was a mere 8.7. Other nations had passed America with the development of their steamers; Americans turned more and more towards the land.

Then came the War, of course, which altered that.

GREAT BRITAIN steadily gave up sailing-ships, from the middle 'Nineties onwards. Although the last was lost as recently as 1929 (when the four-masted barque *Garthpool* was wrecked on the Cape Verde Islands while outward bound to Australia to load wheat), by 1921 there were few British sailing-ships in commission. There probably would have been none, if it had not been for the War.

The big British sailing-ship lines were bankrupted, or changed to steam. Germans, Norwegians, Italians and Finns bought their ships. The Germans used them for training personnel for their steamships, and found them profitable trade in the carriage of heavy bulk cargoes from awkward, outlandish ports — such as nitrates from waterless Chilean ports and nickel ore from New Caledonia. The Italians rigged them down into barques, cut the royal yards from such masts as they allowed to remain square, gave them names four yards long and ran them

on nothing until they were fit to run no longer. The Finns and the Norwegians formed small one-ship companies and made a successful business of sail-owning. Often their small companies included some British capital. They carried small crews in the ships and paid scant wages; but they kept the old names and did not cut the ships down.

It was France which dealt the sailing-ships of other nations their fatal blow. When others had stopped building sailing-ships for deep-sea trade, the French suddenly decided to build a great fleet of them. At St. Nazaire principally, though also at other centres, they set about the production of a mighty armada of barques, four-masted barques and full-rigged ships that was destined to drive other sailing-ships all but off the ocean. The Government subsidized the building, and continued to subsidize the ships when they put to sea. By act of Parliament they were paid a bounty according to the number of miles they sailed; they immediately made every endeavor, on their voyages, to cover as many miles as possible. A French sailing-ship, bound from South Wales to Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of coal, would clear for Hobart in Tasmania first. She would sail ostensibly for "Hobart for orders," although every other sailing-ship clearing the Welsh port at the same time knew where to go and required no "orders." Hobart, in the far south of Tasmania, was the farthest point at which the French ships could touch unless they felt like calling at the Bay of Whales. It was, for years, not at all uncommon to see twelve of them make Hobart in a week, though

none had any cargo for the port nor any real business there.

Going that way added about \$5,000 to the bounty earned. Other ships, receiving no such bounties, could not compete with the French ships in freight wars. With the support of the bounty the French vessels could afford to undercut all competition.

British and American ships went bankrupt in increasing numbers. Some were lost — sometimes suspiciously; sometimes because in the effort to meet the unfair French competition, they were run upon lines of such strict economy that they were unsafe. Underwriters put their insurance rates up. More ships were bankrupted. The Americans were reduced to their own lumber trade, and to carrying fishermen to the salmon-packing works in Alaska. For a while they carried case oil to the East; but then the steam and motor-tankers came, and the big sailers were driven from that trade too.

Then the War — and work for every bottom that would float. Sailing-ships that had been hulked years before were now hurriedly rigged again, and Finns, Norwegians and Swedes who knew how to handle them took them to sea. They made colossal profits for owners who got rid of them in time. Many were destroyed by enemy action; but after a while they were kept strictly out of the war zone. They carried wheat across the Pacific, general cargo from New York to Asutralia and South Africa, railroad sleepers for the Cape Cairo railroad, maize from the River Plate. Ships that had not been worth \$10,000 ten years previ-

ously now brought \$200,000, and showed handsome profits even on that outlay.

AFTER the War there was one boom year — then total, final and absolute collapse. Steam fleets, built up hurriedly to replace losses caused by torpedo and mine, proved altogether too big for the humdrum sea-transport needs of peaceful days. Steamers were laid up all over the world. Freight markets collapsed and never rose again. The sailing-ships that had been given new leases of life were taken into dock, and rigged down once more as hulks. Many lay so long idly at anchor in various ports, that in the end they just sank where they stood. German ships, which had been interned in South American ports during the War, were split among the nations as reparations. The Germans bought the best of them back, and began to build up their trade again, using their sailing-ships as a training ground for officers for the new merchant service they were building.

Thorough as ever, they believed that it was of no use to begin the rebuilding of a merchant service without also beginning to build new men. And the place to build the men they wanted — the best available — was in square-rigged sail. Other nations, looking around at the chaos of the shipping world yet still anxious to preserve their own trade for vessels flying their own flag, paid for with their own nationals' capital, followed Germany's example and adopted sailing-ships for training. Japan, Soviet Russia, Greece, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Estonia — practically all

nations except those which should have been most interested, Great Britain and the United States.

Apart from these training-ships (there are now forty-two sail-training ships in the world, and none is either British or American), sail has fared poorly. That four-masted schooner which I chanced to see is one of the last of her class. Times are bad for schooners now, and ports are full of them. There is a port in Maine where twenty lie, and you may have your choice for \$5,000. The bigger the schooner the cheaper she is. In Boston, in San Francisco Bay, in Puget Sound, along the Maine coast, the schooners and the barquentines lie, hopelessly tied up, waiting for something to be done with them. A few on the West Coast have been bought into the Hollywood Navy, and have been blown up or sunk to form a sequence for a comic film. No, the schooners have fared even worse than the square-rigged ships, and they would have fared badly if it had not been for the Finns.

AT LEAST, for one Finn. And he is really a Swede. His name is Gustaf Erikson, and he lives in Mariehamn in the Åland Islands — those beautiful Baltic islands which are under the Finnish flag but are Swedish in everything else. This Gustaf Erikson is a sailing-ship master himself. He began his career before the War, with one ship which was lost on her first voyage. Steadily he built up — this is no story of a ship-owner waxing fat through the War, breaking up in the lean times afterwards. Gustaf Erikson made nothing out of the War; he laid the foundation of his fortunes after-

wards, when in 1919 the amazingly fortunate four-masted barque *Lawbill* earned \$150,000 profit for him on one cargo out of Buenos Aires. The *Lawbill* was built in 1892, and a man who sailed in her in 1903 told me he put a chipping-hammer through one of her plates then. Yet she is still afloat, still in commission, still a wonderful earning power in the Erikson fleet.

With that \$150,000 Captain Erikson built up his fleet. He acquired other square-riggers from the Finnish ports where their owners, seeing the continued shipping slump, soon tired of them. He bought from the British, the Norwegians, the Germans, big sailing-ship after big sailing-ship. No other owner on earth was following such a policy. They all thought that he was mad.

But he was not mad. He knew what he was doing; and today he owns almost all the big sailing-ships (apart from the training-ships) in the world. And he *makes them pay*.

This he manages principally because of these factors:

(1) He keeps the ships at sea, hunting for cargoes; he does not lay them up in ports waiting for cargoes to come and hunt for them.

(2) He carries his own insurance risks, and allows for insurance out of his own balance-sheet.

(3) His crews are paid very little; many of them are boys who pay a premium for apprenticeship, which is returned to them as wages. The supply of boys willing to do this is inexhaustible.

(4) There is little depreciation, simply because he bought the ships at their lowest value (in most cases) and the capital invested in them

can not greatly exceed their fair scrap value.

(5) There is no overhead. Captain Erikson is his own office.

(6) The ships are run in the most economical manner possible, consistent with proper safety.

(7) Finland, like Great Britain, is off the gold standard.

These are the important factors which permit Captain Erikson to run his sailing-ships without the use of red ink in his balance-sheet. It is a one-man show. No one else is interested. He has bought ships to add to the Line out of the profits his existing ships made; he did not borrow from banks. In years when there were no profits, he bought no ships. In 1929 he had eight ships in the Australian grain trade, and four others profitably employed. He then acquired the four-masted barques *Melbourne*, *Viking*, and *Ponape*. The next was a bad year; he bought no ships. Last year was good. He had twelve ships in the Australian grain trade. Their average freight for carrying wheat from Australia to England was \$30,000 each. They spent \$25,000 each to earn that freight.

He bought the beautiful German four-masted barque *Pamir*, and sent her off to Australia to join the others.

In this year of grace 1932, twenty big sailing-ships are racing round Cape Horn with Australian grain, bound to Falmouth for orders. Fourteen of them are Captain Erikson's. Fourteen big sailing-ships! Ten of them are four-masted barques. It is a shock to most landmen (and a good many sailors besides) to realize that there are as many as ten four-masted barques still in commission.

But these are all old ships. The youngest of them, the newly acquired *Pamir*, is twenty-six years old. Most of them are over forty and have sailed a hard road all their lives. Very soon some of them will have to be scrapped. Captain Erikson is over sixty; he has one son, who does not follow the same traditions. What will happen to the Line—to sailing-ships—when he goes?

I SHOULD guess that ten years represent the maximum of life before the surviving sailing-ships—probably much less. Only the Australian grain trade now supports those which sail the deep water; if grain prices do not improve, the Australians will not be able to afford chartering even sailing-ships. They make one voyage annually, going out in ballast with sand and stones. There is nothing else to take. Australia has enough sand and stones of its own; but the ships must be ballasted to stand up against the winds.

The logwood business is declining; buyers ask such small lots now that it is increasingly difficult to scrape together sufficient for a full cargo. Steamers can take the small lots, and move on somewhere else to fill the rest of their holds with something else. But the sailing-ship can not afford to be towed around from loading port to loading port. She must load in one port, and sail with her cargo to another. . . . Guano is a drug in the market, for the same reason that Chilean nitrate is—a too easy manufacture of the artificial product, together with a general buying disinclination throughout the world. The Russians have all but

smashed the Finnish and Swedish firewood business with England. No matter how low the Finns and Swedes may come with their prices, the Russians from Archangel and the Kara Sea will always go lower.

So the firewood barques lie at anchorage in Mariehamn now, in increasing numbers. The logwood barques are laid up in Danish and French ports. The "P" Line of nitrate flyers is being heavily cut down, with the loss of the ship *Pinnas* and the sale of the four-masted barques *Parma* and *Pamir*. Only four four-masted barques remain; unless the general German outlook improves, these will also go. The surviving Atlantic packet, the last of the square-rigged passenger carriers, lies derelict and forlorn beside a New Bedford wharf. *Coriolanus* is her name, and she is fifty-six years old. Famous as a record-holder between the United Kingdom and Calcutta, now she lies a battered and broken wreck. Her fore topmast is gone, and her main t'gallant mast is broken off short. Irish pennants hang untidily from such of her running rigging as is left; the wheel has been forced from its hub and the figure-head has been prized off with an axe. For ten years she has transported Cape Verde Islanders from Praia to the United States, but that trade is stopped. Sixteen months ago she came into New Bedford to go bankrupt. Her sails are used by a local coal merchant for protecting pavements while he delivers coal.

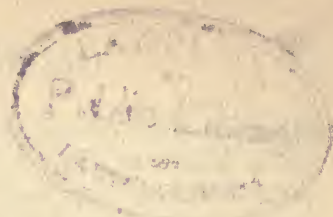
Such few schooners as there are are coasting. There are odd cargoes of coal for them to shift, and granite down from Maine. Even in fishing vessels, sails have been supplanted

very largely by engines; the new fishing craft out of Gloucester have stumpy masts, big engine units and electric light.

It seems that sail will not live long now, in competitive transportation. But after ten years of unbroken shipping gloom, the old ships have done well to remain afloat at all. In training they will always be useful; Japan, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, Poland and France are either building or have recently launched new sail training-ships. Britain is considering a nation-wide scheme for going back to sail for training purposes, while the State of New York has scrapped its auxiliary sail training-ship and gone over to a big steamer. American boys want to go in sail. Not a week passes but I receive many letters from American boys — and sometimes from girls as well — who wish to serve in any capacity in the *Parma*, in which I have an interest. On the average, I receive about twenty such letters a week. A boy from Milwaukee and a boy from Yale have already left for Australia, to take their chance of shipping in one of the grain-racing windjammers for the voyage to Europe. It is significant that often a boy who wishes to go to sea in sail does not wish to go in steam.

Sail still should have a place on the face of the waters, for there are many bulk cargoes which sailing-ships can transport as efficiently as steamships can, and given an approach to normal times, I do not think that deep-sea sail will die entirely.

But for the survivors — the twenty racing homeward around the Horn — the turning of the tide must come soon.



The New Intellectual

BY WILLIAM TROY

*For more than ten years he has been gazing apathetically into
his soul; now he seems ready to act*

FOR some time now one has been aware of a gradual shift of tactics along the intellectual front. That the intelligentsia have become weary, that their shibboleths must seem a little frayed even to themselves, we have long suspected, but we have been no more certain than they as to which direction the intellectual weathervane of the next few years would finally choose to point. Of one thing only we have felt reasonably sure and that is that weariness, being a static state, will hardly be allowed to endure in such an energetic nation as our own — for it is of America in particular that we are speaking. Apathy is not a part of our national character. If the intellectuals have fallen into an apathetic state, all the habits and traditions of our country are in favor of their doing something about it without delay. The question of what precisely they are going to do about it, or at least one large section of them, has quite recently approached closer to an answer.

The 'Twenties perished amid a carnage of dead enthusiasms, mutilated ideals and exploded loyalties; the 'Twenties are being buried with

little pomp and slight evidence of respect by the still younger generation that has arrived soberly on the scene. Disappointment, satiety and chaos — these are the heritage with which the new generation has been left. One is reminded of Dryden's fine lines on a similar occasion:

All, all of a piece throughout!
Thy Chase had a Beast in View;
Thy Wars brought nothing about;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

Bohemianism as a cult is at present so dead that it has become a theme for those poets and writers who are peculiarly affected by the nostalgia of the past. Greenwich Village in the spring is little more than a memory in the minds of middle-aged poets (and poetesses) now teaching Milton to reluctant sophomores in the State universities, or running for Congress in their home district, or tilling the soil in Tennessee. Romany Marie's in the Village is but a pallid replica of its old self; Chicago's Dill Pickle has shut its doors these many years; and one hears less and less of that earnest attempt to resuscitate the vanished

Bohemian glory of old New Orleans. For a whole season recently there was a "To Let" sign outside the old Provincetown Theatre in New York, once the Æolian cave of the many brisk winds that enlivened the American theatre in the early days of "Doc" Cook, Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. The Provincetown has taken on an interest almost entirely historical, as have also the ideals for which it stood, and most of the people for whom it was once a sanctuary. The huge rusty padlock, so often clamped over its door these days, is a grim symbol of what has happened to one whole generation of cultural endeavor in America.

For the deeper reasons behind this fairly early demise of a movement which promised so much, one would have to examine the whole complex background of ideas to which it sought to give expression. But it is perhaps sufficient to recall to mind what was its single and most abiding characteristic, its total and almost unparalleled addiction to intellectual and emotional self-analysis. While such a distinction is made in the nature of the analysis, the distinction was actually seldom observed. The intellectual and the emotional were all too rarely separated, and the intellectual result was more often than not a product of the emotional desire. Certainly in their own scheme of values the members of this generation left no doubt as to which of the two processes they considered the more important. The emotions, so to speak, had only just been discovered; they offered something of the risk and fascination of a new cause; and by a quite natural progression they came in time to be glorified for their

own sake. Perhaps it would be simplest to say of this generation that it was inclined to endow its emotions with an importance that caused it to ignore pretty much everything else besides them. Beginning as an age of emotional stock-taking, developing into one of emotional advertisement and glorification, the period ended in what for a time appeared to be an almost complete paralysis of intellectual and emotional powers alike.

II

UNDOUBTEDLY, the spread of what used to be called the New Psychology was most responsible for the orgy of introspection in which the period culminated. To Freud more than any one else belongs the honor for having ushered in the nightmarish era of phobias, manias, neuroses and unimpeded "self-expression." Psychoanalysis owed its advantage to being a technique so elastic that it could be applied to almost everything in sight — from one's preference for certain kinds of scenery to one's neighbor's bad boy. It was a kind of handy tool around the intellectual house, a tool with which one could pry open the most curious old doors, lift off the lids of the most fabulous treasure chests of the mental interior. As long as it was able to provide a constantly new series of shocks, discoveries and odd sensations along the spine, it was an unsurpassed instrument of enlightenment. Only gradually did it come to be recognized that it was perhaps after all no more than a tool, a method or a technique, and not an adequate system of values on which to erect a workable scheme of individual or social living. While it had a

great deal to do with life, it seemed to have little or nothing to do with living, or with those problems which are called forth by the necessities of human conduct.

Not only psychoanalysis but other influences as well gave the last generation its special passion for introspection. Although the doctrines of Henri Bergson were familiar only to the more professional students of philosophy, their part in determining the mental direction of our time was considerable. Here was a philosophy which frankly discarded the claims of the scientific intellect, which placed intuition above all other modes of perception, and which tended to undermine human action at its very source in the will. If the Bergsonian conception of time as the flux of consciousness came largely through fiction and other fields, its effect was only the more insidious and profound. It came, for example, in an only slightly disguised form, in the cyclic theory of history expounded by the German philosopher-historian, Oswald Spengler. History, for this writer, was an essentially irrational sequence of events, swung along in the flux of time and wholly unaffected in its course by individual will or effort. This was a view that was thoroughly absorbed in the minds of a great many people who had never seen or even heard of Herr Spengler's two fat volumes. Today we can realize that these volumes found such an eager world audience because the passive view of history which they embodied was especially welcome to a civilization that was tending to lose all desire for action along with its belief in its validity. Add to all this the tremendous im-

pact on an already disorbed intellectual world of such Gargantuan explorations of the unconscious mind as are offered in the two great literary monuments of Proust and Joyce. Literature has joined hands with psychology and philosophy to escort the modern man into those abysses of his nature where the motion is so rapid that it can only be imagined as a kind of rest, apprehended only through a more or less complete surrender of the conscious mind and will. Nirvanaisonly just around the corner.

Passivity, as a matter of fact, is the only logical result of self-contemplation carried beyond the point where the immediate demands of living cease to have any more interest or importance. Self-contemplation is the natural enemy of action. To retreat indefinitely into the unconscious world of instincts, sensations and impressions is to renounce everything that is usually included under the name of action. The effect of such a retreat is a gradual forgetfulness not only of the necessity but also of the capacity for action.

Here, however, the retreat to Nirvana is seriously impeded by certain fundamental needs of the human organism as a whole, which refuses to subordinate itself to the mind's intense preoccupation with its own difficulties. Human nature rebels against the state to which so much modern thought has reduced it. Because men are so constructed that they can not do without some exercise of their faculties for overt behavior, because their physical well-being alone depends on some such exercise, the passive state is one which can not be tolerated for long without an oppressive sense of steril-

ity and confusion. Their instincts, as well as their thoughts, demand expression; their muscular, visceral and glandular systems can not be ignored; and their nerves, too long denied, shrilly insist on the release that comes through action alone. Perhaps it is the last named, the human nervous system, which is the most surely responsible for the current protest against Nirvana.

III

"SELF-YEAST of spirit sours a dull dough," wrote G. M. Hopkins, and thirty-odd years of introspection have only succeeded in making the intellectuals of our time more uncertain of themselves, less satisfied with their condition, and more anxious about their future. The diet of self in which they indulged with such gusto and so much hope of nourishment has ended by surfeiting them.

It is only natural that one of the commonest remedies proposed should be in the nature of a pretty violent antidote. The opposite of groping around among the shapeless monsters of the intellectual underworld is a more open espousal of everyday actualities. The proper reaction to sterility is a renewed thirst for living and a desire for concrete experience. To confusion of any sort the only possible reaction is a reorientation of the will along a single line of directed activity. It is in action, as a matter of fact, in one or another of the various forms of action, that the decade already begun promises to seek its salvation.

If action promises to become the key word of the next few years, it is at the same time a word capable of an extremely wide range of meaning.

Any decent religious system, for example, inasmuch as it includes ethics, requires a certain amount of action, as do also to a certain degree such efforts at religious substitutes as Humanism, Gurdjieffism, and other present day cults. Here the word may be taken to refer to one specific kind of action — moral conduct; yet it is action in a quite genuine sense, and the tendency toward a return to traditional standards in religion and philosophy is but further evidence of a fundamental change in direction. It is an evidence of the increasing desire to relate the individual's random impulses to a consistent and meaningful pattern of behavior.

But it is action in a cruder, more obvious and rather more detached sense that we can see in the current movement away from intense introspection toward an absorption in various objective realities outside the individual. It is impossible, for example, not to have remarked the increasing popularity of reading matter distinctly removed from the reader's set of intimate emotional interests. The detective story has never been so flourishing; books of travel and adventure were never so abundant. In poetry, the long narrative has had an unexpected return to favor. The mystery play and the social comedy or farce have all but displaced the depressing naturalistic tragedy which darkened our theatre in the years right after the War. On a distinctly lower level of recreation, game-books of various sorts — anagrams, cross-word puzzles, questionnaires — have afforded relief to a public a little weary of being so often reminded of its psyche.

In intellectual circles, the whole current of speculation has undergone a remarkable change of tone. Whether or not the current financial depression is responsible, the intelligentsia have lately manifested an unprecedented interest in political and economic questions. Critics of art and literature who were yesterday concerned with the advancement of "significant form" in painting or the exposition of Proustian æsthetics, are now writing articles on Detroit Motors or the Plight of the Proletariat. Now at last it is possible to become absorbed by these matters without losing caste with the intellectual élite. It is no longer considered unintelligent to apply one's intelligence to the problems of practical existence.

Not only in theory but in practice as well our intellectuals are turning to politics as a means of expression. Probably the most spectacular recent example was the columnist Heywood Broun, who ran for Congress in a New York district last fall. The fact that he was defeated does not in the least diminish the importance of his gesture. Many different signs point to a renewed interest in public affairs in our colleges and universities, and therefore to the possibility of the educated class in this country playing some such part in government as the corresponding class in England and other European countries. The challenge offered by Russia to American capitalism has had considerable influence in focusing attention on the groundwork of our political and social systems. The necessity for some point of view in the matter, defensive or otherwise, has been followed by direct action in

a number of instances. It has been a cause of anxiety in some quarters that communism has appealed to some of the best minds in such institutions as Harvard, Columbia and the University of Pittsburgh. Undoubtedly the strict communistic discipline attracts these undergraduates as a way out of the perplexing moral and social confusion which attends them upon graduation, as an available course of action with sufficient risk and promise of adventure to match their youthful energies. Almost all of them have betrayed some curiosity about the Russian experiment, several have considered applying for membership in the party in America, and a few have actually booked a third class passage to Leningrad. It is much too early to measure the real importance of this active participation in politics on the part of a large section of the intellectual class; but of one thing we may be quite certain, there has been nothing to compare with it in this country for the last fifty years.

Another symptom is the growth of what may be described as a self-conscious agrarian movement. That Greenwich Village, with its palettes, chisels and fountain pens, has been slowly migrating to the hills of Connecticut and New Jersey, to the mesas of New Mexico and the tobacco fields of Tennessee, is a phenomenon which has already received due attention. There is a difference to be noticed, however, in the motives which determine these reformed children of Nature in our day. It is much too simple to overemphasize the artist's traditional insistence on solitude; many artists, especially writers, require the tempo and gre-

gious warmth of city life to keep their perceptions properly awake for their work. The chances are that artists will not abandon the benefits of society until social conditions become positively detrimental to their welfare as human beings as well as artists. The present revolt against the city may not be so much a protest against communal living as against the uncertainties of modern life which happen to be peculiarly accentuated in our modern cities. If some of our most distinguished lyrical poets have turned their talents to the cultivation of Martha Washington asparagus or super-vitalized strawberries, the reason is more than likely that they have been suddenly overcome by the necessity of getting their fingers into something as real and uncorrupted as the soil, or re-establishing themselves with old verities of growth and recurrence which have been all but forgotten in our contemporary world. Or it may be nothing more mystical than the quite comprehensible desire of the nervous system to relieve itself by engaging in a very agreeable form of activity.

We have spoken of the great current popularity of travel and adventure books. It would seem at first as if the public were merely taking its usual vicarious pleasure in setting off for remote lands and places which only a few are ever able to visit in the flesh. But the emphasis today is not so much on the interest or strangeness of the places described in these books as on the prodigies of human energy recorded by their authors. Once we were curious to know everything that wanderers had seen and heard on their voyages; now we are

chiefly concerned with what they have *done*. Adventure is a very large term indeed and it includes not only the exploits of aviators, polar explorers and deep-sea divers but also the life histories of persons who have been specially favored or buffeted by circumstances—tramps, generals, journalists and lost princesses. In an age when the human will is so rarely allowed to assert itself over destiny or environment, these testaments of will triumphant respond to a deep inner necessity.

But what is also implied by all this is that there has been a distinct renaissance of adventure. One of the consequences of modern invention has been an opening-up of new fields and methods of exploration that is comparable only to the hey-day of the Elizabethans. And those who have availed themselves most of these opportunities have been as a rule a more intellectual class of individuals than ever turned to exploration in the past. The modern adventurer is probably most often a scientist who is using his knowledge for the gratification of his impulses. More fortunate than others, for the scientifically trained their labor is their passion. Inasmuch as one type of modern intellectual has turned with zest to the fields of scientific discovery and exploration, we may say that adventure, the most absorbing of all forms of action, is an eminently contemporary mode of expression.

Another not unrelated tendency is the very recent abandonment of Europe by a large number of those who once resorted to it for that spiritual nourishment which was supposedly not to be had at home. The writers and artists of the post-War

generation have closed up their French châteaux, said good-bye to the cafés of Paris and Vienna and reconciled themselves to the crudities of our Western continent. In fact, it seems to be these very crudities which have suddenly become so attractive to these former exiles. Europe had been peaceful, charming and comfortable. It had permitted no end of leisure for contemplating one's ego. But after ten years the contemplation of one's ego, as we have seen, has yielded nothing better than a dull sense of confusion and sterility. During the last few years Mexico, with its promise of raw, unformed and highly colorful life, has threatened to rival even France in the favor of the intellectuals. If not Mexico, the West Indies or South America, there are the still beckoning plains and mountains of our own Far West. In one or another of these yet unspoiled regions the newest breed of intellectuals have situated their hope that "out of this nettle, danger, they may pluck this flower, safety."

IV

ACTION is the invariable reaction to a period of sustained inaction. Action is the readiest available antidote for the pernicious autotoxin that introspection has become for a great many people in our time. But like certain other kinds of antidote its effectiveness may possibly be too temporary to be altogether satisfactory as a remedy.

The special feature of the cult of action as it emerges in our day is its desperation — the fact indeed that it is a cult, a more or less conscious protest against a situation that has become intolerable. In this respect

the present is fundamentally different from those periods of the past which we think of as being notably active in the sense in which we have been using the term — the Thirteenth Century in Italy and France, the age of Elizabeth, or the pioneer epoch in America. The difference lies in the hardly deniable truth that in every one of these ages men's actions were an expression of their ideas, sometimes of a whole closely interwoven system of ideas, which in turn usually rested on firm religious foundations. Action was an expression of the mind, not a revolt against the mind, or a way of escaping from the mind. It was the reflection of a solid inner health which was potent enough to generate and control the energies of the body. It was, to use the language of the Church, the outward sign of an inward grace.

It seems hardly possible that any concerted movement toward action can endure for long without some unified system of convictions at its base. Action as a cathartic, or as a kind of spiritual intoxication and release, is understandable only as a form of immediate and temporary relief. It is really valuable only as an absolute symptom that the malady exists and as a means of alleviation until such a time as a more permanent remedy can be effected. To achieve consistency, direction and permanence it must derive its origin from a secure and harmonious faith.

This is not to suggest that the present movement, although obviously motivated by an intense desire for escape, may lead to results wholly devoid of value and benefit to those most concerned. If the modern

personality is in urgent need of being reconstructed, that end is not to be accomplished by an indefinite contemplation of its present disorder but by a constant and vigorous pursuit of the perennial realities of experience. Before new values of life can be discovered and integrated into a generative system of ideas, life itself must be lived, the enterprise of living must be undertaken with all

the zest that can possibly be mustered. For all those whose variously elected careers of action we have considered, salvation — or partial salvation at least — may be found to consist largely in the exhilaration of the quest. The modern intellectual, so troubled about the state and even the existence of his soul, may come to rediscover that soul in his strenuous endeavor to forget it.

Nachtlied

BY GLADYS M. LAFLAMME

PEACE moves over me
 As a silver wind upon blue waters.
 The evening glitter of green things
 After rain
 Widens my eyes.
 The mind gathers white wings
 Forgetting
 To be wise.
 Unfettered by reason's pulseless light,
 I yield to this hour withheld for beauty
 Gathered from a day's slow journeyings
 To the curved breast of night.

The Gangs of Main Street

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Machine gun culture spreads still farther through the land

FOR a long time the respectable burghers of the towns and smaller cities of the Middle West were shocked by criminal and sanguinary Chicago. Every time that the gang *mitrailleuses* rattled in Cicero or on the near North Side, they held up their hands in horror. They viewed with alarm, they felt grave apprehension and they did a great deal of deploring. Sometimes with a pardonable Mid-Western pride they would assert that poor Chicago was really no worse than Tammany-ridden New York, that the latter was simply clever in covering up its gang feuds.

But on the whole they rather enjoyed the spectacle; it provided them with a vantage post of considerable moral and civic elevation and they did enjoy their little jokes about the situation. They would jocularly quote the cost of "jobs" in Chicago; fifty dollars for a murder, ten for a nice mayhem. That was a few years ago. But today it is different. Their pronouncements are less righteous and their jests have a distinctly local color — for the gangs have come to Main Street.

The insensible process by which these communities have become gang-

minded would be a task worthy of a laborious Ph.D. candidate. The sensational press, party politics, bootlegging and local financial conditions all enter into it. Kansas City, Missouri, may not be proud of its gangs, but these gangs are proud of Kansas City. For years their slogan has been "K. C. for K. C. gangsters." Intruders from other cities, agents of alien rackets and cliques have been welcomed with bullets and a number of murders have only been explainable by this situation.

Recently the gang world has rendered a distinct service to the city and the city really owes it a vote of thanks. On December 18, Mrs. Nell Donnelly, the wife of a wealthy Kansas City manufacturer, was kidnapped, taken blindfolded to a house in a remote part of the city and held for ransom. The city was aroused by the crime and the situation was ripe for a general clean-up campaign. So gangland, fearful lest its lucrative bootlegging and gambling rackets be disturbed, entered into the search. They assured the police that the job was a bungling, amateurish effort and that it was either done by outsiders or by some amateurs in the city.

The police apparently were impressed by these protestations for they permitted gangland to institute its own search for the culprits. Some twenty-five expert members of the newest of professions went through the rendezvous and gathering places and subjected all denizens to a thorough and terrifying questioning. How they found Mrs. Donnelly's abductors has never been revealed by insiders, but that their search was fast and formidable was certain, for it was generally agreed that if the outsiders had not released Mrs. Donnelly promptly, they would have been mowed down by gang guns, this time in defense of the law. How the matter was handled has never been related, but Mrs. Donnelly was set at liberty unharmed without payment of ransom, and the gangs were successful. Quite evidently the gangs in Kansas City exercise a police power themselves.

Farther north by the waters of Minnetonka there are two beautiful cities. A French missionary, Father Hennepin, found the peaceful site of these cities several centuries ago a pleasant place to hunt and fish. Nowadays St. Paul and Minneapolis are great industrial communities with flour mills, elevators, packing plants, creameries and — gangsters. For the crime situation in the Twin Cities is not new; it has recently become ripe — perhaps rotten ripe. Their journalists have long known how to wield such expressions as "put the finger on," "put on the spot," "take for a ride," "mob"; their citizens have got to the stage where "deploring" has given way to resignation. The gangsters themselves have reached the stage where those of

them who were incautious enough to be sent up for some of their purely internecine murders are now struggling with Parole Boards.

Thus Abe Gleeman really dates the history of Twin Cities gangdom by applying recently for pardon for a crime committed in 1925. Abe was a member of an alcohol "mob" which had differences with another ring and a member of the other ring was killed. Abe denied that he had done it. He claimed that a killer had been imported from St. Louis to do the job and that he was innocent. Hennepin County is a long way from Cook County but all this has a very familiar sound.

The racketeers in the Twin Cities, however, do not possess that sense of civic duty and professional conservatism that their Kansas City brethren have so worthily manifested. Kidnapping apparently receives more than a mere courtesy listing. Michael F. Kinkead, county attorney, says, "This kidnapping racket has become a terrible thing. A man is no longer safe in his home. It must be stopped and the only way to stop it is to put terror in the hearts of these hoodlums." The manner the law chose of striking terror was to impose a twenty-five year sentence on A. A. Robbins, convicted of participating in a kidnapping. Very good, but while the Minneapolis *Journal* commented editorially with approval of this sentence, I note that the editorial has quite a perfunctory tone and that it is placed in a very minor position on the editorial page.

BUT these are large cities; they are in the Association League; Greater Twin Cities and Greater

Kansas City boast close to a half-million inhabitants each. Let us descend to a smaller city, to one that would seem to rate a minor league classification in both baseball and machine-guns. Omaha is a nice little city of about two hundred thousand population. Carl Sandburg has called it "the hog-butcher to the world," but until recently that designation has had no other connotation than the packing industry. For Omaha has long had an excellent record in dealing with crime. Its citizens have commiseratingly smiled at Chicago and especially at Kansas City, which they regard with disturbance as a rival for Carl Sandburg's title. Its police force has dealt well with all itinerant yeggs, pickpockets, cracksmen and confidence men. Its homicide record is one of the lowest in the country, and with the exception of sumptuary laws, Omaha is quite high in law observance.

Of course, in spite of periodical Federal and State Prohibition raids, Omaha remains as wet as most other cities of the country. Omaha has been complacent about that, too, and would have remained so had not one of its best known bootleggers, Gene Livingstone, been mysteriously shot. He died disclaiming any knowledge of his assassin—a disquieting gesture reminiscent of the picturesque figures of the East Side and Chicago slums, not to mention Edward G. Robinson. Omaha was even more disturbed when another bootlegger, Charles Hutter, was badly wounded and confined to the hospital with a strong police guard. After that the feuds were on and bullets flew thick and fast, until Charles Kubik, another prominent

member of the profession, was put on the spot and died a most dramatic and typical racketeer death.

The climax was reached when Harry G. Lapidus, a prominent business man who had been identified with law enforcement activities, was found dead, shot in his motor car in a lonely part of the city. Inasmuch as he had been most vociferous for greater Federal enforcement of Prohibition in this section, it was surmised that the gangs had deviated from their custom of confining their homicides to their own feuds and had bade defiance to the "reformers." Police had no good clues to the murder and called in Dan F. Kookan, an investigator for Chicago's "Secret Six." After some research and after all wild surmises had become more considered, it seemed less certain that Lapidus had been killed by gangs; there was much evidence contradicting this theory and it seemed just as likely that he had been killed by "others." At the present writing, the case seems hopelessly confused and tangled.

But the investigation attendant on those cases brought out to Omahans that their city was not divided, as they had believed, socially according to districts and politically according to wards. There was a "north side," a fief of the north side gang, and a south side gang with its own appropriate preserve; and that there were "independents" who were bold enough to defy the two gangs and who naturally suffered the casualties. It was all most depressing and Omaha would have felt like a wicked Ishmael in the pure State of Nebraska were it not for the conduct of Lincoln, the capital of the State.

On September 17, 1930, the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company was robbed in the most spectacular manner by a well organized gang of bandits who made off successfully with two and a half million dollars, mostly in securities. The loot was largely non-negotiable paper but included \$25,000 in cash and \$594,000 in negotiable bonds — this being the current valuation of the securities in those happy days of a high bond market. Two members of the gang were later found in Illinois, brought back, and sent to the penitentiary for long terms. The alleged leader of this raid, Gus Winkler, one of Capone's aids, was captured later, and was then released by the Lincoln Policy on \$100,000 bond.

Public opinion in Nebraska cried for stern dealing with the blood-thirsty gang chief, but by this time Lincoln felt slightly different about matters. The wave of bank failures had swept over Nebraska, leaving in its wake the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company closed and sadly in need of its missing bonds to pay clamoring depositors. County Attorney Max Towle announced that although Winkler declared himself innocent he had volunteered to obtain the return of the bonds through "certain channels" provided he was released.

It seemed a clear-cut case of bargaining with Chicago gangsters at the expense of the law in order to aid a private corporation. The Governor and civic leaders all over the State voiced their indignation over the proposal and demanded that Winkler be brought to trial. Omaha was particularly vociferous, but Lincoln, while righteous, was less intransigent.

Soon Mr. Towle, after a trip to Chicago, proclaimed that Winkler had an irreproachable alibi and that he, as an attorney, deemed the gangster chief innocent of the Lincoln charge, which would not be sustained if Winkler stood trial. He added that Mr. Winkler's offer to obtain the return of the bonds still held good.

Soon after, Winkler was released from the charge, the bank officials hurried to Chicago and the bonds were "found" by agents of the "Secret Six" in a suitcase on a dark street corner in Chicago. They were all there, the original value of \$594,000 now reduced by the depression to about \$300,000, but the bank officials were glad to get them back even at the cost of \$100,000 which they said covered "expenses" in recovering them.

Editorial opinion in Nebraska on the affair was either equivocal or cynical, but Governor Bryan was not afraid to declare the case "was one of the blackest pages in the State's history" and that the return of the bonds "had shocked the sensibilities of the people of Nebraska."

PERHAPS the people were more disturbed than shocked. For while the Lincoln barter was an ominous sign, yet it was only one factor in a situation which was really disturbing, and which was not confined to large towns like Omaha and Lincoln. During the "Secret Six" investigations in Omaha, it was disquieting to note that the Chicago expert in his pursuit of gangsters did not confine himself to the alleys and byways of the city. The trails he followed ran out to little towns in the State,

towns of several hundred or at the most several thousand inhabitants. Little hamlets in eastern Nebraska and western Iowa were visited by police in quest of bloody slayers and accomplices and one of the clues led to Norfolk, Nebraska, a town of about five thousand people.

But it was not Norfolk, but the smaller town of Lemars, Iowa, which furnished the next sensation. Indeed it was not in the little town itself that the crime occurred but on a farm outside of town. There William Lamers, a farmer, was peacefully tending his still on January 10 after he had incautiously let his armed body-guard go. Several armed men entered, shot him in the stomach and left him for dead. He survived, however, and confessed to police that he had been operating the still in partnership with Sioux City bootleggers.

And so the gangs are emerging in Main Street; emerging, not commencing or coming in from the large cities. For it has long been a commonplace everywhere except in the meetings of the W. C. T. U. that the dry Middle West is dry in name only, that farmers are divided into two classes, those that make liquor for their own use, and those who

make it to sell. Neither class, naturally, is interested in the repeal of Prohibition. But now that the organization of liquor rings is more complicated and competition grows more keen, there are killings like the above and the fact appears that there have been gangsters right along on Main Street.

Main Street and its surrounding rural districts are now gang-conscious. Cars with strange county or State licenses are looked on with suspicion, neighbors are beginning to scrutinize each other with distrust and the classic group around the country store stove has something new to discuss. This is the group which, if it does not rule the nation, yet has the power to veto any drastic changes in the Constitution. All the anti-Prohibition societies in the country backed by unlimited funds, can not prevail against its stubborn defense of the Eighteenth Amendment. But once this group watches in its own community the vain efforts to enforce an unenforceable law with all the sanguinary by-products, it may alter its ideas and see the Great Experiment in the same light as the city folks. It may be that this new development is a gang-warfare which will end all gang-warfares.



Eat and Grow Crazy

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

*Is the Fascinating Diet Game, beloved of our modern world,
really worth the candle?*

PERSONALLY I have been unable to play this game, because for years I have lived out of the States, in small mining camps for the most part, where such a thing as a regulated diet is out of the question — staff house cooks are notoriously temperamental, and you eat what they provide or you go hungry and acquire an enemy to boot. But on my occasional bursts into my native land I am always stunned at the amount of dietetic knowledge my otherwise quite ordinary friends have accumulated, and at the vigor with which they put this knowledge into practice.

More than half the people I meet are either on a diet, or talking diet. The alleged "girls" of my old set are all dieting, either to regain a lost figure or to guard a waning one. The distinguished scholar and author, whom I had looked forward to meeting, occupies what might have been a stimulating half hour by a description of his "*absolutely* classical" case of indigestion, and his latest diet stunt — "For breakfast, all the fruit you can eat, and two glasses of milk. For lunch, your starches — plenty of bread and butter and baked

potatoes, and vegetables. For dinner your proteins — half a lobster, a steak, a couple of lamb chops. Nothing else, Madam, *positively* nothing else." Well, after all, what more could he have eaten?

The vermin exterminator, poised on my window sill in pursuit of an elusive flying ant, stops to tell me how he is curing his sinus infection by a diet of onions — very evident onions that needed no comment.

My dentist hints at diet — "Cut down on the cereals and the meat; take more fruit, milk, and vegetables."

I go to a banquet given by one of the women's clubs of my home city, and the speaker of the evening, a very beautiful and popular physician, rises and gives a charming talk on how to avoid fat and keep fit by diet. "For breakfast a glass of orange juice, two thin slices of un-buttered toast and a cup of black coffee without sugar. For lunch a light consommé, one slice of lean meat, two tablespoonsful of some vegetable, and a small dish of stewed fruit. For dinner a salad without oil, two slices of dry bread, and a cup of unsugared tea. That's all." The

speaker raises his right hand in a sort of Fascist salute, and lets it drop to his side impressively. The assembled ladies heave a great sigh of content. I ponder bleakly on the cream soup, the scalloped oysters, the roast chicken and stuffings, the frozen pudding, and the crackers and cheese I have just stowed away, and clutch nervously at my waist line.

Magazine reading reminds me constantly of the importance of vitamins — a matter which during the course of my busy and, I must say, flamboyantly healthy life I had entirely overlooked. I learn that "There are three essential vitamins: C — the antiscorbutic vitamin that helps preserve your teeth; B, the vitamin that stimulates and aids digestion; and vitamin A, often called the infection preventer." Ninety-nine and seven-eighths out of a hundred noted doctors say so. By merely turning the page of the same magazine, I discover vitamin D — the bone builder — and the excellent and indispensable vitamin G. Men who win success, I find, *must* have vitamin C. As providers of punch and pep for the bond salesman and others bound to the wheel of hard labor during these evil days, vitamins B, G and D would seem to be most efficacious. Even the purchase of a simple banana, a fruit which was at one time supposed to throw young children into spasms, is elevated to a high plane of duty to health — "Put their wealth of vitamins, minerals, and substantial food values to work for your family."

The most annoying phase of the Diet Game is that every time I return to civilization, I am confused to

find that the rules have been drastically changed. Years ago I retired to the wilderness with two very small children, and, as my only medical guide, a book by one of our leading child's specialists. Manfully I followed directions as set forth on the feeding of the young. I lured my bellowing infants into taking on puréed spinach and carrots, I rammed coddled eggs down their unwilling gullets, and I primed them with beef juice, only to discover on emerging — with two quite robust children in tow — that I had been entirely wrong. A new edition of my medical guide book was out, and the whole food schedule had been shifted. Eggs, my unfailing refuge when other food stuffs were undesirable or not to be had, I learned were very bad for the kidneys, besides being, as the advertisement of a well known product delicately stated, prejudicial to one's social advancement. Beef juice was in the discard, and carrots and spinach had changed their position on the diet schedule — I forget whether the child was started on them at six months or six years. When I was home on leave four years ago, sauer kraut was the thing. One must have sauer kraut in order to rout certain unpleasant germs from one's innards. On my last leave I found sauer kraut completely forgotten — people quite stared at me when I mentioned it. Tomato juice was the thing — the smart ones had made it the fashion, the wise ones had welcomed it. Tomato juice, and only tomato juice, can give you the necessary food values, mineral salts, and vitamins.

But I had to live in Europe for a couple of years to find that we Ameri-

cans are not alone in this "nutrition-mindedness," if I may borrow the expression from one of our most widely circulated weeklies. Let a gathering of French women, or men for that matter, get loose on their respective symptoms and régimes, and the sky is their limit. The French have a naturalistic turn of mind and a freedom from inhibitions that allow the discussion of data and details almost terrifying to a modest lady who considers intestines rather a private matter. The Swiss, too, dote on a régime, and an evening spent in the saloon of a Swiss *pension*, with the person to your right sipping mint tea while she to your left imbibes a brew of lime buds and flaxseed, leaves you wondering whether, having boldly eaten what came your way over a long period of years, you are abnormal or already dead without knowing it. Even the British slough their reserve and grow warm and matey over a diet. Not long ago, across the luncheon table of a German *speise waggon*, a perfectly strange English gentleman from Singapore gave me an outline of his diet and some facts concerning the workings of his insides — facts so intimate that even now I break into a light perspiration at the thought of them.

This incessant harping on health and diet at last seared its way into my inner consciousness. I took to reading aloud advertisements to my family, and to debating within myself on the authenticity of my apparent well-being. Wasn't it just possible that nerves, and not merely temper, were responsible for that sudden mad desire to strike my partner when he ignored my "come on" spade bid? Was not perhaps general

debility and lassitude at the bottom of my disinclination to spring from my couch into an icy bedroom at seven in the morning? Was I really getting as much out of the old machine as could be reasonably expected?

"I think," I confided to my husband, "that I'll start taking yeast."

"Yeast?" He looked startled. "You're not sick — are you? What do you want yeast for?"

"Well," I answered vaguely, "they say yeast is wonderful for you. Sort of tones you up and everything. It's got so many vitamins in it. You know, I don't believe we've ever had the right vitamins. Considering the food we've eaten, it's a wonder we're not dead. I think if we didn't eat so much meat, and took more roughage, and perhaps cut out our cocktail before dinner, we might feel loads better."

"Here, none of that 'we' stuff. I feel perfectly well — in fact, I'm not aware of my health one way or another. And neither are you. The trouble is that you've been listening to your friends cackle about their organs and reading ads. Next thing I know you'll be giving me a glass of orange juice, rich in vitamin C or Z or whatever it is, and expecting me to find a gold mine in the heart of New York City. Yeast! You've been out in the world too long, my lass; it's time for you to be getting back to the woods. Next week I have to go back to Sweden, and you come along with me. I'll show you some people who don't know what diet means, who eat and drink and enjoy life as long as there's a thread left of it, and who keep well at the same time. Yeast!"

SO NEXT week we went to Sweden — not to Stockholm or Skåne or what you might call the gentle parts of Sweden, but way up almost to the top of the North Cape, between the Gulf of Bosnia and the mountains of Norway and close to the Circle. Here, in a small mining camp, I have lived for nearly a year and a half now, and it is the fruits of my observation of the people and their habits that cause me seriously to doubt that the Fascinating Diet Game is worth the candle.

For, as my husband had advised me, Swedes eat with abandon and with a total disregard for what we consider balance. During the long winter, which lasts from September until about the first of June, vegetables are practically unknown — the word “roughage” apparently has no equivalent in Swedish. Strong soups, meat, potatoes, fish, rousing desserts piled high with whipped cream are consumed in vast quantities, and these highly proteinous meals are usually washed down with copious drafts of beer. Yet Swedes as a nation live to a ripe old age, they don’t seem to get extraordinarily fat; and best of all, they keep amazingly fit and enjoy themselves thoroughly while they do live.

Simply as evidence of what can be eaten without seeming injury to the human organism, I should like to describe some of the gastronomic feats of the people among whom I live.

Let’s start with breakfast.

Does the Swede indulge in “a glass of orange juice, two thin slices of unbuttered toast and a cup of black coffee without sugar”? He does not. On the contrary, he gets

under way with a nice big bowl of well cooked oatmeal and cream, crowned with a large dollop of *lingou* (the native cranberry) conserve. Follows a comfortable dish of herring, floating in butter, and potatoes boiled in their jackets. The breakfast herring of Sweden is almost a religious rite. In the community in which I live the housewives each night place their herring to soak as unfailingly as they wind the clock and put out the cat. Probably the Vikings had herring for breakfast; without doubt, when the final trumpet blows, the last Swede will eat his herring and pop off to his particular Valhalla — content. The meal is consummated by a cup or two of coffee and bread and butter and cheese.

This, however, is only a week day breakfast. On Sunday the morning meal is not served until about eleven, and what a meal it is! The *smörgåsbord* — literally bread and butter table, but actually a miniature delicatessen — is loaded with little platters of pickled herring, smoked salmon, wild birds, jellied meats, jerked reindeer meat, ham, stuffed eggs, and several kinds of smoked sausage, as well as hot dishes of shrimp or asparagus omelette, country sausage, devilled kidneys, and fried potatoes. Around the *smörgåsbord*, plate and knife and fork in hand, you are supposed to wander at will, picking at this or that until you have assuaged the first sharp edge of your appetite. Gentlemen usually take a couple of *snaps* and beer with this first course, and even the ladies don’t disdain a bottle of Pilsener. Personally I was a little horrified at the thought of beer on an

empty stomach — heretofore I had been the kind of person who slightly snarled until she got her morning coffee — but once I had cleared my mind of prejudice, I found a nice bottle of beer a very heartening way of starting the day. After the *smörgåsbord* comes beef steak (fried) with plenty of onions, and more fried potatoes; and finally the coffee, with plenty of bread and cheese and crisp gingercakes and rich little sugar cookies.

A Swedish lunch is a comparatively pale affair. Simply the *smörgåsbord*, of which you may eat until your eyes bulge, and one course of meat and potatoes, followed by coffee. Swedish coffee, I should like to mention, is probably the best in the world, and it is drunk without restraint. One woman told me she often drank ten cups a day, and she could see no reason for my startled exclamation.

Dinner is another grand bout of eating, but one must attend a formal dinner party genuinely to appreciate Swedish capacity. The women of the country are really wonderful housekeepers, and I never cease to marvel at the taste and even elegance displayed in this borderland wilderness.

I SHALL always remember my first large dinner party in Sweden.

There were eighteen guests, and the dining room was delightful. The tables were arranged in a horseshoe, with the diners facing a central open space in which bloomed a lovely little garden. In the garden was a tiny house lighted by electricity, and in front of the establishment played a fountain, manned, I suspect, from the kitchen by the children of the host, for at intervals it spurted

wildly upwards and rather disconcertingly sprayed the table and the admiring guests. Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling, flowers filled half a dozen vases, and at each place were gay paper favors, as well as an alarming array of wine glasses — one already filled with that furious, fiery Swedish national beverage, *snaps*.

We found our places, and the host made the speech of welcome — not only in his own language, but, according to the graceful custom of the land, in the tongue of his foreign guests. Then he raised his glass, cried, "*Skål*," and burst into that incomparable drinking song:

"*Helan går, sjung bopp-fal-ral-la, la, la, lej.*
Helan går . . ."

On the *går*, down went every *snaps*, clean and complete, and glasses were loudly clapped on the table with a chorused

"*. . . sjung, bopp, fal-le, la, la, lej.*"

Then we started to eat, and after the rather anemic dinner parties of home, where your partner crumbles his bread and whispers about his diabetes, while your neighbor on the other side pushes away his meat and mutters about his high blood pressure, there was something heroic in the way these people stowed their victuals and drink. We had sandwiches — caviare, smoked salmon, cheese, *paté* — followed by fine, heavy soup, liberally studded with prunes and quarters of apples. Then came a noble shrimp pastry, washed down by white wine. The next course was good stout meat and potatoes and cream gravy, with which we drank red wine. Asparagus garnished with butter beaten to a stiff froth appeared next, and the

banquet closed on the triumphant note of a splendid glacé, built in the shape of a temple, with waves of spun sugar billowing out around it and cherries and angelica adorning its minarets. Sherry is the dessert wine of Sweden.

When finally the last minaret had been demolished and the last sherry glass emptied, we advanced to the drawing room for coffee and liqueurs and fruit. By this time I had reached the stage of desiring nothing so much as to unbutton something, but my fellow guests seemed quite jaunty and fresh. They drank three or four cups of coffee, sipped their liqueurs, and attacked the fruit with enthusiasm. Before the last piece of fruit disappeared, punch came on, served from a darling little keg with a spigot. Swedish punch is rich and sirupy and heavy with rum, but every one had a glass — indeed, some of the guests ran to three or four. At intervals we danced — none of your idle pacing or your languid swaying or your dulcet gliding, either. Instead we bounded and sortied and galloped, and between rounds returned to our places for refreshments.

Around half past twelve I began to feel it might be well to stop eating.

"Don't you think we'd better be starting home?" I asked my husband. It is so difficult in a foreign country to know just what is correct.

"I don't know. Suppose we wait and see what the others do, although I will say that I feel as though I'd spent the week-end already."

We had not long to wait. Shortly a spirit of restlessness seized on the party. There were conspicuous gaps in the conversation, and the guests

milled about, champed at the bit, so to speak, and pawed the dust. They stared at the dining room door, too, and when the hostess threw it open and announced gayly, "*Nattmat*," did any one wait for a second invitation or hang back with a suggestion that this was really too much? Not so. With a common impulse they surged through the door and fell on the spread table with gusty delight. The remnants of ideas on unbuttered toast and unsugared tea and unoiled salad still cluttering my mind, I paled at the sight of that table, loaded as it was with glasses of *snaps* and bottles of beer, stacks of *knäckerbröd*, casseroles of steaming mashed potatoes and herring, dishes of plain boiled potatoes, raw herrings and onions, cheeses of several kinds, broiled ptarmigan — everything that was filling and fattening. However, I paled alone, for the other guests had already seized their plates and were prowling about among the food. Delicate ladies selected large boiled potatoes and copious helpings of herrings, and tucked in with care-free élan; big, strong men dashed off *snaps* and beer and potatoes and huge gobs of cheese. And no one seemed to give a hang about his digestion or his figure.

It was after three when the party broke up. Next morning at the half past eight staff house breakfast, I saw my fellow revelers — not only alive, but brisk and cheerful — peeling their boiled potatoes and boning their buttery herrings as though they hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours.

BESIDES being a mere matter of sustenance, food in Sweden is an institution, on a par with the Crown

and the Church, and it has its definite creed. Certain things are eaten on certain days and on certain occasions, not only in certain households, but throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"This," said the young man sitting next to me at table, as he lifted a carrot from his bouillon, "this is Tuesday soup."

"You mean," I asked, "that you have this kind of soup here every Tuesday?"

"Not only here" — there was kindly reproach in his voice — "in Sweden. It is Tuesday soup."

So, as Tuesday night is sacred to Tuesday soup, Thursday night is consecrated to pea soup and fat pork, with pancakes and whipped cream as a runner up; and so on through a long list of regulated foods.

On the eleventh of November Martin Luther is honored by the eating of roast goose, preceded by thick soup made of the blood of the fowl and floating with sausage and prunes and bits of apple.

The Yule season is ushered in on the thirteenth of December, when the virgin of the household (if the household is short, one can always be procured in the neighborhood), robed in a long white gown and with lighted candles in her hair, comes singing to your bedside in the early morning and brings you Santa Lucia coffee and rich, sweet cakes.

The pig is the cornerstone of the Christmas celebration, and every family has its Yule ham — gorgeous, immense things seared in golden brown designs and stuck with cloves. Every shop window, too, is filled with delightful, rosy marzipan pigs. Housewives throughout the land

bake huge mounds of Christmas *peppar kakor* (gingersnaps), thin almond wafers, short breads, and rich sugar cookies. A special kind of fish is imported from Norway and prepared with almost religious rites. The "System," that wisest and most humanly understanding form of Prohibition, at Yuletide bends to the needs of the people whom it serves, and makes special dispensations whereby every household is amply provided with *snaps* and punch, *glög* and brandy for the long holiday. Indeed, the Christmas season, which extends over quite three weeks, is one long drawn out gastronomic delight.

Lent, called *Fastan* in what I can only think is a playful spirit, marks another bout of delirious eating. From Shrove Tuesday until Easter we revel in fat ham, fried crisp, and brown beans, followed by the heavenly *Fettisdagbullar* — round buns made of sweetened bread, filled with marzipan and whipped cream and eaten with hot milk and cinnamon.

On Annunciation Day — *Marie bebådelsed* — all Sweden eats waffles cooked in the shape of hearts.

In August, when the white nights are beginning to wane and a touch of autumn is in the air, come the *kräftor* feasts, where with elaborate ceremonies and many *snaps* the delicious cray fish are eaten.

So the year goes round — one glad whirl of eating. No one seems conscious that the absence of vegetables in his daily diet is depriving him of essential vitamins, that the big hunks of fat he loves so well are clogging his internal workings, that his teeth should fall out and his waistline flare. If these disasters don't actually

happen, he should worry about what might befall.

Now, if one entire body of people can enjoy the undoubted pleasures of food so comfortably, why, I should like to know, must we go twittering through life afraid to eat this and afraid to eat that because it's bad for us, or eating this or that repulsive muck because it's supposed to be good for us?

During the last decade we have acquired an enormous amount of pseudo-scientific half-knowledge. We read about the human body, and when we get a bellyache, we cock our heads on one side and deliberate whether we have cancer or merely an ulcerated duodenum. We read advertisements and rush forth, veritable Ponce de Leons, in quest of the cereal or the fruit or the butter that will renew our fading youth. We listen to radio talks on how to get lovely and thin, or to acquire a lily complexion, or to double our incomes by eating some particular food, and life is an empty thing until we have not only ourselves started the course prescribed, but have induced a few boon comrades to do likewise.

The Fascinating Game of Diet had, of course, its forerunner in the Peerless Game of Patent Medicines, which, I regret to say, I have lived sufficiently long to remember. In the dim past of my youth leaflets and small pamphlets were always being poked under the door, and I, being a devotee of the written word, never failed to read each one with meticulous care. Usually each piece of literature included a list of diseases

you might choose at will — a list that ranged from consumption and pleurisy through female weaknesses and total paralysis to simple eye strain and insect bites. Our immediate ancestors read this junk, picked their complaint, doctored it with the preparation, and felt their health enormously improved.

We laugh at their credulity, the while we read our modern health literature, select our ailment, and proceed to set it right by diet.

Mind you, I am the last person in the world to deny the benefits of diet for definite diseases and where prescribed by a competent physician. Never should I suggest that one suffering with high blood pressure should blow himself to a thick, juicy steak, or that a diabetic should make a beast of himself on white bread spread thick with sugar and applesauce.

But I do contend that most amateur dieters would be infinitely better off if they stopped tinkering with their health — ignored their inefficient colons, forgot their sluggish intestinal tracts, unlearned the alphabet of vitamins, disregarded their waist lines. If instead they would eat naturally and without undue emphasis their three meals a day, at the same time locking the garage door and shaking their legs a bit, they would, I feel sure, be quite as fit, quite as slender, quite as prosperous as under the dietary system. And they'd get lots more fun out of life. For a good meal, eaten at the bidding of a quick appetite, without goading doubts or qualms of conscience, is royal sport.

Science proves it.

What to Do About the Railroads

BY EUGENE S. TALIAFERRO

Under the monopoly conception they have grown to be a national necessity, both as transportation and as a basis for our credit structure. An extension of that conception is the only way out

IN ALMOST any discussion having to do with the railroads, contradictions, conflicting policies and opposing opinions immediately make their appearance. The conceptions, thoughts, reasonings and conclusions which should come together in a definite national policy toward the railroad industry are now a tangled skein, some of whose threads have their beginnings in the history of a century gone by. To untangle it to a point of comprehensiveness — to arrive even at a basis for clear thinking — these threads must be traced back to their beginnings to learn of what they are composed.

Mr. F. W. Lehman, then president of the American Bar Association, said in 1909:

In the statute books which stood upon the shelves of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, there were no laws governing private corporations, banks, or insurance companies, for these institutions had no existence in Virginia. Neither were there any laws fixing railroad rates or regulating railroad operations. The common carrier was unknown.

In 1832 there were 106 coach lines which had their terminals in Boston

and extended to all parts of Massachusetts and contiguous States. Other cities, particularly Philadelphia and Baltimore, were similar centres of highway transportation.

The post road system in the North Atlantic States was highly developed and well maintained. Sign posts directed the stranger toward his destination, milestones gauged the distance and frequent inns and taverns afforded places for rest and refreshment.

In Pennsylvania, the Line Wagon Company had been formed as a consolidation of wagoners hauling freight upon the Conestoga Road — the name bestowed upon the turnpike between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, over which passed long lines of epic-making Conestoga wagons.

Transportation almost everywhere was an individual matter. The Line Wagon Company was but an indication of the beginnings of a transportation system. There was no need for great organizations; nothing had been developed which required them. The public highway and the post

road, the Conestoga wagon for freight and the coach with its six horses for passengers was the height of the transportation development. The pack horse and the two-wheel cart continued in use over long distances. Speed was figured in terms of the number of miles *per day*.

Then came the railroads.

Competition between the animal-drawn vehicle and the pack horse on one side and the steam railroad on the other could last but a short time. Presently the wagon companies disbanded, the coaches were laid aside, the wagoners became trainmen or shopmen, the sign posts rotted and fell, milestones were hidden by weeds and mosses and the post road became a romantic thought out of the past.

Then it was found that the railroads had become, and from then on *were transportation itself*. The very word "railroad" becoming a synonym for "transportation."

It is this conception, *that the railroad industry possesses a transportation monopoly*, that is the very fibre from which all conceptions of railroading have been spun. Its permanence and impregnability have been regarded as fundamental. The railroad executives, the financiers and bankers, the shipping and traveling public, the State legislatures and the National Congress have based their policies, actions and enactments upon it. To its acceptance may be laid the responsibility for the fact that the credit of the country's insurance companies, savings banks and similar institutions, is based largely upon the earning power of the rails.

Now, after nearly a century, this

conception is attacked as untrue, this seeming permanence is declared a temporary condition, this impregnable economic status is labeled pregnable and relative.

LET us consider first the policies and actions of the railroad executives as they appear down through the years. It is the railroad executives who have at all times led the way. The actions and edicts of the others are but reactions and responses to their acts and utterances.

The executives soon adopted the monopoly conception. Its effect upon them may be considered as a typical example of the stultifying effect of a monopoly upon its conductors or directors, where competition is wholly within the monopoly and the principal effort of those procuring business is to take it from another engaged in the same field.

The economic function of the railroad industry is transportation. The monopoly conception became so impressed upon the minds of several generations of railroad executives that the possibility of transportation in any amount and over any considerable distance taking place other than on the rails seems to have been cast aside completely.

The fundamental principle of the railroad has been unchanged for more than a hundred years. If one were to describe this as one describes a new art for the benefit of the patent office, the principle of the railroads might be described as "a solid axle on each end of which is placed a flanged wheel — the whole rolling upon two parallel iron or steel rails." Improvements have been made in the weight carried upon

the axle, in the strength of the rails and in the intensity of power applied to cause the wheel to roll. Beyond that almost nothing.

In this day of industrial research when every aggressive corporation investigates all the possibilities within the realm of its economic function, it seems strange to find transportation executives during the Twentieth Century confining their thoughts within the narrow limits of the rails.

The effect of this narrow vision and closely circumscribed field of activity may be contrasted with what might have been by imagining the result today if the heads of our transportation system upon the completion of its major development, which followed the Civil War, had adopted a policy which could be stated something like this: "We are using the rails only at this time because they are the best method yet found for every phase of the function we are attempting to perform; but we are continually searching and will adopt as rapidly as we discover them better methods for performing the whole or any part of our function of transportation." With such a policy, it is not difficult to conceive of the pipe-lines for oil and gas and the research now under way for their adaptation to the transport of grain and coal, the use of waterways where economical, a better coördination of rail and inland water systems in particular, probably transmission of electric power over long distances on the railroads rights-of-way and, most important of all, the application as a common carrier of the motor truck itself—all as having been developed and fostered by the trans-

portation companies which began by using only the rails.

The absolute dismissal by the railroad executives of every new thought regarding transportation that did not have to do with the rails, as something entirely outside of their domain and in which they could have no real interest, was the result of traditions developed during seventy-five years. This was exemplified to the writer recently when the retired president of a large system told him that less than ten years ago he had been asked to become associated with one of the largest manufacturers of motor trucks at a salary to be named by himself, to work out the policies which should be followed in applying the motor truck to large scale transportation. His reply was that he was a railroad man, had grown up in railroading and knew his business, but that motor trucks were out of his line. It would have been more comprehensive had he said, "You have made a mistake. I am merely a railroad operator and *not* a transportation executive."

For the half dozen heads of great systems who are no longer confining their thoughts to the rails but whose conceptions and policies comprise the whole of transportation within their scope, we have nothing but admiration. But they are a handful among the two million railroad employes who still have the "old army" complex. It takes a long time to re-educate the personnel of a large corporation. And the thought of the people at large is even more resistant to change. So while the executives did great things, marvelous things, in developing the technique of railroading, yet they dismissed from

their minds all other forms of transportation, until suddenly, like Gulliver in the country of the Lilliputians, they were attacked in their sleep and awoke to find themselves bound by those whose possibilities they had ignored.

These things are all faults of omission. The great act of commission, which appears faulty only as the monopoly fails to hold, was the direction taken in the setting of tariffs and the creation of a rate structure. Because this thing just grew, because it was and is the result of all the forces loosed by all the groups, the financiers and capitalists, the executives and managements, the shipping and traveling public, and the legislative bodies with their regulating commissions, it will be considered later as a thing in itself.

IT HAS been truly said that even if all the engineering ability of today, all the present equipment, all the construction crews and operation personnel now employed had existed one hundred years ago, yet such a railroad as the New York Central could not have been built. No way existed for the accumulation and making available of the necessary capital. The country had no great banking houses, and few investors. In fact, until long after the Civil War, there was not sufficient capital available in the whole of the United States to build our railroads. Money was sought by bankers for American railroads from every country in Europe. From England was obtained by far the greatest amount. Because of the prevalence of the transportation monopoly conception, the capital was obtained at low cost.

An investment banker, underwriter of bond issues, accumulator of capital for corporate enterprises, risks both his own capital and his reputation (upon which depends his ability to direct the flow of capital) when offering to his clients a new issue at a price fixed by himself. For the price of a bond in relation to its principal amount is an indication of its seeming soundness. With the obligations of the United States Government as standard and the payment of interest and ultimately the principal thereon regarded as a practical certainty, the spread between their current market price or yield — yield and price being reciprocal in nature — and that of any other bond, may be taken under normal market conditions as the measure of the deemed risk or probability of delay or default in connection with either interest or principal or both. The soundness or certainty of Government obligations is based upon the power of taxation. The power of the transportation monopoly to collect tariffs levied upon the flow of commerce through the arteries of trade has much the same appearance. That the senior bonds of the Pennsylvania, the Atchison, the New York Central and others, were for decades exceeded in value only by governmental obligations, is ample evidence of the deep-seated faith in the permanence of this power. That such bonds have been selected as the proper investments for trust funds, life insurance companies and savings banks emphasizes the importance of their soundness to every citizen of the country.

In 1929 the unprecedented increase in traffic volume that had been

under way since 1921 failed to continue and the traffic decline began. The extent of the decline and the type of traffic most severely affected sent a shiver through the entire financial community. The decline made it appear that the railroad transportation monopoly was becoming endangered. When the Interstate Commerce Commission told the railroad executives that in their opinion the application of the requested fifteen per cent increase in freight rates to many commodities would drive the transportation of those commodities off the rails to competing agencies in sufficient volume to offset an increased tariff on other things, no doubt remained that the monopoly was losing ground. The rate increase granted in conjunction with the formation of the Railroad Credit Corporation is deliberately a matter of expediency. Anything to bridge the trough of the depression until the volume of the nation's rail traffic again increases seems the order of the day. The bankers for the railroads have heavy responsibilities to the roads, which have bond issues falling due and requiring refunding within the next two years. Earnings must be reestablished as certainties, to form the basis of credit.

With the railroad executives basing their policies upon the monopoly conception and the financial world putting railroad bonds into the foundations of the credit structure because of it, the people as a whole could do nothing but accept it as a fact. The people in the small towns of the country did not need to concern themselves with executives or bankers to form their opinions. They

jumped immediately from observation to conclusion. When the writer lived in a small town in East Texas, served by only two trains a day in each direction on a single-tracked railroad and the only highways were deeply rutted red clay roads, the power of the railroad in the economic life of the community was obvious. When concrete highways were completed through the county and connected the small towns with the market centres which were, on the average, some twenty-five miles away, the economic freedom was not merely theoretical. It was actual and obvious.

During the fifty years between the coming of the railroad and the coming of the concrete highway and the motor truck, the only protection against the possible misuse of the economic power of the railroad was the exercise of political power through regulatory bodies. In cases where more than one railroad could carry the shipment, the shipper could evidence his displeasure by refusing the plea of its traffic representative and routing his freight by another road. The thought which seems even yet to be too firmly entrenched in American minds, that competition is a great cure-all for the misuse of economic power, had its effect here. A discussion of the gradual change of this thought, which seems now to have been in process for some time, would be out of place here. It should be enough to say that a corporation under direct governmental regulation should not and can not be considered as should be those entirely free from such regulation.

The demand, now become traditional, that competition be main-

tained within the railroad industry and that wherever possible the shipper have the choice of more than one road, is obsolete. It no longer serves any purpose in the scheme of things. It has helped to keep the executives' thoughts within the limits of the rails. It is the greatest cause of the waste of money, duplication of effort and extravagance that now exist in the railroad industry. Because the railroads were the first of the great corporations to come under public regulation, this idea of the benefit of competition as an automatic check upon railroad management was adopted through fear of the inability of the regulatory bodies to control the rates levied and prevent one community's being favored at the expense of another.

The more recent development of other public utilities, such as telephone, electric power and light, gas, and, in a few of the largest cities, centralized steam supply, has been relieved of the burden of enforced competition and duplication of effort. It is now regarded everywhere as undesirable to have two gas companies with their mains in the streets, two electric power companies competing for business in the same community, etc.

The result of the absence of competition *within* these industries is salutary. The executives of the electric companies, as must be obvious to any one who has electricity in his home, are constantly striving to find ways to develop the use and sale of additional electricity. In other words, efforts directed entirely toward the performance of their economic function; the executives of the gas company likewise. Contrast this with the

attention, time, expense and personnel employed by the railroads for no other purpose than to take as much traffic as possible away from another railroad or to prevent the other railroad taking traffic or customers away from them.

Mr. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission in an address expressed the conclusion that Government ownership in one form or another appeared to be ultimately probable or at least advisable, and called attention forcibly to the tremendous expense created by this competition. Its elimination would go far toward lessening the expense of its carriers to the nation.

Its elimination would free the executives from watching each other to devote full time to the development of transportation in all forms. With the Interstate and the forty-eight intra-State Commerce Commissions constantly on the job, its coördinance serves no useful function.

FREIGHT rates are the battle ground for all who have an interest in the railroads. Management desires a rate structure that will at once attract or stimulate traffic and also permit dividends to be well covered by profits. Bankers desire a rate structure that will produce revenues ample to cover interest and other fixed charges by more than twice over. The shipping public wishes to pay as little as may be absolutely necessary to obtain adequate service. And the legislative and administrative bodies try to please everybody as far as the political necessity of gaining and retaining votes will permit. But the matter doesn't end here.

Because of the practical impossibility of determining the exact cost of transporting any commodity without arbitrarily making definite assumptions for such evident variables as traffic volume, length of haul, etc., a brilliant thinker has well and properly described the rate structure as "a floating mass of relativities." This condition is enhanced by the monopoly conception and full advantage taken of it by all concerned.

Wherever and as long as a monopoly exists in the production of anything, whether it be a line of fabricated articles or "ton-miles" of transportation, the relation between the prices charged for the individual items is of no consequence, high for one or low for another, so long as the aggregate return from the total sale of all of the products is sufficient. On this basis, the American railroads, with all competition between each other in the matter of rates and prices eliminated by the Congress and its Interstate Commerce Commission, have in some instances equalized rates for unequal distances, in others have set rates on different commodities varying by far more than the obvious difference in cost of service rendered. Only recently there appeared as a news item, the complaint of certain New England shippers that they were being discriminated against in the matter of freight rates, because the rates from their cotton mills to Chicago were substantially more than those from cotton mills in the western part of Virginia. No mention was made of the fact that the distances are almost exactly proportionate to the existing rates.

In a letter recently received by the writer from the President of a railroad in the Southwest, the following appeared:

If American railroads assessed the same rates for transportation of freight in this country that are applied in European countries, our industrial life would wither like a fig leaf in the fall. It is cheap transportation which enables producers in almost every part of our great area to reach markets in almost every other part of the same area, and has made our country the greatest market on earth. Imagine what would happen to the citrus fruit industry of Southern California, of the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, or of Florida, if rates for transportation were so high that producers' markets were confined to the contiguous areas.

But producers in Southern California insist on competing with producers in Texas and in Florida, in markets a thousand miles or more nearer Texas and Florida than is Southern California. The same situation applies in regard to almost every other line of business. The tendency, therefore, is constant pressure for reduction of rates from certain areas to reach competitive markets and the influence on the general rate structure is perpetually downward. The tendency is not only supported by the political machinery of the country, which most largely is influenced by the shipping and consuming public, but actually by the railroads themselves, each desiring to stimulate industrial development in its own territory and in that behalf adjusting rates from its territory to remote markets which can be better served at less expense from adjacent areas, via other carriers.

All of this is well and good as long as the monopoly can be maintained by the rails and so make up by high tariffs on this thing what they lose by low tariffs on that — a high rate for a ton of silk or automobile tires and a low rate for a ton of coal or wheat or steel. But the monopoly is no longer complete. The renaissance of the highway with its motor trucks — plus pipe-lines, airways, and newer

things yet to come — is here to stay and grow.

The effect is typical of the crumbling away of any monopoly. Competition comes in and takes away that business on which there is a more than average profit and leaves the ex-monopoly with that business on which there is less-than-average profit or a loss. Our attention has been drawn to several instances of long-haul carload business taken away from the rails. In each instance the commodity carried was one whereon a relatively high railroad freight rate was in effect. These instances range from the haulage of a carload of automobile tires by motor truck and trailer from Ohio to the eastern end of Massachusetts and a carload of specially prepared paper hauled in the reverse direction, to cotton hauled by motor truck from Arkansas to the Texas Gulf ports. But coal and ore and grain and pulp wood and other items upon which the freight rates are deliberately low as aids to agriculture and industry, remain on the rails.

That the motor truck has its place in short-haul, less-than-carload transportation is no longer doubted. That the rate structure, developed under the monopoly conception, invites the extension of trucks into activity to which they are not the best fitted is increasingly apparent. So even here we find that the monopoly idea, used to great advantage to the country as a whole, is becoming vulnerable.

WHAT of the future?

From the standpoint of economic theory, it is quite easy to propose a complete revision of the

rate structure so that everything, each item, carried on the rails would be charged an amount exactly proportionate to the cost of its carriage, to do the same for the common carriers among the motor trucks and then permit the automatic functioning of economic law to take its course. But any attempt to apply such a policy could result only in chaos in American commerce and industry.

The railroad companies must become transportation companies in which will be coördinated all forms of transport. The common carrier transportation monopoly must be reestablished to as great an extent as may be practicable. The maintenance of a rate structure of the sort now in effect is possible on no other basis. The transportation system must continue to serve commerce and industry and, if possible, to equalize distances in as effective a manner as it has in the past. The first step that must be taken in this direction is the elimination of the extravagant, unnecessary and, in fact, wholly undesirable competition within the railroad industry. The conception that has been applied with such excellent results to electric power companies, gas companies and telephone companies must be applied to the railroads or transportation companies. It must be recognized that in the case of any public utility, be it transportation, communication, light, heat, or water, one corporation in each community devoting its entire attention to the performance of the function for which it exists, under the regulation of a public commission to insure fairness both to the public, the corporation and the corporation's creditors, is a far better

public servant than are two or more companies, most of whose attention is directed to fighting with each other over such business as already exists and for which the price that they may charge is already fixed and published.

The adoption of the policy that competition between railroad companies be eliminated and that they become transportation companies would result in a complete change in the present plans for railroad consolidation. It would mean the integrating of the railroads of the country into a number of non-competing systems whose terminals would consist of jointly owned organizations somewhat similar perhaps to that now existing in St. Louis. The first and immediate effect of such a move would be that all of the time, effort and expense now devoted entirely to fighting over such traffic as would be carried upon the rails in any event, could be diverted to the furtherance of the function of transportation. The policy outlined in the first part

of this article modified by modern developments could be then adopted, thus:

"We are using the rails now for the bulk of our traffic because they are the best means yet found for most phases of the function we are attempting to perform, but we have adopted all proven facilities and methods and are continually searching and will adopt as rapidly as we discover them even better methods for performing and extending the whole or any part of our function of transportation."

The few who today are transportation executives in fact would find their number rapidly multiplied, and the effective coördination of all forms of transportation would soon appear.

The American transportation system would again be in a position to help the nation onward by making possible an even smoother flow of trade and commerce and again have the deserved confidence of the world as one of the foundation stones of the American credit structure.





Not for Love

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

Why do serious novelists and playwrights of our day so consistently ignore the tender passion?

WHEN Alice went down the rabbit-hole into Wonderland she entered a world almost as different from the one she'd known as ours is from our fathers'; not to mention our grandfathers'. Different mentally as well as materially. Yet absorbed as we are in radios and airplanes, in trying to get used to what machines have done and speculating on what they may do to us, we sometimes overlook the transformation of ideas, though these have changed even more radically than have means of communication. The passing of the horse and buggy, for instance, is no more complete and a good deal less startling than the often contemptuous discrediting of that romantic love to which preceding generations gave pen and lip service as to the one thing supremely worth while.

From the time of Tutankhamun almost to the present day, this same romantic love was one of the two main themes of poetry and fiction. Its only serious rival was war, and when the Age of Chivalry dawned on a surprised world, it brought the two into a long-lasting union. The gentil knight was faithful unto death

to his chosen lady; at least, in theory. She for her part was no less loyal; also, in theory. Love and fighting go hand in hand through the *Mabinogion* and the *Morte d'Arthur*. In Elizabethan days, and through the alarums and excursions of the Civil War, the two were not divided.

But from the very beginning of the cult of the novel, love grew more and more important, while war subsided into the subordinate position of a hen-pecked husband. *Tom Jones* and *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Evelina* and all their kith and kin had little to do with drums and trumpets. Love soon became the principal, often the only theme of fiction. The peerless Jane Austen might just as well have ended every novel she wrote with the words of the old-fashioned fairy tale: "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after."

Of course, some authors were restive under the romantic love régime and its restrictions, but even those who, like Mrs. Radcliffe, summoned mystery and horror to quicken their readers' pulses, relied on the love theme for the happy ending. Scott and Dickens produced the

required pair of young lovers with unfailing regularity, though both seem to have regarded them as a good deal of a nuisance, while Thackeray all but rebelled against the bondage of romance. Lesser writers clung firmly to the convenient fiction formula: introduce two young lovers; separate them by some apparently insuperable barrier, and arrange a way over, under or around it in time for the last chapter. Edwin pursued Angelina over mountains of paper and across oceans of ink.

While fiction accepted the love theme, poetry acclaimed it. The bulk of English verse is one long pæan to romantic love. Drama has been in almost perfect accord with fiction and poetry. Comedy "left the lovers loving"; melodrama reunited them; tragedy killed them. With the rarest exceptions, they furnished the mainspring of the action.

BUT within the last decade, all this has been suddenly, completely and enthusiastically changed.

Look at the outstandingly successful plays of the season; in how many of them is the union of two lovers a matter of paramount importance? In just one, and that a hold-over from last year: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, an historical episode enhanced by the exquisite playing of Katherine Cornell, and interesting in its delineation of a Victorian patriarchy. *Mourning Becomes Electra* has more to do with hate than with love; *Reunion in Vienna* can scarcely be regarded as a romantic idyll; *Brief Moment* is notable for the cleverness of its dialogue and its clear striking of the modern note of skepticism and unrest; *Counsellor-at-Law*

ends with the very likable hero forgetting his abandonment in his business, while *Springtime for Henry* amusingly ridicules that "love of a good woman," which was a shibboleth of romance.

But it is in the novel that the change is most apparent. In the last few years the novel has gone through a rapid transition, passing from idealistic love to unmitigated sexuality, and now energetically discarding sex in favor of other interests. So uncompromising is the alteration that it is very unusual to find a recent, serious and successful novel in which the love interest is of more than slight importance. So complete, so ruthless is the ostracism of Edwin and Angelina that for a novel to be centred on a romantic love-theme practically implies its relegation to the class of so called "popular" fiction, provided for the amusement of the quarter-educated or the semi-idiotic. Romantic has become all but synonymous with piffing.

NOW this displacement of interest in fiction would be comparatively unimportant if it did not reflect a displacement of interest in life. For it is a mistake to assign the change solely or even principally to the fact that it is becoming more and more difficult for a writer to find a plausible barrier to put between his young lovers, now that parental authority is nil, and the bonds of matrimony easily severed. If the public which prefers the theatre to the talkies, and reads what reviewers call serious fiction, were still predominantly or even very considerably interested in romantic love, that would remain an important theme of

novel and drama. But the change goes deeper yet; for interest has been lost primarily because belief has been lost. Idyllic love, dressed in the garb of today, presented as a story of today, is apt to be greeted with more jeers than cheers by the men and women of today. Far from being hailed as immortal, love must now appear only as the most fleeting of episodes, if a respectable degree of sophistication is to be preserved.

Some of this change is undoubtedly due to the changed position of women. In Byron's day love was "woman's sole existence," because she had little chance at any other. Love was the "Open, Sesame," to what was practically the one career possible for her. If she wasn't mistress of a household or a man, she wasn't anything at all. Having only the one possible future, she naturally idealized it as much as she could. The more glamor that could be thrown around it, the more dignity that could be attached to it, the more desirable it could be made to seem. And since the influence of women on fiction has always been enormous, the supply, consciously or unconsciously, conformed to the demand. In the exaltation of love woman, as love's instrument, saw herself exalted. If her own sensations didn't measure up to those described by her favorite authors, she did her earnest best to make herself believe they did. And self-deception being easier than any other, she frequently succeeded.

Yet deep down within her there would seem to have existed all the while a troubled consciousness that what she thus enthroned might be fancy rather than fact, for while romantic love was being hymned

aloud the faintest whisper of sex was utterly abhorred. For a little while sex was successfully excluded from fiction, and as far as possible from any open appearance in real life, where its existence was treated as an unfortunate blunder on the part of Dame Nature, and kept, so to speak, under cover. But that very exclusion, that very concealment, sharpened curiosity. Little by little, curiosity whittled away the bars and sex, endowed with the thrilling interest of the forbidden, came striding on in seven-league boots and squashed romance flat.

Like almost everything else, this demolition has been attributed to the World War, which affected so many values. But even before the murder at Sarajevo, sex had begun to interfere with romantic love. For a while it had the enormous advantage of being at once novel and disreputable; to expound it was to be shocking, and consequently in demand. And when, after the War, jaded nerves demanded first frivolity and then stimulation, sex proved one of the most efficacious of pick-me-ups. The young, reacting to the general atmosphere, sought excitement in petting parties; their elders turned to fiction, and a stage which became more and more hard-boiled, more and more erotic. Then, as normal sex-interests began to pall, abnormal ones were introduced. Authors rediscovered perversion and homosexuality. For a time, these pricked on the now flagging curiosity; today, they also have become stale, tedious, not twice but ten-times told tales, over which we yawn. Human nature can grow used to anything; even pathology.

IN so far as it represents a widening of interests, the change which has come over all branches of imaginative writing may be considered an advantage. It is a change largely due, as has already been said, to the changed position of women. Amelia of *Vanity Fair*, spending all her time brooding over George's letters, making herself ill and all about her uncomfortable, is a typical example of an old-fashioned heroine in the throes of romantic love; and a person with whom the modern reader feels extremely impatient. The present-day heroine who, when one lover deserts her, wastes no time in tears but promptly looks about for another, is at least a more cheerful companion. But you must remember that poor Amelia hadn't anything on earth to do except read and re-read George's letters. Young gentlewomen of the period had in truth remarkably little to do but peruse the letters of their respective Georges, save perhaps to plague the poor and wash the poodle. The modern young woman must go to her desk or her office; she must keep an appointment or attend a board meeting or a conference; she has other things to think about besides George, other things to do besides meditate over his letters. George may be an important, but he is not the only, interest in her life. Love is not the one thing in the world to her, and she doesn't pretend it is, but accepts it as a part of life, without much incense-burning or exaltation.

As for the older woman, in the majority of cases she has long since lost any illusions she may have cherished about George. If she married him for love, which does some-

times happen in fact as well as fiction, she has probably ceased either to be or to expect to be more than calmly fond of him. And unlike her counterpart of the days when all love was proclaimed immortal, she doesn't regard her position as either peculiar or unfortunate, doesn't blame either herself or George. Her friends take it for granted that since she hasn't divorced George they get along well enough, and don't expect them to be rapturously in love; at any rate, not with each other. No longer do other women regard George as out of the running, merely because he is married; nor do other men cease to be interested in Amelia for the same reason. Marriage once meant prompt relegation to the shelf; a shelf which doesn't even exist any longer.

And if George and Amelia do decide on a divorce, who regards that as a tragedy? Or as anything except a more or less desirable readjustment? In the days when romantic love was an important part of the generally accepted creed, such public proclamation of love's demise was avoided at almost any cost, and if avoidance proved impossible, contemplated through tears. Now it is so much a part of the way of the world that it isn't even amusing. The fact is strong evidence of the general disbelief in that romantic love, one of whose principal and distinguishing characteristics was in its power of endurance. There was a time when, if a girl's lover was inconsiderate enough to die, she was thought to fall decidedly short of the ideal of the truly womanly if she refused to spend the rest of her life as a kind of animated monument; today, she is

condemned as conventional if she mourns six months.

It is true that a good many excellent people are much concerned over the disturbing effects of habitual divorce, especially on the children, a multiplicity of parents presenting complications with which the juvenile mind is scarcely competent to deal. Trying to discover a remedy, these worthy folk decide there must be something wrong with marriage itself, and suggest all sorts of remedies, from trial marriage to indissoluble wedlock. It never seems to occur to any of them that the disappearance of belief in supreme and lasting love may have something to do with the matter. When our parents married, they at least expected the union to endure until death did them part; we don't. Which really does make a quite considerable difference.

Disappearance of belief in romantic love is sometimes attributed to an over-dose of biological information. It isn't easy, some argue, to idealize what one has learned to regard as a physiological process, with little if any more glamor or sublimity about it than are to be found in such other physiological processes as eating and drinking. The sex urge is, therefore, to be satisfied with little more ado than that of hunger. Consider the simple, unperplexed, usually polygamous and frequently promiscuous savage and be wise, would seem to be the teaching of many of those whose words are presumed to be fraught with knowledge at least, if not with wisdom. So much for physiology. As for psychology, small beauty and precious little idealism remain to the sex impulse

(or to any other) once it has been subjected to a thorough Freudianizing.

Romantic love has been caught and submerged in that current of contemporary thought which treats ugliness as all fact and beauty as all fiction, is childishly credulous about the one, and intensely skeptical regarding the other, priding itself on a so called open-mindedness which admits that anything may be a fact if it is sufficiently disagreeable. It is the fashion to be proud of one's honesty and willingness to see things as they are, only those which are beautiful excepted.

TO THE disinterested observer, the present-day attitude towards romantic love seems compounded of two closely connected elements: hypocrisy and a sense of inferiority. There is nothing new about this; only the two used to manifest themselves differently, in accordance with a different fashion. For the simple fact is that the great love of which poets used to sing and novelists to write was, is, and always has been, the possession of the few; a gift as rare, and as inexplicable as genius. The hypocrisy of the past lay in assuming it to be something of which every one was capable, and trying to dress up small affections and ordinary sex attractions in its splendid habiliments; the hypocrisy of today lies in denying its existence even as the distinction of the few, a denial perfectly in harmony with that general dragging-down process, now so energetically pursued under the sweet and euphonious name of debunking.

In the past, when every ordinary

human being was expected to experience deep emotions, ardent, enduring, romantic love among them, the many who weren't capable of anything of the sort suffered from a sense of inferiority which resulted either in self-deception or in an earnest, even devout attempt at self-deception. Today there is little if any less self-deception, but it is of a different kind. The former type was an effort to make one's own diminutive emotions appear giant-tall by hoisting them up on stilts, thereby rendering locomotion decidedly stiff and slow; the present variety is an effort to believe that giants simply do not exist, and to insist that those who are obviously a good deal more than common tall are not really giants, but only stilt-walkers. One kind of insincerity has given place to another.

In its mental and emotional aspects, this so called Machine Age is primarily an age of leveling down. Instead of striving to reach up, it is the easy fashion to deny that there is anything above which might be worth striving to reach up to. Because the vast majority of people are as incapable of feeling great emotion as they are of composing great music, they find satisfaction, as well as an immense lessening of strain, in declaring that great emotions are merely so much bunk. Inability to grieve intensely they miscall being sensible; inability to hate intensely they miscall tolerance; and because they know they are themselves incapable of loving greatly, they blithely echo Rosalind's playful statement that: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love!"



Tariff Trivia

BY JAMES E. BOYLE

We Americans have indulged in many curious attempts at "protection" besides the high duties on imports

MAN seeks protection from many evils, real and imaginary. More and more he seeks shelter and security by means of governmental intervention. Protection thus takes on many forms, since it is the mind, the soul, the body, or the pocketbook which is to be protected. Herr Doktor Roscher, looking upon our tariff system with a cold eye some eighty years ago, wrote in his famous text book: "Since a democracy can not, properly speaking, educate the people in economics, the protective duties of the United States are for the most part only attempts by one part of the people, who claim to be the whole, to prey upon the other part."

Be that as it may, there are some interesting and completely neglected byways of our protective system, Federal, State, and local, that we may with profit explore.

Unfortunately we have come to think of "protection" and "tariff" as merely a system of duties imposed on imports by the Federal Government. For my purpose, however, I widen the definition of the term tariff to include those various protective

measures of the States and local divisions, such as bounties, subsidies and other paternalistic devices. For it is exactly here that we have the most experimenting; here we have forty-eight separate laboratories. And here we see the more human side of the tariff question.

Let us begin with a perfectly characteristic State tariff, the schedule of which has more than once shaken the walls of Congress, namely, the tariff on peanuts. About ten years ago a long agitation in Alabama in favor of protecting this humble product of the soil came to a focus. There was much Heflinesque oratory. The spirit and substance of the discussions ran about like this:

"We must not palter or piddle or piffle with this great subject! We must protect our peanuts!"

So a protective tariff on peanuts was enacted by the State of Alabama. Some Philistine in the South at this time was unkind enough to say that it was the work of peanut politicians. This law, to have the color of legality, was called a public health measure. It applied, moreover, to peanuts from foreign countries only. Perhaps the most novel

and ingenious feature of the legislation is the following administrative provision:

Any person who shall engage in the business of selling any peanuts which have been produced in China or Japan or other foreign countries shall,

First, notify the Commissioner of Agriculture and Industries of his engagement in importing or selling such products, and shall not later than the fifteenth of each month report an itemized and written account under oath of the amount of said products sold, *and the name and address of the purchasers;*

Second, display a white card at least 10 x 14 inches in size, on which is printed the words "Oriental peanuts sold here," printed in black Roman letters, not less than one inch in length by one-half inch in width, the position of the card shall be on every wall of the room from which said articles are sold, approximately five feet from the floor and not farther than ten feet apart.

What would be done to the purchaser of the Japanese peanuts once his address were known does not appear in the statute. The State is, we hope, now safe from the invasion of the Oriental peanut. But alas, this does not shut out the still fiercer competition of the peanut from Georgia and Mississippi, the two nearest neighbors.

IN THEORY our tariffs are and must be Federal laws. But in practice the individual States occasionally seek to protect themselves not only from foreign countries but also from neighboring States, and to erect tariff walls under other names. One of the most recent examples of this practice is that of Iowa. Here is a State that boasts of its three points of preëminence: it contains not a single large city; it leads the country in pig production; it leads the country in corn production. So the law

makers of Iowa decided last winter that what the State needed was a tariff on cotton seed oil products which were coming in from Georgia and other Southern States and which were being substituted for lard. Since many consumers were being attracted to this vegetable oil by reason of its quality, price and taste, it was, of course, competing with the Iowa hog. Accordingly the Iowa legislature debated for many days a bill providing for a three cent tax on vegetable shortening.

Now it happens that Georgia, and other Southern States, are fond of hog and hominy — the two products in which Iowa leads. However, our Southern friends did not threaten a boycott or a reprisal against the Northern bacon and corn. Instead of displaying truculence and bluster they assumed the more pacific rôle of petitioners. And although the tariff bill actually passed the Iowa senate, it died in a committee of the house of representatives. The thought will doubtless occur to readers that economic harmonies will best be preserved by letting Iowa farmers continue to produce hogs and hominy and Southern farmers cotton and cotton oil, and by letting there be free interchange of all these products.

The newest form of State tariffs, and one now upheld by the United States Supreme Court, is the tariff or tax on chain stores. Many States are now giving their local merchants this form of "protection." The Indiana law recently upheld by the Federal Supreme Court, imposes a graduated tariff on chain stores, the maximum being twenty-five dollars per unit store.

The North Carolina tariff on

chain stores, also recently upheld by the Supreme Court, is a severe example of protection. Here the claim was frankly made that the chain store, for the prices charged, rendered a superior service. Local merchants found it difficult to compete because many of them were rendering an inferior service. So a tariff of fifty dollars a store is levied on each unit of each chain store in the State. The consumer, as usual, was overlooked in this controversy.

"The power to tax," said John Marshall, "is the power to destroy." We know by our experience with Federal tariff laws, 1789 to 1930, that each tariff law tends to beget a higher tariff. So we may safely prophesy that soon the various States with tariffs against chain stores will raise them till they are prohibitive. Nothing but a decision from the Supreme Court itself can prevent such an outcome.

Once our forty-eight States begin to levy tariffs in real earnest against products from neighboring States we may expect a bitter period of economic anarchy. The anti-chain store slogan "Keep your money at home," may then be carried to its logical conclusion, namely, "Keep your money in your pocket."

THE bounty has been widely used by all our forty-eight States. Generally speaking, its aim has been to hasten the growth of some infant industry or to beget some entirely new industry. Perhaps the champion experimenter with State subsidies and bounties is Kansas. Not only did the State vote money liberally for the planting of mulberry trees and growing of silk worms, but also

for the growing of sugar beets, for the manufacture of beet sugar and for various other economic enterprises.

Kansas also enacted a large number of laws permitting local subdivisions to grant direct financial aid to infant industries. Cities and counties made too liberal use of this power, a practice which in a few cases led to bankruptcy of the city or county. One county in Kansas, Haskell, was authorized to subsidize its farmers to the extent of one dollar an acre for ploughing up the virgin prairie sod. A State law of 1897 declared the little city of Cimarron to be bankrupt, and permitted it to scale down its debt to the State—the debt having been incurred in part granting aid to a flour mill. The pioneers in this State, as in other States, were long in hope but short in financial judgment.

The reader may say: "Kansas is a radical, populist, revolutionary commonwealth—one of those *civitates asinus* referred to recently by an Eastern Senator. Surely no such ill-advised use of bounties by a conservative Eastern State can be found"!

Turn to the State of Maine. Judge Holmes, writing an editorial in the *Maine Farmer* in 1837, sharply condemned the citizens of his State for spending their money for flour in New York State. His language is so much like the language used today in defending our foreign tariffs, that I must quote part of his editorial:

The legislature of Maine (said Judge Holmes) have at length aroused themselves to action upon this subject and passed an act paying a bounty upon wheat. Startled by the fact that we were paying out more than

\$4,000,000 for breadstuffs, and knowing that the soil of the State was sufficiently fertile to produce bread enough for its inhabitants, they came to the determination of calling upon the farmers to wipe away the disgrace, and to call too, in such a manner, that they could not resist it. Now brother farmers, what say to this? If you do not exert every nerve to lift the State from her dependence upon the flour millers of New York, you ought to pine in penury and want.

That fine old Southern gentleman, Edmund Ruffin, editor of the *Farmers' Register*, of Petersburg, Virginia, believed, and rightly so, that this money would be better spent in experiments to find out the elements of soil lacking in Maine, but necessary for wheat growing. The Maine farmers, however, did divert some fertile lands from other crops to wheat—for a time. In the year 1839 these farmers received a bounty of some \$87,000 and grew a million bushels of wheat. But alas for this "infant industry"! Now, some ninety years after this bounty treatment, we find Maine has one-half of one per cent of her improved land in wheat, and is producing a crop of 3,000 bushels for the whole State.

Even Massachusetts, with all its conservatism, made the same wheat experiment about a hundred years ago. The farmers, for good and sufficient reasons, were turning to the more profitable hay culture. The law makers considered it a vain and foolish thing for these farmers to turn from a bread grain to a hay crop which only the horses and cattle could eat. So a liberal bounty was offered for every bushel of wheat grown in the State. The farmers failed to make any visible response to this stimulus. One Yankee farmer, writing in the *New England Farmer*,

made the observation that they might as well try to find witches in Massachusetts as to grow wheat there. Now less than one-fifth of one per cent of the improved land in Massachusetts is in wheat.

IT WOULD require a very large volume to record all the bounty experiments of all the States, for the list would include such diverse objects as these: special aid to railroads and canals; to companies prospecting for coal, oil and gas; to manufactures of many kinds; to flour mills; to cheese factories; to railroad shops; to bridge works; to steel mills; to beet sugar factories; to sugar beet growers; and to a vast number of other enterprises.

In this day and age when our papers are full of stories about surplus wheat, surplus cotton, surplus sugar, coffee, copper, silver, silk and many other commodities, it may not be hard to realize that in certain periods of the last century we had a surplus of railroads. They were the one big industry to receive lavish gifts from Federal, State, and local governments. The Federal land grants to the six Pacific railroads constituted an area larger in extent than the combined States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and South Carolina. This overstimulation of the railroads did not bring them prosperity; quite the reverse.

But it was the local subdivision of government that contributed most unwisely to railroad enterprises. A mere inventory of such economic adventures would resemble in size

a mail order catalogue, but I must cite one example, for here the farmers and small villagers who voted the aid bound themselves for a period of over fifty years, paid out a very large sum of money and never got any railroad.

In a certain county in southern New York, visible from Cornell University, there was once launched a railroad company known as the Pennsylvania and Sodus Bay Railway Company. It was on May 24, 1870. These were the days when every county and every village had visions of having a railroad of its own. Promoters commercialized their optimism. So in this county, with its lakes and its gorges and steep, wooded hillsides, three rural townships, with a total of fifteen hundred families, voted bonds to the amount of \$150,000 as a bounty or subsidy to the new corporation. The people were almost all farmers, and most of them very short of money, but they jauntily voted this gift, amounting to \$100 per family. Bonds were quickly sold to third parties; the money used up by the promoters; and then the work stopped. No rails were laid, no ties. There was only the graded right-of-way. It is still visible. In the year 1926, after fifty-four years of effort, these bonds were all paid, the principal and interest running well over five hundred thousand dollars. Thus the tariff sins of the fathers were visited on the children and the children's children.

Oddly enough it is the industry least adapted to this country which has had the most State aid — namely, silk, and it has had a record which is frankly and uniformly a one hundred per cent

failure. There were, in all, three or four distinct silk crazes or speculations in mulberry trees and silk worms which swept this country. During one of these crazes, John Quincy Adams, in the year 1837, Chairman of the House Committee on Manufacturers, submitted as a report of his committee a letter from a member, Mr. A. T. Judson, on the subject of silk culture.

Most of the political, commercial, and literary journals of the day (said Mr. Judson) contain paragraphs urging farmers and others to engage in silk culture. . . . From all the facts in my possession I am satisfied that every farmer may devote a portion of his farm and attention to the growth of silk, and thereby greatly increase the value of his products. The gathering of the foliage and the feeding of the worms may be performed by children and such other members of the family as are incapable of more arduous labor, and who, if not thus employed, would spend their time in idleness, or, what is worse, mischief.

Ohio was typical of those States which were drawn into the silk and mulberry speculation. Here the Governor's message in 1838 "pointed with pride" to the thriving culture of silk in various parts of the States and to the great interest and excitement over it; expressed his belief that Ohio soil and Ohio climate were well adapted to this industry; and recommended that it be "encouraged" by extending to the producer a bounty.

So an act was passed, and a bounty on cocoons offered. But alas, the hopes of men gang aft agley! Draw a veil of charity over the next twenty years of disappointed hopes. The sequel is told briefly but eloquently in the 1859 report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture. Reasons are set forth for the profitableness of the silk

worms in Italy and France, and their failure in Ohio.

Turn from Ohio with its forests, to Kansas with its prairies and sun-flowers. The Kansas pioneers decided that the mulberry tree and the silk worm would thrive on the Kansas soil and the Kansas climate. So in the year 1887 a silk commission was created to transplant this exotic industry to the plains of Kansas. After ten years of fostering care, the industry waned and the act promoting silk culture was repealed. The Kansas farmer was able to get more silk by growing wheat and shipping it to China in exchange for silk.

If the roll is called of the States that have endeavored to promote the silk industry, in competition with Japan and China, the list will include Connecticut (1832), Vermont (1839), Kansas (1887), Maine (1841-1862), Utah (1898-1905), Illinois (1842), Massachusetts (1836-1839), Maine, a second time (1883-1903), New Jersey (1839), and many other States. The result was the same in every case — nil.

It would be profitable, if time permitted, to look farther afield

into "protective measures" enacted by the States to safeguard not merely the pocketbooks but the minds and souls of the citizens. However, only one such State can be mentioned here. Tennessee in 1796 adopted a constitution containing this clause regarding the duties and place of a clergyman:

Whereas the ministers of the Gospel are, by their professions, dedicated to God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from these great duties of their functions; therefore no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatever, shall be eligible to a seat in either house of the legislature.

It is a far cry from this Eighteenth Century constitution to the anti-Darwin statute of Tennessee and the Dayton trial. In this State, in the year 1925, a country preacher from the hills (a member of the State legislature) brought forth and had passed a bill designed to "protect" the minds of citizens from the errors of Darwinism.

"Protection" in the United States takes many forms, certainly. Will the historian a hundred years from now write them all down in the same category?



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



There would be much less significance in these remarks, of course, if some of the benighted countries of Europe were under discussion, but is it not slightly ironical, to say the least, that one must go to the poorest of European nations to find a comparison for

certain sections of the richest of all countries?

The Permanent Effects

NEVER still for long, the Landscaper has just returned to his desk from a journey into the South, and more particularly into a part of the South that had not recovered from the terrible floods of 1927 when it was staggered by the crash of 1929, and the subsequent fall in agricultural prices. Now it has another flood almost equal in magnitude to the record inundation of 1927; its products are worth little or nothing, its banks are either closed or acting only as safe deposit boxes; its people are impoverished; and its future anything else but bright. The marks of five years of distress are everywhere in evidence; houses are devoid of paint, fields neglected and reverting to their natural state, and inhabitants reduced to little more clothing than will preserve their modesty. Food is fairly plentiful — it is not a simple matter to starve to death on a farm, but living standards in general are either already reduced or rapidly being reduced to European peasant levels. Indeed, the Landscaper has never seen such conditions as now prevail in a good many sections of the Deep South outside the poorest regions of Spain.

NOR only is there a drop in every variety of living standard, but schools are closing in many counties, and the tax situation is so serious that desperate measures will be necessary before there can be any guarantee that they will be able to open in the coming autumn. Members of college faculties have taught for months without a cent of pay — this is in Mississippi, as it is better to be specific in discussing such matters. State institutions of every sort have suffered inevitably, nor is there much relief in sight in spite of a new deal in politics that gives warrant for at least some optimism. But this is not the place for a discussion of such matters in detail. The Landscaper's principal interest is as an observer of civilization at work; in

this instance civilization has quite definitely lost ground through the operation of economic laws and the failure of the democratic system of government. What the solution will be remains to be seen; perhaps something will be done now that the taxpayers' pocketbook nerve is constantly being assailed. It is pleasant to report that in the face of all this disaster, the people themselves refuse to be downhearted, partly, perhaps, because they are not very far removed from pioneer conditions, and do not find it very difficult to slough off the Fordian era and get back to first principles. It will be extremely interesting to see how long they will be satisfied with nothing more than full stomachs, probably not a moment longer than the time the rest of the country gets on its feet and again takes up its quest for modern comforts. . . .

Mr. Faulkner at Home

ALONG with the rest of the world, Mississippi is now alive to William Faulkner, alive, but not quite certain what to say about its son whose undeniable talent as a novelist has spread his fame far and wide. His most recent novel, *Sanctuary*, the Landscaper found to be a general topic of conversation; the daring of its central incident has had as much to do with the attention it has received in Mississippi as elsewhere. There is a sorry moral to be drawn from this: six good and important novels by Faulkner went unread by the general public until after he had written the shocking *Sanctuary*. The Landscaper found the Younger Generation reading this novel with but little appreciation

of its amazing strength; the Older Generation with only a few exceptions voiced its stern disapproval of Faulkner and all his ways. One of the few exceptions was the Village Barber, an omnivorous reader of excellent taste and judgment, whose comments on current literature would do credit to any New York literary gathering. With Faulkner, for whose work the Landscaper has often expressed enthusiasm, the question is a very old one: shall we accord the artist the fullest possible choice in his selection of material? If we say at the outset that he is under certain quite definite limitations in this respect, an arguable point, we assume the right to dismiss his work as soon as it transgresses these boundaries. But if we allow him a latitude as broad as life, and judge results only, criticism at once becomes an entirely different matter. It has often been said here, and hardly needs repeating, that the South hates and distrusts the truth about many aspects of its life, past and present, and Faulkner, iconoclast that he is, will never kneel in the romantic temple. . . . But if he keeps his present gait, and goes as far as some of us think he will, his State will be proud of him; outside recognition will take care of this matter. The Landscaper still recalls South Carolina's sudden change in attitude toward Julia Peterkin when the New York *Times* chose *Black April* as one of the fifty best novels of the year of its appearance, and the further change in attitude when *Scarlet Sister Mary* received the Pulitzer Prize. There will be another Faulkner novel along soon, incidentally, making eight novels and a

volume of excellent short stories that have appeared from this pen since *Soldier's Pay* was published in 1925, and the author not yet thirty-five years old.

Mr. Lippmann and America

TO DROP this interesting subject, however, and to get back to more immediate matters, the Landscaper reports with some disappointment that there have been no additions to the new books on Japan and China since last month. This condition will be quickly cured, however, and we shall as certainly face a deluge of material of this sort as we did of books on Russia in 1931. On other questions of world-import, there are a number of excellent volumes, including Walter Lippmann's *The United States in World Affairs* (Harper, \$3), which is, in effect, the history of 1931, and the account of the relation of the depression to international policies. Mr. Lippmann's splendid gift for clear analysis is evident in every page of this important and exciting book; not even those who disagree with him can quarrel with the simplicity to which he has reduced his story of an epochal period. He closes the book with comment on the Manchurian affair, an adventure for Japan that, no matter what its present conclusion, is bound to have repercussions for long years to come. Actually there has never been any doubt about this matter of a temporary adjustment of the affair: Japan has followed the familiar course of imperialism and taken what she wanted and was able to take. The speed with which this purpose was accomplished seems extraordinary.

Books About Hitler

SEVERAL new books are available on Germany, including two whose principal concern is Adolf Hitler, an intrinsically inconsequential figure converted into a real menace to the peace of Europe by the movement of events. These are Dorothy Thompson's excellent book, published by Farrar and Rinehart, and *Hitlerism: The Iron Fist in Germany*, by "Nordicus" (Mohawk Press, \$3). *The Germans: An Inquiry and an Estimate* by George N. Shuster (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, \$3) is the result of a careful study of the whole situation, made by one of the leading Catholic scholars of the United States. Mr. Shuster's conclusions seem sound and sensible, and his book, altogether serious in import, is readable because of the intelligence of its point of view, and its good style. *The Birth of the German Republic* by Arthur Rosenberg (Oxford University Press) is a history of Germany from 1871 to 1918; the translation is by Ian Morrow. Several years ago there appeared in Germany a book called *Gott Im Frankreich* by Friedrich Sieburg, at present the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and formerly stationed in Paris. Later it was published in Paris under the striking title of *Dieu-est-il Francais?*, and it found a huge audience waiting for it among the French. It is now available here as *Who Are These French?* (Macmillan, \$2.50), in an excellent translation by Alan Harris. Herr Frieburg is a German who has an extraordinary understanding of France and the French, so that his book

becomes at once a remarkable interpretation of a land and a people he knows and loves and a plea for peace between his native and his adopted countries. Not the least interesting feature of the present edition is that it retains an appendix made up of an answer to Herr Frieburg by Bernard Grasset, its French publisher, and Herr Frieburg's rejoinder. We are here treated to the amazing spectacle of a perfectly calm, good-humored debate between a Frenchman and a German. The Landscaper suspects that a good many people who have been irritated by the French of late will enjoy the Frieburg book particularly; it serves as a reminder of the many virtues of the French and helps us to forget their petty and exasperating faults. Since it is obvious enough that there can be no stable peace in Europe without an understanding between France and Germany, and since *Who are These French?* has already proved itself a valuable agency in the direction of this rapport, it should appeal to many intelligent Americans.

South America's Future

THE *Struggle for South America* by J. F. Normano (Houghton Mifflin, \$4) is an interesting account of recent events on our neighbor-continent, and more than anything else an impassioned plea for coöperation between the United States and Brazil. The author is a Brazilian scholar, who very naturally emphasizes the importance of his own land, and who is confident that it offers this country excellent opportunities for investment, and perhaps, in time, a home for our surplus population.

For a time, at least, we may be expected to be more than a little gun-shy of Latin-American investments, but there is no doubt that our destiny is closely bound-up with South America's, and Señor Normano gives a clear summary of existing conditions, including a straightforward analysis of *El Peligro Yanqui*, the shadow of which is never quite removed from our relations with Latin-American republics. W. Y. Elliott's *The New British Empire* (Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill, \$5) is a study of the post-War changes in the whole British Empire, changes which, the author thinks, have gone a long way toward creating a "British International," with a capitalistic-democratic basis, to offset the Third Communist International. Mr. Elliott is a member of the faculty of Harvard. His volume is well illustrated with maps and charts and his interesting theory quite well worked out.

Trotsky's Great Book

OF RECENT books on Russia, there are two that easily overshadow all the rest. One of these is Volume One of Leon Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* (Simon and Schuster, \$5), covering "The Overthrow of Tzarism — February–June, 1917"; the other, *Stalin: The Career of a Fanatic*, by Essad-Bey (Viking, \$3.50). The highly important Trotsky volume has the further advantage of a translation by Max Eastman, which preserves the full power and artistry of Trotsky's style, much praised in the European prints. This book is unique in that it is an account of one of the most dramatic events in the history of the world told by

a participant, and by a man who actually had as much to do with the shaping of the events he describes as any other human agency. Trotsky led the Revolution of 1905; he organized and fronted the greater Revolution of 1917. His book is a history of the events leading up to the downfall of the Romanovs, and a portrait gallery of the actors in the great drama, the Czar, Rasputin, Kerensky, Kamenev, etc. One may without any suggestion of exaggeration call it the most important historical document of our times. Volume Two will deal with the downfall of the Coalition Government and the thrilling days of October; together the two are assured of immortality not only as historical source-books, but as tremendously stirring reading material.

Essad-Bey's life of Joseph Djughashvili, the Georgian known to the world as Stalin, is packed full of the most intense human interest. Stalin, the son of a shoemaker, spent his early years in the gutters of Tiflis; later he studied theology, and engaged in much more dubious enterprises. His first real stroke for Communism, Essad-Bey declares, came after the 1905 Revolution when he robbed the transport of the Russian State Bank of 341,000 roubles, which he turned over to the Party. Essad-Bey devotes ample space to the quarrel between Trotsky and Stalin, explaining that Trotsky represented the point of view of modern Europe, while Stalin remained true to his Asiatic birth — two worlds, irreconcilable. Trotsky, Essad-Bey explains, is a romantic; Stalin, a bitter realist, and therefore bound to win. It is hardly necessary to com-

ment upon the importance of knowing as much about this Stalin as possible; he rules something like one-sixth of the inhabited world, and his policies will have more and more influence upon the lives of all of us. Essad-Bey has executed an admirable portrait of him.

Life in Early America

OF BOOKS on subjects nearer home there are usually enough to keep us out of mischief. The endlessly fascinating field of Americana furnishes two excellent volumes: *Black Elk Speaks, Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Ogalala Sioux*, told to John G. Neihardt (Morrow, \$3.75), and *Silver Dollar: The Story of the Tabors*, by David Karsner (Covici-Friede, \$3). Mr. Neihardt has made a faithful transcript of this Indian autobiography, which is at once an important document and a highly readable piece of literature. The illustrations are by the noted Indian painter, Standing Bear. Mr. Karsner's book is one of those incredible chapters from the story of pioneer days in this country with which we are all more or less familiar. H. A. W. Tabor, the founder of the House of Tabor, started with nothing, became enormously wealthy from a silver mine, won his way into politics, and after having lived the life of an Oriental potentate, died a pauper. The last of his children came to the saddest possible end. The tale is told in a snappy style that is somewhat too journalistic to be wholly pleasing, but Mr. Karsner has done his research with care, and the story itself is irresistible in its humor and pathos. *John Hanson: Our First*

President, by Seymour Wemyss Smith (Brewer, Warren and Putnam) explores a by-way of American history in an interesting way — Hanson, if you happen to be as ignorant on the subject as the Landscaper, was a Marylander who was chosen President by the Continental Congress on November 5, 1781, eight years before the election of George Washington.

Catholic and Protestant

THE long story of the struggle between Catholic and Protestant in the United States, a war we brought with us from Europe, is told with skill in *The Shadow of the Pope* by Michael Williams (Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill). Mr. Williams is editor of the Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal*. About half his book is devoted to the Presidential campaign of 1928, when the nomination by the Democrats of Alfred E. Smith aroused all the hatred of Catholicism that is a heritage of certain sections of the United States. Mr. Williams inquires with care into the reasons for this hatred; his is a fair statement of the situation from the point of view of an intelligent Catholic. Whether or not it will change any one's mind, is, of course, altogether another matter. Religious prejudice dies as hard as race prejudice, and intelligence affects neither, since both are fundamentally emotional.

One of the States where prejudice against Catholics is strongest is given something else to think about in a remarkable book called *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain-Gang* by Robert G. Burns (Vanguard, \$2). Burns was a shell-shocked soldier who got into trouble with

the Georgia authorities some years ago. He finally escaped, after unspeakable cruelties had been visited upon him, made his way to Chicago, and became the successful editor of a magazine. Rearrested and threatened with extradition, he ran away again, and was still at large when his book was published. His story is a comment not only upon the Georgia penal system, but upon the whole system of American justice, that thoughtful citizens will find worth reading — it becomes easier and easier in this country for the guilty to escape any punishment whatever, and the relatively innocent to be treated with sheer and inexcusable brutality. Collinson Owen's *King Crime* (Holt, \$2.50), an Englishman's observations upon American justice, is one of the best books of the sort the Landscaper has read. Mr. Owen concludes his volume with the question: what are you going to do about it? One wonders if anything will be done in the face of a public apathy that seems to break all previous records.

Planning for the Future

MORE cheerful is another symposium edited by Charles A. Beard, and called *America Faces the Future* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3). There are contributions from many of our leading thinkers and near-thinkers, and the gist of the whole matter seems to be that economic planning will save us from the recurrence of the present disaster. This is a heartening book for those who can bring themselves to believe in it; the Landscaper is not deeply moved by its optimistic tone. The title seems overhopeful, as the amount of gen-

vine future-facing this country has done since 1929, in proportion to the need, has been infinitesimal. This is especially true of the great minds in Washington, D. C. Further discouragement, for those who are gluttons for punishment, may be found in an excellent book called *Agricultural Credit in the United States* by Earl Sylvester Sparks of the University of South Dakota (Crowell, \$3.75). This is the best volume on the subject the Landscaper has come across, thorough and sensible, and very plainly indicative of some of the difficulties that lie in the path of the economic planners. Mr. Sparks concludes that credit for farmers is by no means a panacea, as the politicians used to say; indeed, as in the Southern cotton-growing sections, abundant credit is often the worst possible thing for the farmer, and usually ends with the Government owning his acres, and the farmer himself not only bankrupt financially but so discouraged that nothing could lure him back to the land. Economic planning on the grand scale sounds lovely, but where shall we find the minds in this country to do the planning? We pause for a reply. . . .

A Shelf of Fiction

ENOUGH of this serious business for a little while, though. The fiction shelf does not appear exactly overcrowded with important novels, but there are a dozen or so that deserve our attention. Booth Tarkington's *Mary's Neck* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is a book filled with Tarkingtonian virtues, shrewd observation, humor, characterization, and a good plot. It concerns itself

with the adventures of the Middle Western Massey family at a fashionable Maine resort, and it offers so many opportunities for the kind of biting social satire Mr. Tarkington showed himself capable of in *Alice Adams*, one lays it aside regretfully. This is perhaps not the place to discuss the Tragedy of Tarkington, but the Landscaper is one reader who will never cease to regret that a novelist of real gifts should have used them so seldom in the course of a long and honorable career. *Mary's Neck* is good enough to give poignance to one's disappointment that it is not better. Nan Bagby Stephens's *Glory* (John Day, \$2.50) is a novel made from the play *Roseanne* which was produced in New York some years ago at the Greenwich Village Theatre, a well-done and moving story of Negro life in Georgia, which presents Miss Stephens as a novelist of importance, although this is her first attempt. *Call Home the Heart* by Fielding Burke (Longmans, Green, \$2.50) is another interesting book from the South, the story of a mountain girl named Ishma and her sweetheart. The setting is North Carolina, with mill town life as a contrast to the freedom and peace of the mountains; Mr. Burke knows and handles the mountain idiom and the mountain folk with skill, and ought to do valuable work in a field that still holds many riches.

Anne Green Again

ANNE GREEN, author of two best-sellers, has done a savage portrait of a Southern girl in *Marietta* (Dutton, \$2.50), but with such consummate skill is the tragedy

written that one reads it without effort or pain. It is a little like the old story of the headsman so skilled that his victims had to take snuff after the stroke to discover that their heads no longer belonged properly to their bodies. Miss Green has an admirable sense of comedy, which does not desert her at any point; it is, perhaps, the bright keenness of her intelligence that keeps her books engaging, no matter what turn she chooses to give them. *Marietta* is the story of a Mississippi family in Paris, father a competent lawyer with a fair income, mother a spoiled Southern belle, two daughters, Lucile, plainer and less pushing, and pretty and selfish Marietta. Marietta plays the mischief with everything and everybody she touches. Her portrait is admirably done, and one need not comment now upon how well Miss Green does her Franco-American backgrounds. She is a novelist of fine talents, one of the few living for whom this observer feels a sense of deep gratitude. *Marietta* may not prove as popular as its predecessors, but it is in no sense a let-down.

Readers with a taste for delicate literary flavors in fiction are certain to find to their liking *The Phoenix-Kind* by Peter Quennell (Viking, \$2.50), a novel of exquisite workmanship that has won the praise of nearly all the critics in England and America. This story of two brothers, a lady of few conventions, and a fall from virtue is well constructed, attractively written, and a safe enough recommendation for those who ask distinction in their fictional fare. For those who enjoy historical novels, with the adventure

element uppermost, Carola Oman's *Major Grant* (Holt, \$2.50) may be recommended with few reservations; this excellent story of the Peninsular Wars is told with all the grace and quiet humor that are to be found in others of Miss Oman's works, such as *Crouchback* and *Miss Barrett's Elopement*. The present book is the tale of the escape from Spain of a handsome young British officer, the head of Wellington's secret service.

Life in a Small Town

BRADDA FIELD'S *Small Town* (Appleton, \$2.50) is a distinctly artistic piece of work, the story of three sisters in a small Canadian village, and the escape from the drab life there by one of the trio. Miss Field's characters are absolutely alive, which is one of the reasons her novel is so intensely interesting; she understands keeping up the emotional tension, too, so that a plot and a background that seem hopelessly drab become anything else but in her deft hands. This is her second novel, *The Earthen Lot* having been her first. She is a newcomer to the field of fiction who will certainly bear watching.

An American novel in an older tradition, long, patiently done, and with characters in whom nobility is a trait one discovers without too much of a sense of surprise, is Erika Zastrow's *Broken Arcs* (Holt, \$2.50). This is Miss Zastrow's first published piece of fiction, and a more than competent effort. Beginning in Schleswig-Holstein, its setting shifts to this country, back to Germany, and then again to New York for a happy ending. A brief Middle Western episode is the high spot in the

book, an extraordinarily dramatic incident that is complete in itself. Miss Zastrow has created a lovable heroine whose fortunes one follows with the keenest interest; it is rare in these days to meet in a book so wholly alive a person whose goodness is entirely credible.

Two of the newer English novels both suggest something of the Dickensian tradition, and should appeal to most readers. These are: *The Old Woman Talks* by F. O. Mann (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), Mr. Mann having been introduced to American readers with *Albert Grope*; and *David's Day*, by Denis Mackail. (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). Both are longish novels, with plenty of plot and excitement, and plenty of quiet humor as well. Mr. Mann was born a South Londoner and knows the Cockney people of whom he writes. Mr. Mackail has a steadily growing reputation among the readers of substantial fiction, which is entertaining along with its other qualities. Something else again is Wyndham Lewis's *The Apes of God* (McBride, \$2.50), a very long and highly Rabelaisian satire upon a large number of subjects, with more than one European figure easily recognizable in its crowded pages. Naturally one needs some knowledge of the things and people satirized to get the fullest enjoyment from the book, but any one ought to be able to enjoy the zest with which it is done and its many witty lines.

Good Short Stories

THREE new books of short stories that are every one worth some attention are *Without Cherry Blossom* by Panteleimon Romanof (Scrib-

ner, \$2.50); *Great Spanish Short Stories* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50); and *The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year, Volume II* (1932), edited by Carolyn Wells (John Day, \$2.50). Romanof is the author of *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, one of the best novels that has come out of Soviet Russia. The theme of *Without Cherry Blossom* is love under the Soviets, and the stories are handled in a masterful manner, filled with social significance, but not depending at all upon this quality alone for their interest. The volume of Spanish short stories is translated by Warre B. Wells, and has an introduction by Henri Barbusse, one of the many Hispanophile Frenchmen. There are good selections from such writers as Unamuno, Valle-Inclán, Baroja, Ayala and Miró, among the oldsters, and an equal number of selections from the younger authors of the country, so that the book represents a very fair cross-section of contemporary Spanish literature. The Carolyn Wells volume ought to be in the hands, or at the bedside, of every lover of mystery stories — she knows as well how to select such yarns as she does to tell them.

The Landscaper never quite realizes how many books there are each month that are worthy of note until he reaches this dangerous point in his allotment of space. There are, for example, Denis Tilden Lynch's *Grover Cleveland: Man Four Square* (Liveright, \$3.50), a perfectly corking biography by one of the Landscaper's favorite biographers, which may receive attention later; Emery Neff's *Carlyle* (Norton, \$3), a highly readable short biography of one

of the Landscaper's favorite authors — Mr. Neff thinks we are in for a revival of Carlyle and the Carlylean system; *So Far, So Good!*, the autobiography of Elsie Janis (Dutton, \$4), which she very evidently and delightfully wrote herself, and last, but not at all least, *Time Stood Still, 1914-1918*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim, (Dutton) the author of one of the best books on England written in this age, *England, The Unknown Isle*. The present volume is an account of Cohen-Portheim's four years in an English prison camp during the War, a fair, even-tempered and intelligent story of how it felt to be interned as an alien enemy in a country one had long known as a friend. Cohen-

Portheim was a thoroughgoing cosmopolitan, a painter who was as much at home in one country as another. The War cost him four years out of his life. His book is admirable in every respect.

If the Landscaper may be permitted a postscript, there is a new book by D. H. Lawrence now available. It is called *Apocalypse* (Viking, \$3), and as a sort of last will and testament of a genius should interest many people. Lawrence tries to explain himself in it, and at least makes clear his belief in the emotions as opposed to the intellect. Since this battle goes merrily on in our civilization, his book has significance for all of us.



The North American Review

VOLUME 233

MAY, 1932

NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Slightly Hair-Raising

BECAUSE I was no more than six or seven when I saw this phenomenon, or whatever you would call it, I took the trouble lately to inquire about it of another person who had been older than I at the time and who also had been in the town. It was surprising how well our recollections tallied.

There was this house — as nearly as I can remember, it was a dismal-looking place, well fit for Poesque doings, but that may be wrong — in a small village of Northern Michigan. The boy who lived in it was proud of its peculiarity, as was natural, but he seemed also to be frightened of it. I know I was and should not have lived there for anything.

He showed me the window several times, both from inside and out, always in the daytime. The mark on it was quite plain, even from the inside — a heavy shadow for the base of the thumb, lighter ones for the opposite edge of the palm and the finger tips, even a round mark for the button of the glove, though why there should have been a glove I can not for the life of me remember.

Three different panes had been put in, according to the story, and still the mark remained.

This story had it further that a man had shot his step-mother to death in the house, then placed the muzzle of his shot-gun in his mouth and blown off his own head. As the woman fell, her hand touched the window pane, leaving the mark, which persisted for many years and then, as unaccountably, disappeared.

No realistic explanation was ever given, to the best of my knowledge, but that is not denying that there was one. What interests me more is the boy who lived in the house. I moved away before I was eight and have never seen or heard of him again, yet often I have amused myself wondering what effect the whole thing had on him in after life.

In case the question seems hypothetical to the point of absurdity, let me make excuse before going further. Small towns in America before the advent of pernicious machine-age-ism usually had some local horror superstition, such as this. Our literature is full of it, if proof be needed, and anyhow all the condi-

tions governing small towns demanded it. Then in more specific excuse, our urban life of today is made up of — indeed, largely made up by — such small boys as the one I mention. It must be reasonable to assume that the majority of boys born of a degree of intelligence in that generation and with an American background of at least one other generation have left their small towns and now are living in and affecting the cities. So that, putting the two together, my ghostly glove mark may really be worthier of examination than I think.

SUPPOSE, for instance, that the boy left his small town soon after I did, still firmly believing in the superstition (if such it was). Probably he received the generous education available almost anywhere in the country, perhaps even graduating from college. It seems likely enough that he went into the advertising business; it was an auspicious time. Perhaps he wrote copy or thought up ideas for advertisements. Is it inconceivable that memory of that glove mark added mystical abandon to his imagination, already urged to free play by his employers?

Maybe his firm handled funeral parlor accounts. Perhaps he was responsible for the diabolically subtle twist that is given to some of this literature — instilling the notion that the deceased's aura will haunt the funeral proceedings and be hurt if they are not carried out with a proper gloomy relish, with an extravagant and barbarous display that no sane person would endure if bolstered custom did not demand

it. Responsible, perhaps, for the inhibitory fear of words which might assume too plainly that there are corpses around in need of attentions obtainable for cash.

But there would be no need for so close an affinity with the glove. Anything from cigarettes to steam rollers could have been advertised by some one with an impress of the impossible on his soul. And in that perhaps most profitable phase of the profession, horrifying the susceptible into buying dubious potions, salves and apparatus with fears of disease and everlasting death, to say nothing of social ostracism, he obviously would be at his best.

Suppose, instead, that he went into a bank. Granting him a prodigious genius for the business and phenomenal influence, he might by this time have come to be one of Representative Louis McFadden's favorite fables, the international banker. In which case, it would be easy enough to explain those South American loans. When our banker saw the moving finger writing upon the wall he could stare at it calmly and go about his business. Had he not seen something equally fearful years before, and not been affected? Further, when certain no less fateful, but more concrete, writings came to hand, concerning defaulted bonds, his reaction might be backward toward the superstitious, connecting the writing hand with the gloved one, and saying gravely, "There is nothing to be done. All things are strange and with God. We can only deflate."

Or if he went into medicine, there too he would have found congenial surroundings. When he took the

Oath of Hippocrates, among other things sealing his lips to the errors of his brethren, lest the people lose their confidence, any still small voice of doubt he might have had would have vanished at the thought that, if so easily seen a thing as that hand mark never was explained, then why should doctors, who obviously knew so much better than laymen their business, do anything but resent questions implying their human fallibility? And himself recognizing that fallibility, why would he turn his idealistic face averse from split fees, unnecessary operations and the pleasant path of avoiding progress? Certainly, if that same inexplicability led him to doubt the easy cure, the displayed omnipotence of his skill, there would be little peace or prosperity in his life. Probably he chose a middle course, with enough profitless idealism on one side to balance the necessity of charging his patients according to his own ideas of their ability to pay on the other.

Or he might have gone into architecture and perpetrated numbers of those gruesome concoctions of steel, stone or plaster that dot our cities and countryside with horror for the æsthetes.

Or become a modernistic artist.

Or an "experimental" novelist.

Or he might have become a lawyer, gone into politics and known from analogy the unreasonableness of explaining a tin box.

AS A statesman he would have been more than ordinarily in tune with the infinite. On our Foreign Relations Committee in the Senate he could have explained, presumably

by the button on that long past glove, exactly what should be done about the Polish Corridor — without ever the necessity of going there. Again by his early training in inexplicability, he would know the aloof connection between God, home and mother, and eligibility for high office. He could show you with a mere wave of the hand how prohibitive tariffs improve our foreign trade — because even if a dying woman's hand did touch that window, it failed to break it, and left a sign. Perhaps the sign also gave some clue to the reason why a patriotic organization has and should have support for a two billion dollar selective dole when one of the world's main fears is that our already overburdened budget will not be balanced. All things would be clear to him in government, even why the legislative body refuses obdurately to appropriate money for the enforcement of its best-beloved moral law.

As a manufacturer he might have done better even than as a statesman. In part he could have functioned so as both, making tariffs and gimcracks with either hand, but refusing religiously to follow the Biblical hint of denying one's knowledge to the other. Because each time the old glove-marked pane had been replaced the mark reappeared, he would have had ample reason to believe that every time he built new factories for his product with the heart-warming profits which flowed in new ghostly hands would appear at the retail counters all over this broad land to buy the ever-increasing merchandise — though he did nothing, or as little as possible, to hand

out money for their use in purchasing. Because he remembered that most of the townspeople had accepted the dank story without more than visual corroboration, he would have felt confident that he could say anything he liked about his wares and have it believed, as long as he spoke in gaudy print where the lazy populace could read it without effort or even recollection — just as another dent in its sub-conscious. If it occurred to him that cut-throat competition for new territories was taking appreciable slices from his profit, he might remember that, although those three replacements of the pane cost something, the ghostly hand *did* come back, and with plenty of attention from the villagers. Maybe there are other ways the recollection could have brought him to a state of affluence, with broad properties, carloads of stock on his shelves, surplus profits in myriad shares of once expensive securities, in this year of grace, 1932. But one could imagine those thousand-odd economists of 1930 scoffing at the whole story.

As an unemployed worker, white-collar or otherwise, I am not so sure

how much it would have helped him. Possibly he would have forgotten it altogether, though how he could seems unimaginable, since he actually lived in the house. But if he had, it might explain how he came to be among the suffering masses — by converse — though it would do him little good that way either. Perhaps, if he remembered, it would give him a lethargic acceptance of those paradoxical surplus millions of shoes that he so badly needs, or bushels of wheat, or suits of clothes, all of which their owners would gladly be rid of, and now at no great profit, either. But if it did this for him, and similar things did likewise for his fellows, how could you say why, within a few days of Mr. Ford's announcement that he would manage the reëmployment of four hundred thousand men by June, there was a bloody riot at his factory? By blaming it on the communists, to be sure, but that was one of this boy's accomplishments as a statesman, presumably inspired by the glove mark on that obscure window pane. With Alice, I am very confused.

W. A. D.



Debts and the Hoover Programme

BY OTTO DAVID TOLISCHUS

Some hard facts on the international depression and President Hoover's attempts to overcome it

ALL signs and portents, at home and abroad, point to the inevitable conclusion that another revision of the War debts is just around the corner.

The solemn declarations of the statesmen of Europe, the reconstruction programme of President Hoover, the Dawes-Mellon-Mills shift in the Administration forces, and, last but not least, the increasing disorganization of world business and the consequent threat of new political upheavals — they are all omens that for better or for worse the American people will soon be called upon to make a new and possibly final decision on the whole War debt problem.

There can be little doubt that President Hoover and his Administration are ready for revision and that a scaling down of War debts is part of the Hoover reconstruction programme. Recent Administration utterances and moves are eloquent in this respect, and the appointment of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's is the most eloquent of all.

In fact, the Hoover reconstruction programme may be summarized briefly as follows:

(1) Anti-deflation — some insist on calling it inflation — at home.

(2) Deflation of the huge international debts abroad.

As a conception, this programme is both broad and bold. Its aims may be assumed to be to right the balance between the Old World and the New, finally to liquidate the financial aftermath of the World War, to open up again the channels of international trade and international payments and thereby lead the United States and the rest of the world into a new era of prosperity which would hold out the hope for an easier solution of the vexing political problems that remain.

The domestic part of the programme — put into the hands of Mr. Ogden L. Mills, the new Secretary of the Treasury, and of General Charles G. Dawes, president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation — has found almost universal acclaim — at least in its initial stages. The international part — entrusted to the financial genius of Mr. Mellon — is so full of dynamite that it will require both high moral courage and possible political self-sacrifice to carry it to a successful conclusion.

The marching order of events has already been determined by tacit agreement which may be regarded as an initial victory for Washington. The European powers will make a new attempt to solve the reparation problem at their conference at Lausanne in June. The Administration has announced that it will frown upon a "united front" of Europe against America, but that it is perfectly willing to consider new proposals from the individual powers. Europe may be expected, therefore, to scale down the German reparations to a point which will make it cheaper for Germany to pay than to continue fighting them. But it may be expected also to make such an agreement more or less conditional upon similar concessions from America. After Lausanne, Europe will present the United States with a *fait accompli* and the new debt negotiations will be ready to start.

Since Congress refused to re-create the old War debt commission, Mr. Mellon has been appointed as a War debt commission of one. He handled the European end of the Hoover moratorium last summer and he has repeatedly expressed sympathy for the debt difficulties of Great Britain. He is, therefore, the logical Administration man in London at this time. Similarly, Mr. Mills, who comes out openly for "inflation," is the logical man in the Treasury. General Dawes, on the other hand, was on "vacation" in America during the moratorium negotiations and with a new debt revision in the offing he has resigned as Ambassador to Great Britain. There is no injustice in saying that if he cherishes any political ambitions, his present position

is more likely to promote them than the ungrateful task which Mr. Mellon will have to tackle. At any rate, the logic of the triple shift is self-evident.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Mellon's chief task is likely to be to find a formula that will sound prettier than repudiation or default.

For the declarations of the European statesmen are unmistakable: Europe has made up its mind that it can not and will not pay its War debts to America—at least not in full.

All competent observers in Europe agree on that point and popular and Congressional opposition in America to reduction or cancelation of War debts will not change Europe's mind. Nor will threats.

Europe knows that America will not send troops to collect the debts. It views the risk of a financial embargo, proposed by a bill in Congress, complacently; for besides the War debts of some eleven billion dollars, Europe also holds some six billion dollars of American private loans and investments, and it knows that as long as both exist the American financial embargo already established in practice will continue in effect. Reduction or cancelation of War debts is demanded precisely for the purpose of freeing funds to pay interest and amortization on private debts—now imperiled. Once these payments are assured, the doors for additional flow of capital to Europe open automatically. This quite aside from the attitude of the American bankers who favor reduction or cancelation of War debts in order to resume business with Europe. Control of the flow of capital from one country to another has been tried and proved futile.

Put in very blunt terms, therefore, the realities of the situation confronting America will force it to decide on one of two alternatives:

(1) It can make the best of the situation, revise the War debts downward to a point which makes it cheaper for Europe to pay than to repudiate or default, and thereby save the principle of "honest debt payment" and the private loans and investments with it;

(2) Or it can "put Europe on the spot" as a defaulter and repudiationist, assume the risk of new shocks to world business and possible political upheavals which are bound to affect America as well, and in high moral indignation retire to a "splendid isolation" — which neither the bankers nor the business world will or can observe for long.

Neither of these alternatives is very pleasant, but it may be safely assumed that the Washington Administration has decided on the first as the lesser evil. If they make it appear that America has become the prisoner of its debtors, it is only because it will not or can not coerce them. America lent not wisely but too well. It would be easy to point a moral — except that, given the same set of circumstances, history would doubtlessly repeat itself.

THERE is no doubt of Europe's moral and legal obligation to pay its debts. There is its bond, signed and sealed. True, the debtors have raised and will continue to raise a moral issue on the basis of a common brotherhood in arms — as debtors always will. The most advanced of these "moralists," M. André Cheradame, French publicist, figures out,

in fact, that far from owing anything to America, Europe has a lot to claim from America. In a book entitled *Uncle Sam, It's Your Turn to Pay*, he attempts to show that on the basis of troops engaged during the first fifteen months following America's declaration of war against Germany, when the "associated powers" fought America's war as well, the United States still *owes* France nearly \$750,000,000, Belgium nearly \$28,000,000, and that the British debt has been canceled by three-quarters. The trouble is that the moral argument leads nowhere; for whether America went into the War to help out Europe, or whether Europe fought at least part of the War to help out America is a question of the point of view.

On the other hand, it is not strictly accurate to say that a reduction or cancelation of the War debts would shift the *whole* cost of the World War unto the shoulders of the American taxpayer, as many contend.

The direct, net expenditures of the belligerent governments for war operations alone are put roughly at \$200,000,000,000.

The share of the individual countries in this huge sum is put as follows:

America, direct expenditures,	\$22,000,000,000
advances to "associated powers,"	10,000,000,000
Total for America,	32,000,000,000
British Empire, direct expenditures,	40,000,000,000
advances to allies,	9,000,000,000
Total for British Empire,	49,000,000,000
France, direct expenditures,	24,000,000,000
advances to allies,	1,500,000,000
Total for France,	25,500,000,000
Italy,	12,000,000,000
Russia,	22,000,000,000
Central Powers,	60,000,000,000

This leaves out of account the vast amounts paid out after the War for reparations, reconstruction and pensions for veterans, widows and orphans. And, lest we forget, it also leaves out of account the human toll of the dead and wounded. The total of the dead is put roughly at 13,000,000, of whom France lost approximately 1,350,000, the British Empire 900,000 and the United States 126,000. If Europe does raise a moral issue, the above figures are the explanation; and though we do not accept the issue, we need not deny understanding. At any rate, the above figures may serve to reduce the problem to its proper proportion, and whoever can find consolation over an inevitable loss in contemplating the losses of others, let him make the most of it.

THE higher morality at the present time, when all the world is writhing in economic pains, is expediency. That is the only basis on which this problem can and will be solved — or it will solve itself.

“Strictly business” is the mood of the pressing moment, and business methods will have to prevail if the solution is to be successful.

From such a business point of view, the favorite argument of the debtors, that they can not pay their debts because Germany is not paying them any reparations, will not promote their cause. At best, it has a very variable application to the individual debtors.

Germany paid them, according to the best American estimates, in both cash and kind a total of approximately \$10,000,000,000. The value of the German colonies and other

ceded territories has been estimated by British authorities at another \$25,000,000,000.

Ex-premier Laval of France estimated the total War damage to the French civilian population, which the reparations were primarily intended to compensate, at \$4,000,000,000.

The European debtors have paid America so far on both principal and interest less than \$2,000,000,000.

This leaves a handsome balance for the debtors over and above the damages to their own civilian populations and their payments to America. On the basis of their own argument, they could continue to pay America even if Germany no longer pays them.

France certainly is able to pay some more. Not only did France receive the bulk of the German reparations, but Great Britain and America and the millions of their soldiers spent enormous sums — in good dollars and pounds — for war materials, war services and French goods and produce — which is the real source of her present financial strength and her hoard of gold.

There is no easy answer, however, to the argument of Europe that the debts can not be paid because America now demands payment in gold and that the payment of the unproductive reparations and War debts is mainly responsible for the economic ills of the world.

This raises the vast and complicated problem of how international payments are to be made when the whole world is in debt to America and America will not accept enough of the world's goods or services to make the payments. It raises the

entire question of the function of gold as the world's monetary standard and its management.

For America has not only the War debts to her credit, amounting to \$11,000,000,000; it has in addition some \$18,000,000,000 in loans and investments abroad on which interest and amortization must be paid; and it has besides an annual surplus of exports over imports the total of which has mounted up since 1920 to another \$11,732,000,000. In fact, America is the only country which has both vast credits abroad and a favorable balance of trade besides, which raises entirely new problems in world economy.

How is it to be paid? The total stock of monetary gold in the world amounts to less than \$11,000,000,000. And America and France already hold two-thirds of that. Obviously, there is not enough gold in the whole world to pay what the world owes America.

There is only one known method of making international payments, and that is by the exchange of goods and services. That was clearly recognized by the international experts who framed the Dawes and Young plans for reparation payments and they put it down as an axiom in black and white. But America dares not and will not accept enough foreign goods and services to pay for the annual surplus in her balance of payments; to do so would wreck her own industries; she therefore keeps foreign goods out by the highest tariff wall in the world. Germany made her enormous payments only because she was first stripped of everything movable that the victors could or thought they could use and

by paying the bulk of the remainder in goods. America's problem can not be solved the same way.

Expenditures of American tourists abroad and remittances of America's immigrants to the "folks in the Old Country" require some of the surplus, but they do not solve the problem, and the depression has cut them down to next to nothing anyhow.

The only known method of balancing international payments that can not be met by goods or services is export of capital—loans and investments abroad. That is the method England practised for more than a century. It made her the "workshop of the world" and her surplus income created an empire. The investments of her surplus earnings were used as trail-blazers for her commerce and her flag followed her trade. When after the War, America suddenly found itself the chief creditor of the world, it embarked—perforce—upon a similar course. The \$18,000,000,000 of loans and investments abroad were the result. It was the period of America's empire building—an invisible, financial empire was created that did not fly the Stars and Stripes but that was just as real and even larger than the British. While American capital overflowed the world, the world prospered and America prospered most of all. When, beginning with 1928, America began to suspect the suddenness and the size of her empire and American capital began to withdraw, world prosperity collapsed and American prosperity collapsed worst of all. The debtor countries, called upon to pay in gold, were stripped of their gold and went off the gold standard or defaulted—

either outright or through exchange restrictions. Unable to sell to their creditors, they were unable to buy. World trade languished and the world became glutted with goods. Gold began its mad migrations from one country to another seeking safety, and hasn't stopped migrating yet. Half the world was starving amidst the greatest abundance of goods history has ever known.

THAT is not the whole story, of course. Overextension in some lines of production; England's demonetization of silver, both at home and in India, which wrecked the purchasing power of the populous East; political rivalries and the ever rising tariff walls in a Balkanized Europe — all these undoubtedly contributed to the collapse. But fundamentally this crisis must be regarded as one of underconsumption rather than overproduction; the desperate need of millions is eloquent testimony of that; and underconsumption is merely another word for inability to buy. No doubt, the American bankers made many mistakes; they "merchandized" their credits in many cases with such high-pressure salesmanship that the debtor countries themselves had to take steps to stop the golden tide. World banking is not a creation of a day; it must be learned first. Yet the fact remains: without the great export of American capital there would have been no empire and no eleven billion dollar trade surplus in eleven years, and without the empire and the trade surplus there would have been no prosperity boom to look back upon or to stimulate hope for the future.

For the collapse, the statesmen must be held more responsible than the bankers. The bankers invested according to their lights in what looked like sound security. But the vast international debts were contracted by statesmen who were dazzled by the astronomic figures of their domestic War finance which feeds on itself, and who lost sight of the limitations of international payments — the possibilities of transferring money from one country to another. A shining light of the Versailles Peace Conference like M. Klotz, then French Minister of Finance, seriously proposed that Germany should pay up to \$5,000,000,000 a year and even Lloyd George didn't know any better than to propose that Germany should pay a total of \$115,000,000,000. They were sent into the political wilderness, but the evil they did lives after them and has warped the financial judgment of the world. On top of the vast inter-governmental debts was then piled the huge amount of private debts. It took England far more than a century to accumulate foreign credits of some \$19,000,000,000, and these credits fed half the world before the War. America amassed a foreign credit of some \$29,000,000,000 (including the War debts) within fourteen years. Neither world trade nor the available stock of monetary gold in which these debts supposedly are payable was able to support the load. The debt structure had become an inverted pyramid resting on too narrow a foundation. When gold and credit withdrawals and the consequent contraction of world trade further reduced this foundation, the pyramid collapsed.

A few figures will illustrate the point:

	1913	1930
Gold stock of principal countries	\$8,239,500,000	\$10,907,399,000
National wealth of principal countries	521,000,000,000	821,000,000,000
National debts of principal countries	43,000,000,000	150,000,000,000
Foreign trade of principal countries	36,259,000,000	57,934,000,000

The figures for the present international indebtedness are only an approximation; even the statisticians and almanac makers have given up their compilation as a bad job. Yet in 1913 observant economists feared that the international debts had already grown so big that countries would court war as a way out.

The most interesting and important thing which these figures reveal, however, is the fact that all values have expanded far beyond the increase in the supply of monetary gold. If the nations are pulling the golden blanket back and forth to cover themselves, it is simply because the blanket has become too small. And the greatest expansion has been in the debts. They have risen from a little more than five times the gold supply in 1913 to nearly fifteen times the present gold supply. The disproportion between the increase in world trade and the debts is even greater, especially since world trade fell to \$42,667,000,000 in 1931. The wonder is not that the structure collapsed, but that it could stand erect so long.

What, then, is the solution?

OBVIOUSLY, the main problem is this: the international debts must be brought into a healthier relation with the value of world trade and the size of the world's gold sup-

ply—if the debts are to remain payable in gold values. This can be done by any or all of the following methods:

(1) World trade values must be expanded.

(2) The gold supply, whose increase is fixed, but on which trade values ultimately depend, must be stretched to greater usefulness.

(3) The debts must be slashed.

The first two broaden the foundation of the debt pyramid, the third reduces the size of the pyramid itself. President Hoover's reconstruction programme is essentially a combination of all three—with limited application.

The only other remedy is outright inflation—that is, abandonment of the gold standard, substitution of other metals or values for gold—or their addition to gold—as a basis for the world's currencies and as measure of their value. This means depreciation of the currencies themselves. As the currencies depreciate, prices rise, and the value of the debts shrinks in proportion. That is the remedy proposed by most English economists and leaders, whose pound has already slipped off its golden peg. The gold standard, they claim, has broken down and they advocate the "restoration of the price level of 1928," or the establishment of a "managed currency," or a "sterling area," in which a devalued pound would rule. It is the remedy of those who advocate "free silver coinage" in this country. It is a desperate remedy, but many countries have resorted to it by force of circumstances and have rid themselves of domestic debt—with varying results.

America will have none of it because it is not ready to abandon the gold standard. England was forced to it because her gold supply was small, her trade balance showed a growing deficit, and her foreign credits had been "frozen" — that is, temporarily defaulted. A good part of America's foreign credits has been caught in the same "freezing" process, but America holds more than a quarter of the world's gold and her trade balance continues to show a surplus. It seems difficult, therefore, to imagine a set of circumstances that could *drive* America off the gold standard — unless the world economic paralysis continues, and more and more American credits become "frozen," and America's trade surplus turns into a deficit, as some fear it will, and the foreign balances in America, now being mobilized, turn out to be far greater than expected. The results of a run on a country, as of a run on a bank, whether organized or not, are hard to foretell.

President Hoover's programme is intended to forestall such a run. It envisions an expansion of credit and a stretching of the gold supply, while keeping the gold standard intact. The dollar will still have forty per cent of gold back of it, considered more than ample in normal times. But credit liberation is intended to stop deflation, expand American trade and therewith world trade, which in turn means higher prices and a broader basis for the credit pyramid. Unless the gold withdrawn from America continues to be hoarded elsewhere, the redistribution of the gold stocks can only assist this process. Whether credit expansion on the basis of the gold standard can

be called "inflation" or not depends on the definition of the term. Any expansion can be called inflation, and credit expansion does mean money expansion, and higher prices, and therefore relative depreciation of the currency. In that sense, all growth is an inflation, and inflation has been going on through the centuries. The common meaning of the term "inflation," however, signifies paper money no longer backed by gold, the substitution of the printing press for the gold reserve. There is none of that in the Hoover programme.

THE counterpart of that programme is reduction of the debts themselves. Without that, the "controlled credit inflation" will scarcely prove sufficient and might prove dangerous. It might enlarge the debt structure without broadening its base. Though American industry depends to ninety per cent on the home market, there is serious doubt that it can operate profitably without world markets; at any rate, expansion of industrial activity would mean automatically expansion of export trade, which would merely add to American credits abroad — already disproportionately large.

A question frequently raised is this: "If international debts must be cut, why should the Government and the taxpayers suffer? Why not let the bankers and the private investors who risked their money abroad bear the loss, so that they may be wiser in the future?"

The answer is: Private loans and investments have been put — for the most part, at least — in productive enterprise. (Those that haven't are

probably lost anyhow; many millions in American credits abroad have already been defaulted. The general impression, however, that most of the American investments were put into "parks, play-grounds and black swans" is unjustified; Department of Commerce figures show that of the total American investments abroad only between six and ten per cent consist of loans to municipalities who are charged with having "squandered" money for such purposes; and even they, of course, used by far the largest part of their loans for municipally-owned public utilities and similar productive purposes.) The productive enterprises produce the means from which the various debtor Governments derive their revenues and therewith their ability to pay their debts. If the productive enterprises are forced into default and ruin, there will be no means to pay either private or governmental debts. For ultimately, all revenues, whether private or governmental, must come from the same source, namely, productive enterprise. Collapse of productive enterprise means financial collapse of the Government. Unless a method is found, therefore, to make possible the payment of both sets of debts, the loss of governmental debts — which are unproductive — must be considered the lesser evil.

In any case, the European Governments, fearing such a collapse, have made up their minds to force the issue, and it will be up to America to decide whether it wants all or nothing, or whether it will take what it can get. And it will be up to Mr. Mellon to make the best bargain possible. All other proposed solu-

tions, like disarmament of Europe, or the sale of French and British colonies in the Caribbean to America, however desirable in themselves, are at best efforts to get moral or material equivalents for gold. Disarmament alone will not pay international debts, for the bulk of armament expenditures are made at home. As far as national economy is concerned, it is taking money from one pocket and putting it into another. Reduction of armaments will help only if it reestablishes political security, bans the dread of new wars, and thereby promotes world trade. But the "if" looms big — and there is France with her dread of a German war of revenge. The sale of the European colonies involves too many political "imponderables" to be immediately practicable. Transfer of inhabited territories from one sovereignty to another has rarely been accomplished without war or revolution.

It would be idle to assume, however, that reduction or cancelation of War debts would immediately restore world prosperity. At best, it might avert a worse collapse. Coincident with a new settlement of reparations and War debts will have to go a resumption of capital exports from the creditor nations to stabilize their debtors, to develop backward sections of the world and create new values, to provide new markets and increase the world's purchasing power, and finally, to keep the international balance of payments balanced. Otherwise, the whole vicious circle will start all over again. It was Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover who said that America could afford to lose all her exports were

worth and still be ahead of the game. Paradoxical as this may sound, it is a truth which is imbedded in the nature of international trade.

There is reason to assume, however, that America's banking and investment world has learned a costly

lesson, and that the next credit expansion programme will be carried out with greater caution, in closer relation with the volume and value of world trade, and confined to such enterprises as produce enough new values to repay their debts.

Contrasts

BY LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW

Forte:

When rocks are glistening white with sun and snow,
And crackling laughter ripples down bent boughs
Of spruce and maple, whipping winds arouse
A crisp delight where russet oak leaves blow.

Pianissimo:

How strangely delicate with every breeze
Comes the faint hum of azure wings again
As through swift-gleaming strands of sun-lit rain
Soft, timid colors creep on whispering trees.

The War Lords of Japan

BY KENNETH COLEGROVE

*Their power, how they got it and what chance the liberals
have to defeat them*

ONE of the aims of Japanese foreign policy, so the Tokyo Government recently informed the Council of the League of Nations, is to oust the war lords of China and to promote the establishment of a representative government. To this pronouncement, Dr. W. W. Yen, the Chinese representative, dryly replied that demands for orderly government in China come with ill grace from a nation whose own war lords have run away with the civil government. The indictment of the mild-mannered Chinese delegate, who speaks English with a Southern accent, for he was educated at the University of Virginia, is all too true. During the past six months civil authority in Japan has capitulated to the military chiefs.

Japan is supposed to have a parliamentary government. There is manhood suffrage. There is a diet, with a house of representatives and a house of peers. There is a cabinet, whose premier is generally a member of the lower house. But this governmental façade is misleading. The military clique, on more than one occasion in the past forty years, has

usurped the powers of the Cabinet and rendered parliamentary government a farce. The Japanese war lords today are more potent than were the militarists who controlled Germany under the Hohenzollern régime or Russia under the Romanoffs.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1931, the military clique again seized the Tokyo Government. It has been in possession ever since. At the time, a liberal Premier, Baron Wakatsuki, headed the Cabinet. A peace-loving Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Shidehara, presided over the Foreign Office. A liberal diplomat, Count Uchida, was president of the South Manchurian Railway. The liberal party had a majority in the House of Representatives, and was in the midst of a victorious electoral campaign in the prefectures. Baron Shidehara was developing his "friendship policy" toward China. In line with this policy, it was announced in Tokyo, on September 17, that Japan and China had arranged to settle all disputes in Manchuria by a conference at Mukden between Count Uchida and T. V. Soong, the Chinese

Finance Minister, together with Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. Not pleased with this news were the Japanese militarists and imperialists. They did not trust Uchida. They wished to block Shidehara.

On the night of the following day occurred the explosion on the tracks of the South Manchurian Railway at Peitaying. Immediately three Japanese battalions assaulted the Chinese garrison and seized the walled city of Mukden. Then followed the Japanese military movements in Manchuria, leading to the seizure of the three provinces, and eventually to the bombardment of Shanghai and the raids in the Yangtze Valley. The circumstances of the explosion on the South Manchurian Railway, on the evening of September 18, are still in dispute. The Japanese claim that Chinese soldiers committed the deed. The Chinese claim that Japanese soldiers blew up their own railway as an excuse for seizing Mukden. They add that this is a characteristic trick, for in 1928 the Japanese blew up a railway bridge near Mukden when they assassinated Chang Tso-ling and loudly blamed the Chinese for the dastardly act. The truth of the matter is to be decided, we hope, by a commission of inquiry, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations, which, unfortunately, has taken an unconscionably long time to reach the spot. Whether or not the explosion was committed by Japanese or Chinese, the episode was not sufficient provocation to warrant either the Japanese attack on Mukden or the expeditions against Harbin and Chinchow which gave Japan complete mastery over

Manchuria. And it could not be made the excuse for the bombardment of the Chinese section of Shanghai — an attack avowedly made for the purpose of smashing the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods.

Thus, the military clique overthrew the peaceful policy of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in a liberal Cabinet. The ministerial policy was annihilated, not by vote of the Diet, but by the unauthorized action of the army. In other parliamentary governments, the cabinet controls the war office as well as the foreign office, and in its turn is responsible to the parliament which is responsible to the people. In Japan, however, the army can successfully defy the cabinet and gag the foreign minister who is supposed to be the national spokesman in international affairs.

The technique of the militarists in over-riding the civil government is illustrated by the manner in which reinforcements were dispatched to Manchuria. On September 21 for seven hours the Cabinet debated the question of sending more troops. General Minami, the Minister of War, demanded their dispatch. Baron Shidehara and Finance Minister Inouye (later assassinated) vehemently opposed it. The Cabinet deferred decision to the next day. But the militarists had reason to fear that the vote would be in the negative. Accordingly, before the Cabinet met, the war chiefs saw to it that a brigade of 4,100 men was already on its way to Manchuria, and when the Cabinet assembled it faced a *fait accompli*. General Minami blandly explained that without his permission the commanding general in Korea, acting in a great emergency,

had forwarded the troops. But even a school boy knows that telegraphic communications between Seoul and Tokyo are not so difficult but that the Japanese commandant in Korea might have communicated with his superiors before taking precipitant action. No punishment has been imposed, not even a reprimand has been sent to this hasty officer, who, according to the War Office, had exceeded his instructions. Tactics of this character could occur today in no other civilized country save Japan.

While the taciturn Yoshizawa, the Japanese delegate to the League, faced the representatives of protesting nations in Geneva and Paris throughout September and October, it was frequently apparent that the civil authority and the war chiefs of Japan were still in conflict over the Manchurian situation. On September 30, Yoshizawa assured the League, with, of course, the approval of his Government, that Japan would withdraw her troops into the railway zone as rapidly as possible, and he voted for the unanimous resolution of the Council setting October 14 as the date for the execution of the peaceful assurances of both Japan and China. But, when October 14 arrived and the Council met in Paris, the Japanese troops had failed to retire into the railway zone. Worse yet, they had actually advanced into other parts of Manchuria on the pretext of chasing "bandits." Again the civil authority of Japan was powerless to fulfill an international promise, and was compelled to bear the opprobrium for the violation of an international understanding.

Finally, the pronouncement of the Japanese Foreign Office against Secretary Stimson contributed to the disclosure of the real situation. On November 27, the American Secretary had informally told a conference of newspaper men that he could not understand the press accounts of the march of General Honjo's army upon Chinchow, in view of the solemn assurance given him by the Japanese Foreign Office on November 24 to the effect that "there would be no movement of Japanese troops in the direction of Chinchow." The statement diplomatically implied either that the newspaper reports were incorrect or that the Japanese Foreign Office was not in a position to speak for the Minister of War or for the General Staff. There was abundance of proof that a Japanese offensive against Chinchow had begun. Hence, the timely remarks of Secretary Stimson threw more light on the grievous surrender of the Japanese civil government to military arrogance.

Further proof of the abdication of ministerial authority is unnecessary. We may now ask: Why did not the Cabinet of Wakatsuki resign at once? Why did the peace-loving Shidehara remain at the Foreign Office? The Cabinet finally resigned on December 11, 1931, the day following the adoption of the resolution by the Council of the League of Nations, with the consent of Japan, providing for an international commission of inquiry into the Manchurian crisis, but otherwise leaving the settlement of the dispute up in the air. This resolution closed the third phase of the negotiations with the League and marked an opportune time for

the liberal party to abandon its post in favor of the militaristic party which would be expected, of course, to prosecute hostilities in China with a vigorous hand. But why had not Shidehara resigned on September 21, when the defiance of the civil authority by the war chiefs was fully exposed? Conjectures may be various — perhaps loyalty to the Emperor, perhaps opposition to the war party, perhaps desire to make the best of a bad situation. At the same time the question may be raised as to whether the new liberalism in Japan, of which we have heard considerable in the past decade, is as firmly rooted as we had been led to believe.

FRIENDS of Japan have been astonished at the sudden surrender of the Japanese liberals. For some years it has appeared that the liberals were in the ascendancy. Beginning with the policy of Admiral Kato, who represented Japan at the Washington Conference in 1921-1922, and who soon after became Prime Minister, Japan has attempted to dispel the unsavory reputation which she acquired by the Twenty-One Demands of 1915 and by her delay in returning Shantung to the Chinese after the World War. In the development of a new era of international coöperation Japan has played a correct rôle, participating enthusiastically in the establishment of the League of Nations and the World Court. Furthermore, for some years an anti-militaristic movement has slowly made headway. The trenchant writings of Professor Yoshino, ousted from the Imperial University of Tokyo because of his criticism of the military régime, have

attracted attention, and he has had a following among students and intellectuals.

The Japanese are inveterate newspaper readers. Japan can boast of newspapers having some of the largest circulations in the world. The *Osaka Mainichi* has a circulation of a million, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* of half a million, the *Tokyo Asahi* of 450,000 and the *Fiji Shimpō* of 200,000. Of these, the *Tokyo Asahi*, the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, the *Osaka Mainichi*, and occasionally the *Fiji Shimpō*, have backed anti-militaristic policies. The *Tokyo Asahi* and the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* have published attacks upon the military clique which in their virulence have not been surpassed in any country.

For some years the party known as the Minseito has been considered the party of peace and reconciliation towards China, while its opponent, the Seiyukai, has demanded a "strong" policy toward the Nanking Government. The latter party was led, until his death two years ago, by the notorious General Tanaka — the soldier admittedly responsible for the assassination of Chang Tso-ling. In 1929 public exposure of the inhuman methods of the army in Manchuria gave the Minseito opportunity to oust the Seiyukai from office. The liberal Hamaguchi became Prime Minister, and the conciliatory Baron Shidehara, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Minseito Government was thus in the saddle when the London Naval Conference met. On this occasion, the militarists were outwitted by a curious maneuver. Hamaguchi appointed the Minister of the Navy as one of the delegates

to the London Conference, thus taking him out of the country at the time of the negotiations and placing him for the occasion under the control of the Foreign Office. The London Naval Treaty, incorporating the well-known Reed-Matsudaira compromise and failing to give Japan the 10-10-7 ratio, was bitterly opposed by the Supreme War Council. But depending upon strong support from the newspapers and upon national pride in upholding Japanese signatures to a treaty, Hamaguchi defeated the militarists and secured the approval of the treaty by the Privy Council and its ratification by the Emperor.

This victory was hailed throughout the world as a triumph of the civil government over military chiefs. Japanese liberals flattered themselves with the expectation that at the next crisis the military clique would be exterminated. The crisis came — all too soon, in September, 1931. A liberal Government, indeed, was in office. Hamaguchi had been assassinated, but Baron Wakatsuki, who had headed the Japanese delegation at the London Naval Conference was now Prime Minister. A well-known internationalist, Baron Shidehara, presided over the Foreign Office. The Minseito commanded a majority in the Diet, having 273 seats in contrast to the 174 seats held by the Seiyukai. Yet, in spite of all this, the militarists had their way. We are reminded, of course, of the oft-repeated assertions of the German Social-Democrats, prior to the World War, that they would vote no budgets to give the Kaiser ammunition to shoot the workingmen of other lands. But, a few weeks after

Germany had declared war on Belgium, the Social-Democrats failed to prevent a vote in the Reichstag for war supplies.

THE truth of the matter is that the Japanese liberals were powerless. They were fewer in number than we had previously imagined, they lacked the courage that they were expected to possess, and they were operating under a constitution which permits the military clique to dominate the civil authority. Indeed, the Government of Japan today is a parliamentary façade for a militaristic state. Japan has imported many imitations from Europe, including governmental accessories, as well as manners, books, machinery, schools and military tactics. There is a constitution, a parliament, a prime minister, a cabinet, an annual budget and manhood franchise — as in all the representative governments of Europe. But the parliament is not a real parliament. The cabinet is not responsible to the parliament in the same way that the British or the French cabinet is bound to the legislature. The prime minister can not select all of his colleagues, as prime ministers are free to do in Great Britain, France and elsewhere. The electorate is debauched by bribery and corruption.

The extraordinary power of the militarists is attained by means of the famous ordinances of Yamagata, promulgated in 1899, which place the minister of war and the minister of the navy beyond the control of the prime minister and the cabinet. These ordinances require that only a general may hold the portfolio of war and only an admiral

the portfolio of the navy. The prime minister is thus compelled to accept the dictation of the army and navy in these appointments. These officers are under the influence of the Supreme War Council, and on occasion, lay down heavy conditions which the prime minister is compelled to accept. Indeed, the minister of war may actually upset the cabinet, as was done by General Uyebara in 1912, when he refused to come to terms with the Prime Minister over the question as to the number of divisions to be placed on garrison duty in Korea. In this case the War Minister resigned; no other general would accept appointment in his place, and the Saionji Government was compelled, in its turn, to abandon office. Today the position of the cabinet is also compromised by the fact that the Emperor is commander-in-chief of the army and of the navy, and that the ministers of war and the navy have direct access to the Throne, even over the head of the prime minister. The situation is an anachronism. In the Twentieth Century this overweening authority of war chiefs is the antithesis of free government.

BACK of all this is the mysterious Emperor, the central figure in the Japanese system. In many respects, the constitution which the Emperor Meiji gave his people in 1889 is a remarkable document. It was drafted for the Emperor by Prince Ito who had made a careful study of governments throughout the world, but who ended by accepting Bismarck as his model of constitution builder. The constitution of 1889 is not a slavish imitation of

German fundamental law. Japanese traditional ideas were blended with the polity of the Iron Chancellor with the result that Japan was given the semblance of parliamentary government, while, in reality the organs of government — the diet, the cabinet and the privy council — were easily controlled by the elder statesmen who needed only to appeal to Japanese loyalty to the Emperor to win sweeping victories over those who sought to dislodge them. In this system, the Emperor was, and still remains, the dominating element, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy, the sole maker of peace and war, the traditional guardian of his people, a being "sacred and inviolable," descendant of a "line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal," and "combining in himself the rights of sovereignty."

Although the constitution can be amended only through the initiative of the Emperor, this remarkable document has the possibility of liberal development. All depends upon the enlightenment of the Emperor. Like the Constitution of the United States, the Japanese fundamental law is phrased in general terms, and by an accumulation of precedents, it is possible for the diet to exercise greater powers, to secure complete control of the cabinet and even to supervise treaty-making. Will the Emperor permit this? If the Emperor accepts the advice of the cabinet, and the cabinet conforms to the demands of the diet, and the diet expresses the will of the electorate — then Japan will have a true parliamentary government.

The Emperor Meiji, who reigned from 1868 to 1912, and who gave

full rein to the great statesmen that guided the sudden rise of Japan from a hermit nation to a modern power, deserves the highest praise for blending the traditional autocracy of the imperial house with the rôle of constitutional monarch. But parliamentary government was not attained in his reign. Even today cabinets can exist without a majority in the house of representatives. The house of peers can overthrow a cabinet. The privy council, composed of old, conservative and chauvinistic ex-office-holders, stands between the cabinet and the Emperor. And finally, the high officials of the imperial household, including Dr. Ichiki, Count Makino, and Admiral Suzuki, form a charmed circle around the Emperor, guiding his every political action. It is true that the remnant of the *genro* or elder statesmen — the ninety-year-old Prince Saionji — still is consulted by the Emperor in all matters of great importance. But the Emperor remains the unique head of the State. The war lords, through the charmed circle, have access to him in the same way as has the prime minister. Of course, the Emperor could withdraw the Yamagata ordinances which render the army and navy independent of the cabinet; he could deny the war lords access to his presence. This would be a real step towards modern constitutional government. The day may come when the advisors of the Emperor will take this step and close the circle around the Throne to the military leaders. But, at present, the Japanese people live under a constitution which permits the war chiefs on occasion to reverse the civil authority.

Count Kabayama, on his recent mission to the United States, frequently said that the Japanese people control the army through the annual budget, and that the diet can withhold the money necessary for the supply of the military machine. The argument is flimsy. The history of nations records that whenever the war lords have led a country into war, the legislature proverbially bows to the situation and votes the necessary funds. Civil control over the military machine means nothing less than that the initiation of hostilities will be entirely in the hands of the civil government, that in time of peace the army and navy will move into no position except at the command of the civil authority, and that they will engage in no hostilities except by specific instructions from the cabinet. It is the ability to lead Japan into war-like situations that makes the military clique the menace of democratic control. No land can claim to have representative government unless the civil authority is supreme, and such is not the case in Japan.

THE struggle for party government in Japan has tended to obscure the reality. For years the liberals have demanded parliamentary forms — in imitation of Great Britain, the “mother of parliaments.” They have sought to insure the practice that the majority of the members of the cabinet shall come from the house of representatives, and that no cabinet may remain in office without the support of the lower house. At the beginning, cabinets were aloof from parties. In 1895 the Ito Ministry

abandoned the principle of executive independence and arraigned itself with the liberal party. In 1898, the constitutional party, under the leadership of Okuma and Itagaki, was given the opportunity of forming the first party Cabinet. But it was not until the first Kenseikai Ministry under Okuma (1914-1916) and the Seiyukai Ministry under Hara (1918-1921) that ministerial parties controlled the lower house. Even then, the day of the no-party cabinet had not passed, for after the assassination of Hara and the decline of his party, came three transcendent Cabinets, those of Admiral Kato (1922-1923), Admiral Yamamoto (1923-1924), and Viscount Kiyoura (1924). Since the resignation of Viscount Kiyoura, party government has made rapid progress and the solitary survivor of the *genro* has pronounced himself in favor of parliamentary selection of the premier.

At the same time there has been a remarkable extension of the suffrage. In 1889, the franchise was limited to persons paying a relatively high tax. By successive statutes in 1900, in 1908 and finally in 1925 the Japanese have attained manhood suffrage; the electorate has been increased from four hundred thousand to thirteen million people.

The cabinet is also blocked both in ordinance-making and in the ratification of treaties by the privy council, a body of super-annuated statesmen who have not scrupled to overturn cabinets which enjoyed a majority in the lower house.

Until these impediments are removed, the claim to parliamentary government is mere pretense. The Japanese liberals are not ignorant

of this situation. University professors, newspaper correspondents and members of the diet have vehemently denounced the archaic character of the Japanese Government. The vanguard has been led by Professor Yoshino, whose *Niju Seifu to Iaku Joso* or *Dual Government and the Supreme Command* was published in Tokyo in 1922. It finds a more conservative exponent in Professor Minobe, of the faculty of law of the Imperial University of Tokyo, whose *Kempo Seigi* or *Commentaries on Constitutional Law* is the leading treatise on Japanese fundamental law. In the House of Representatives the veteran Yukio Osaki has frequently lifted up his voice in a plea for cabinet control. And the platforms of the proletarian parties make cogent demands for democratic reform. It is evident that Japan has no lack of prophets and political philosophers. But these prophets—are they not without honor save in their own country?

ON DECEMBER 11, 1931, as soon as the third phase of the negotiations with the Council of the League was concluded, the Minseito Government resigned and allowed the Emperor to summon Ki Inukai, widely known as the "old fox," to form a Seiyukai Government. When the Diet met in its annual December session, the Inukai Cabinet found that the Minseito still held a majority of the seats. Relying upon the theory that in a national crisis the electorate will always support the government in power, the Cabinet dissolved the House of Representatives and ordered an election. The appeal was not in vain. In the elec-

tion of February 20, the Seiyukai won 304 seats, as against 147 for the Minseito and thirteen for the independents and the labor parties. This is the largest majority that any government has obtained in the last two decades, and it gives the impression that the Japanese people are solidly behind the war lords.

When we examine the facts, however, it is apparent that the Japanese voters are not necessarily in favor of the military machine. In Japan any government in power can, as the French say, "make" elections. Election officials are under the control of the governors of the prefectures who are responsible to the minister of interior at Tokyo. Before the February election, the Seiyukai Ministry dismissed all Minseito governors and filled their places with loyal Seiyukai henchmen. The support of the police was placed behind the Seiyukai candidates, and police coercion accompanied the widespread bribery and corruption. Appeals were made to the herd instinct, which is ever present in times of military crisis, even in a powerful state that is in the process of attacking a weaker neighbor. It is never difficult to stir the instincts of self-defense and national honor. Hence it is not surprising that the Japanese voters have been stampeded into supporting a war party which they had vigorously repulsed in the diet elections of February, 1930, and in the prefectural elections of September, 1931.

For years the militarists and the imperialists among the mercantile interests have supported an aggressive policy against China by the propagation of popular theories, such

as the "right-to-live" doctrine and the "Monroe doctrine of the Orient." The former dogma postulates that a nation with a high birth rate, over-populated territory, diminishing mineral resources and overcrowded agricultural lands has the moral and legal right to take possession of territories, rich in natural resources, within the jurisdiction of another state which is too weak or too incapable to defend or develop these territories. Accept the doctrine, and the dependence of Japan upon Manchuria for raw products and markets will excuse the recent military occupation and the inauguration of Henry Pu Yi as *genshu* of Manchukuo — the new name for the incipient regency-general. The "Monroe doctrine of the Orient" is grounded on the principle of self-preservation. The state must be defended against possible attacks. Foreign powers, especially European powers, must not be permitted to control the resources and the political destinies of Japan's neighbors on the mainland of Asia. In order to avoid this catastrophe, Japan must insist upon "special interests" in Manchuria and other Chinese territory. These "special interests" may lead to a "dominant position" and the exclusion of other states from the exploitation of resources or the exercise of political influence.

The latest phase of this doctrine is the "defense against dangerous thoughts." The Japanese people are told that their social and economic institutions are jeopardized by the possible encroachment of Soviet Russia into Manchuria, thus bringing the practice of communism to the very borders of agitated Korea, with

the result that this doctrine would be carried to Japan and wreck the capitalistic system of the country. In no land today is the governing class so bitterly opposed to communism as in Japan. Advanced socialistic ideas, commonly called "dangerous thoughts," are sternly repressed in the universities and public meetings. A brutal ordinance — the Peace Preservation Law — punishing "dangerous thinkers" with the death penalty, surreptitiously promulgated by the Tanaka Government after the adjournment of the Diet in 1928, has finally been enacted by the Diet itself.

In the face of governmental opposition to socialistic development, the working men in Japan lack effective organization. Labor unions have barely 300,000 members. The proletarian parties in the House of Representatives hold only five of the 466 seats. Nevertheless, the industrial and financial interests, joining hands with the military clique, are determined to annihilate any movement — economic or political — which looks in the direction of advanced socialism. In this situation we find one of the causes for the success of the war lords in precipitating the military occupation of Manchuria, as well as the attempt to destroy Chinese resistance to Japanese commercial penetration south of the Great Wall. Manchuria will serve not only as the source of Japanese raw products, but also as the armed outpost against Bolshevism.

How long will the military clique rule Japan? The answer depends upon many factors. Most probably, if the United States and Great Britain lead the League of Nations

in an economic and financial embargo, the collapse of the Inukai Government would soon ensue. The prosecution of hostilities in China requires the importation of quantities of munitions as already indicated by the large orders for arms which Japan has placed with the American munition plants in Connecticut, the heavy orders for cotton in the last six months, and the orders for guns, munitions, chemicals and other war supplies from Great Britain, France, Germany and Czechoslovakia. An economic embargo would cut off these supplies and handicap the prosecution of the war.

At the same time a collective embargo would destroy the financial basis of the Japanese State and cause considerable unemployment. Japan depends upon ready cash which America offers for her silk. In fact, nearly forty per cent of the Japanese export trade is with the United States, and over ninety per cent of this trade is in silk. An embargo by the United States alone would bring a financial panic to Japan. An embargo by the whole world would cause such economic and financial prostration in Japan that the Government in power would probably be forced not only to surrender its aggressive position, but also to efface itself before the Japanese people.

We must reckon with the industrial and commercial interests. Suppose the United States and European nations are willing to allow a Japanese regency-general in Manchuria; suppose we permit the Japanese domination of the Yangtze Valley; suppose the Seiyukai with its majority in the Diet is sustained

over a period of years by bribery and corruption on a large scale; suppose that a prudent conduct of the hostilities against China, reducing war expenditures to a minimum, results in a rapid development of Manchuria and increased trade with China — then the Seiyukai Cabinet will probably be able to count on the support of the merchant class. These interests will support a war-like government which promotes trade and industry and fills their coffers with the gold of international commerce.

With their backing, the Seiyukai party, promoting the interests of the small farmers at the expense of the city workers, curtailing all programmes of socialization, such as working men's insurance, compensation and pensions, will be tempted to pursue military campaigns which bring in a rich harvest of commercial gain. But this is a hazardous policy. Trade does not always follow the flag. The maintenance of 125,000 Japanese troops on the mainland of Asia digs a tremendous hole in the national treasury. A conquest of the Yangtze Valley might even necessitate a Japanese army of four or five hundred thousand men. A year's

expense in this costly undertaking would bring Japan to a position where a political revolution might prove not only inevitable, but also disastrous to the economic system.

The outstanding feature of Japanese political life is loyalty to the Emperor. It is probably true that one word from this "divine being" would resolve any political situation. Whatever political group has the most ready access to the presence of the Emperor, that group holds the key to the future. At the present time, the militarists seem to have this advantage. It is now well known that last year when the war lords appeared to lack an approach to the Emperor, a plot was hatched among the younger militarists to assassinate Count Makino, the chief functionary of the imperial household. But the charmed circle varies from time to time, and if Makino, Ichiki, Suzuki and Prince Saionji close their ranks to militaristic penetration and throw their influence on the side of parliamentary government, it is possible that Japan may emerge from the present crisis in a manner to restore international confidence and avoid revolution at home.



Who Won It This Year?

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

Soon the Pulitzer prizes will be announced again, and the usual debate over them will follow. Is there significance in these things, and if so, what?

IN SPRING the public's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the Pulitzer awards. I am sure that the public obtains more exhilaration from them than the recipients themselves. Especially is this the case in the realm of the arts. The sciences have been so often rewarded by chemical, mechanical, electrical, medical, industrial and engineering societies, that their medals are almost as many as those given to a golf champion or a bandmaster. But the shy, retiring author — whether he be novelist or poet or dramatist or historian or biographer — when he stands with his little thousand dollar check before the world, crowned by the august Committees detailed to bestow this windfall upon meritorious works, must feel just a little uncomfortable. He gains a publicity which helps the sale of his book for a while, but for the moment he also gains a self-consciousness which must freeze his creative impulse. Fortunately, the feeling does not last more than a week and a day, and then the race is begun again.

Meanwhile, the public is clamoring over the decision: that's where the

pleasure comes in. The public pays a fee to join a book league, and the members of such a league take the book choice of the month without much demur. Especially do the suburban members of such a league feel flattered that they belong to a club presided over by the rulings of a Committee whose names make you feel you are "in literary society." But when the Pulitzer awards are made, the decisions are discussed as though they were being discussed for their indiscretions. All this is a healthy show of interest; it makes the judges feel that the occasion is a serious affair. It gives the Pulitzer award a fictitious importance through its journalistic value as news. But upon authorship it has no moving influence. I am sure that no writer sits down, at the start of each Pulitzer year, and says to himself, "I will win a Pulitzer prize." Of course there is always the danger of spoiling the quality of his work for a while if he wins. Think what disaster has been caused to the voices of radio announcers through the yearly award, by the Academy of Arts and Letters, of a medal for excellent

diction! Each year, they chant the glories of lipstick and motor oil and ginger ale to the accompaniment of sweet medals jangled out of tune.

Whereas the Pulitzer prize awards are the canary birds of merit in a budding season, the Nobel prize is of more import. We are practical enough to know a check when we see it! Here the recipient is mounted upon a pedestal of international observation. He holds in his hand a worldly increment not to be sneered at. Here is a foreign committee dipping into our home culture and telling us our excellencies. Until last year, the Nobel Committees remained content to knock upon the doors of our research laboratories and to enter the libraries of our peacemakers. And their calls have met with our public approval. Scientists and publicists alike have been so rewarded. But last year the fuse was lighted, and the bomb exploded, when the literary prize was awarded to America for the first time. The fuse has now spent itself, but bits of the bomb are still exposed to public gaze.

We are sensitive when it comes to awards that are taken out of our insular hands. But we have also been sensitive because the Nobel prize for literature was not before this bestowed upon us. Uncle Sam excels in ploughshares; expositions and county fairs have given him many blue ribbons. But Uncle Sam has a national pride in any home-made attainment, and has felt slighted by the Swedish Academies. Uncle Sam has even — while taking his Cook's Tours — felt surprised that only Poe, Whitman, Cooper, Jack London and Upton Sinclair were re-

garded abroad as our representative writers. To which sparse list, we may now add the names of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis.

It is not a little amusing to feel that maybe, whenever one of our writers goes abroad, there is a certain thrill of expectancy that he will meet the Swedish Academy, and that they will look him over with some curiosity as to how far he represents a new American style. It may be that, in the secret recesses of many a literary heart, there is a feeling now that a lecture trip through the Scandinavian peninsula might arrest the attention of the Swedish Academy, and make them think of him in terms of the Nobel prize. In this respect, I believe that the award, made possible by the peace magnate of Sweden, has created slim currents of literary politics in this country. When we want things done we sign memorials with thousands of names attached. Every peace commission sent abroad carries petitions from the "United Guild of Day Laborers" or "Women's Leagues for the Preservation of the Home." I believe the Swedish Academy has had in the past handsomely bound instructions from us as to what it should do about the Nobel award in literature. The ardent advocates for Edwin Arlington Robinson, for Upton Sinclair, for Theodore Dreiser have raised their voices in Swedish halls. But rightly, the Swedish Academy, like the Consistory at Rome, goes into secret conclave. Its award is irrevocable; the hand of destiny can more easily be deflected than its decisions upset.

This can not be said for the Pulitzer awards; here the weather-

cock rules supreme. Committees work through the year. They are given grants to send them to the theatre. Publishers deluge them with books, for the blurb, "A Pulitzer Prize Winner," is a valuable advertising asset. But is their decision irrevocable and final? Not at all. Mr. Pulitzer's mandates are like the Blue Laws of New England. You can go just so far in your decisions, even to the garden gate. But beyond that, there is some power, which, for no other definite name we needs must call Columbia University (as guardian of the Fund), that may ring the curfew of morality and upset all the deliberations made by these tried and trusty servants, the Committees.

BUT even Committees are not infallible. The public which, about this time each year, awaits the announcements of the awards with some show of expectancy, has been trained to be surprised if the decisions are *right*. During each year people go off in little self-constituted groups and make what they consider to be the only right and just decisions. They don't set themselves up as judges; they merely like to make lists for the fun of it. For many years there has been just as much curiosity about the ten best plays of the year selected by Mr. Burns Mantle for his drama *Year Book* as there has been about the decision of the Pulitzer drama prize judges. In fact, after the decision is reached, and the check signed for the dramatist, press comments always say: "Look upon this one play and then upon Mr. Mantle's ten." There is more of a standard of selection evi-

dent in Mr. Mantle's choice than there is in the Pulitzer choice.

I think this is very largely the fault of the conditions under which the Pulitzer awards are made. I think we might very well emulate the Nobel method of bestowing their medal and their check. It is a method which has time-honored sanction by the universities in bestowing an academic degree. The Nobel prize is, of course, an ermine robe lined generously with greenbacks, the weight of which depends on the state of the financial return on the Nobel investments. In 1929 the prize was worth \$46,299; when Woodrow Wilson received it the Nobel stock was down. During War time it was only \$30,802. But, whatever its approximate value, by its side the Pulitzer prize looks like a light spring overcoat, lined with a mere sprinkling of banknotes.

When a Nobel prize is awarded, there is a definite statement made of the characteristics which marked the man chosen, of his particular work, or of the sum total of his value in his field. There are five courts of award. The Swedish Academy of Sciences considers the year's important discovery in the sphere of science; as well as the distinctive chemical discovery or improvement. The Caroline Medical Institute rewards the outstanding achievement in the sphere of physiology or medicine; the Academy of Arts and Letters decides the notable contribution to literature "of an idealistic tendency." The final award is for peace, and that committee of judges is appointed by the Norwegian Storting. For science and peace, such men in America as Michelson,

Richards, Carrel, Roosevelt, Root and Wilson have been the recipients. The recent honors for peace have gone to Nicholas Murray Butler and Jane Addams.

The ideas back of the Nobel decisions are definitely stated. Maeterlinck was chosen, in 1911, "because of his many-sided literary activity and especially because of his dramatic creations which are marked by a wealth of fancy and poetic idealism that sometimes, in the fairy play's veiled form, reveals deep inspiration and, also, in a mysterious way, appeals to the reader's feeling and imagination." Anatole France, in 1921, was hailed for "an activity marked by noble style, large-hearted humanity, charm and French *esprit*." In 1923, W. B. Yeats was selected "for his consistently emotional poetry, which, in the strictest artistic form, expresses a people's spirit." When Sinclair Lewis was given the honor, the Swedish press but reflected the decision of the Swedish Academy. They called his *Babbitt* a contribution to put by the side of *Pickwick*, *Tartarin* and *Don Quixote*; they praised *Arrowsmith* as comparable to Ibsen's epic *Brand*. Whatever the heat and indiscretions that followed the announcement of this lone award to an American author, the Swedish Academy showed fearlessness and independence; they exhibited aliveness far in excess of the aliveness which usually characterizes a committee chosen to sit in judgment for such prizes.

What, in contrast, is the picture of the conditions prompting the Pulitzer awards? An announcement and silence; a minor star-chamber of choice, satellites to a higher moon

that can, on slightest provocation, eclipse the light of the jury. Committees go into conclave with very debatable instructions. They must choose the best novel of the year which "shall present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Pollyanna and Chesterfield rolled into one! There is small leeway here for broad sweeps of social reform, for satiric display of weakness of character. Style and structure mean nothing. For a produced play, they must consider whether it best "represents the educational value and power of the stage," whatever that means; and must help raise "the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners," which latter requirement would rule out several of the selections they have made in the past. History, biography and poetry are more definite in their descriptions.

We hear nothing of the debatable borders which enclose such Puritan restrictions, unless the decision of the judges is reversed, and then members of the Committee speak from the depths of their indignation. For the reversal, there is no explanation given by the custodians of the Fund; there is simply bad feeling raised. But the reversals are significant, and the publicity aired thereby is both revealing and healthy. It may have been forgotten, at the time Mr. Lewis imperiously waved aside the Pulitzer award for his *Arrowsmith* — but he must have had it in mind — that, in 1921, when Mrs. Edith Wharton was chosen for her novel, *The Age of Innocence*, the Committee, consisting of Robert Grant, Stuart P. Sherman and William Lyon

Phelps, had selected *Babbitt*. Orders came from the higher Court that another selection must be made. It was not within the power of the Committee to raise official objection. In this case, however, they considered it essential that a public statement be made of their position. Mr. Sherman was the spokesman direct for *Babbitt*: "The characters persist in memory as three-or-four dimensional robust beings months after they are met. I remember nearly all of them, after the other people that I have encountered in the year's fiction have faded flat. That, in my experience, is the most decisive test of vitality in a novel. It also has abundant comic spirit and a critical as well as a representational force. It does something to the mind as well as to the feelings. It has communicated more life to the reading public than any other novel I can recall the fortunes of. Incidentally, I find it full of extraordinarily interesting technical inventions. I don't think that the fact that the critics in this case will agree with the public ought to dissuade us. Once in a great while the public does make a best seller out of a perfectly sound book. I think this is one of the cases; and it's a thing to be rejoiced over."

Such analyses help in formulating public opinion. They are due the public as a reward for their interest; they are directive. This incident makes perfectly clear Mr. Lewis's rejection of the "sop" given him afterwards, though, personally, I believe that *Arrowsmith* far surpasses *Babbitt* in completeness of purpose and artistry. The argument that ensued was heated. Any self-respecting author would have said with

Mr. Lewis: "I invite other writers to consider the fact that by accepting the prizes and approval of these vague institutions, we are admitting their authority, publicly confirming them as the final judges of literary excellence, and I enquire whether any prize is worth that subservience." In its claim of liberal judgment the Board governing Mr. Pulitzer's mandates replied thinly that O'Neill's *Anna Christie* had been given a prize! Yet O'Neill has always regarded that play as his most obvious.

THE history of the Pulitzer awards shows frequent reversals of the jury's judgment. George Kelly's *The Show-Off* was shelved to please an admirer of Hatcher Hughes' *Hell-bent for Heaven*. And later, when Mr. George Kelly was given the prize for his *Craig's Wife*, his reaction was that the honor was not worth the declination, though I am sure he considered it in the light of blood money. Julia Peterkin's *Scarlet Sister Mary* was not the novel first choice for 1929. Instead John R. Oliver's *Victim and Victor* was unanimously recommended. I am sure that Elmer Rice, with his usual ironical distrust of uncertain founded honors, must have wondered where any jury could find in his *Street Scene* that it raised "the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

Of course, such committees as help make the awards for the Pulitzer Board are often aided by the outside force with which notable productions of the year are brought to their attention. They are first of all bound to the fact that the choice must be of American output. Long and ardu-

ously and almost acrimoniously they argued the case for John Drinkwater's *Lincoln* in 1920, when they gave the prize to O'Neill for *Beyond the Horizon*, a right decision in view of the local restriction. The apparent rightness of their choice was almost thrust upon them in the case of the award to Stephen Bénet for his *John Brown's Body*, to Marc Connelly for his *The Green Pastures*, to Thornton Wilder for his *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, to the Adams estate for *The Education of Henry Adams*.

But if you will take the list of dramas, for example, given the Pulitzer prize since it first started in 1917, and compare it with the list of materials from which the choice was made, it is surprising how curiously obtuse some of the decisions have been. The Committees give no inkling, whatsoever, as to the standards drawn up for diagnosis, other than the foolishly narrow, enigmatical and unenlightened requirements set down in the initial announcements. We could finecomb each season epitomized by Mr. Mantle, and learn much regarding prize awards as they are made on such terms as confront the Pulitzer Committees. I believe it would be healthy and helpful to have such an analysis aired. And I do not think it was unseemly for Mr. Lewis to ask whether Cabell's *Jurgen*, Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* were not worthy the attention of the Pulitzer guardians of the American novel.

It is easy to guess how such minds work, confronted by yearly awards. They can almost be seen through. It was no more a surprise that Eugene O'Neill was given the prize

for *Strange Interlude* than it will be if he is again, for the fourth time, the recipient of the prize for *Mourning Becomes Electra*. But, though I recognize that such repetition, as regards O'Neill, was fair, I wonder whether, in such cases, it would not be more just, more encouraging if some newer man were given the incentive — if incentive it be! There are certain writers whose bulk of work transcends the excellence of any individual play they might have written. I am thinking especially of George Kaufman and Philip Barry. The money means nothing to these successful men of the theatre, the honor — if honor it be — means little. But the evidence that the prize is rightly exercised for the glory or the excellence of letters would be encouraging, and would help educate the public in their standards of judgment. For prize awards are symbols of healthy national sentiment for worthy work. That is why I take the debates following any award as invigorating signs of mental alertness on the part of those who are outside the official circle.

A year has passed since the hurricane of dispute over the Nobel award to Sinclair Lewis, and a review of the case might in itself be a lesson in wounded pride based on insular bunkum. I am making no plea for any of the bad taste which might have been exhibited on both sides of the argument. I am but judging from the printed word of Mr. Lewis when he accepted the award at Stockholm. It is easier to take a medal for swimming the Channel than it is to wear the laurel wreath and to speak with the tongue of the prophet. One is bound to appear a little ridiculous,

as ridiculous as a nation's representative in top hat and dress clothes, marching the streets in the broad light of day, in a court funeral procession. Lewis does not pretend to be an academic student, but he gave to the Swedish Academy what a recipient of the Nobel prize was supposed to give, only worded in his own journalistic way, representing his own artistic faith. He was modest, he was generous to his contemporaries, he was alive to our excellencies and defects. The sum total of his attitude was very well summarized by him later in a most vigorous sentence: "All this country's cowardice in escaping its chances of being the world's greatest nation doesn't prevent us from being a world on fire."

The public at large and our curators of learning in particular are very sensitive when it comes to a summing up of our artistic claims. Yet the creative writer has been howling to heaven for many a year for recognition. Old Cornelius Mathews, in the 'Forties, fighting for a protective copyright, accused the powers that were of placing more value on ploughshares than on drama. Lewis, today, finds the same practical condition. "The manufacturer of carburetors is taken far more seriously than the maker of poetry," he said. George Ade, a native of Lafayette, Indiana, used to linger by the town square and gaze up at Lafayette, cast in iron, and he too came to the conclusion that we were stronger in iron foundries than in studios! We may say such things on Main Street, but woe betide us if we make open confession before the Swedish Academy.

The Nobel prize is more far reaching in its significance than the Pulitzer prize. In the former we are before the family of nations, and our excellencies are pointed to as the excellencies of our country. The word *Babbitt* has crept into the dictionary, as much our national contribution as the word *élan* is the glory of France. We would have preferred a more high-sounding word. Then, O'Neill came along, and showed us that Babbitts are human types not necessarily stigmatizing small town Main Streets; they may even be represented by such a figure as Marco Polo. Yes, we are a sensitive people, and the Lewis award shook us healthily into the attitude of self-examination. The Pulitzer prize, on the other hand, is supposed to be but a year's crowning, a year's academy.

MORE and more widespread is becoming the habit of rewarding the literary worker for his artistry. There are prizes for poetry, there are distinctions for the best printed book, there are the book clubs which, on the principle of jury choice, are brought prominently to the fore, and their selections, made each month, are made while the books are running freshly from the presses. More unusual selections, more new authors have been given a chance by the book clubs than could ever hope to make the Pulitzer race. Book clubs, the Pulitzer award, the Nobel prize are like the departmental divisions of government: house, senate, judiciary, where, as far as the Pulitzer prize is concerned, Columbia University, governing the Fund, is the President with veto power: only in this case the depart-

ments have no power whatsoever to override the veto: the juries are in bondage.

Nevertheless, all of this conscious weighing of merit is bound to have its positive effect upon standards in the long run. Our hard-headed business men are more prone than ever to recognize the value of learning. Science is an adjunct of business, and, in many large establishments, there are laboratories doing research that may eventually revolutionize business but that are allowed to go afield into the realms of disinterested investigation. I believe we would be surprised if a census was taken of the number of awards for well rendered service given in this country. There are university grants, travelling grants, fellowships that are opening the way for sound scholarship. The most significant of such types of encouragement is the Guggenheim Fund, whose chief object is the financing of research and creative work. Writers, dancers, painters, sculptors, etchers, musicians find themselves by the side of workers in the scientific field. Fifty-seven awards have just been made, and a capital fund of only \$4,500,000 has been necessary to make this possible. In a given length of time this will assuredly have its effect. This Fund represents a faith in intellect as an investment. While the factories hum and the steel mills roar, the lamp of the student is kept lit and his mind is eased in the hope that a return will soon be forthcoming. On such a grant, Stephen Bénét's *John Brown's Body* flourished.

These grants are based on a competitive system, and there are juries of award. The candidates must

furnish their credentials. There must be specific objectives, some of them more specific than others. Here, this season, is one grant for writing a novel, another for writing a dramatic poem. One successful candidate is given a grant to do creative work abroad, another is sent to study Mexican fresco painting. One man is helped to write a life of Thomas Moore, another to complete studies in the philosophy of Voltaire. So the list reads in the departments of creative art. The stipends on the average are about \$2,500.

When Bernard Shaw, in 1925, received the Nobel prize, he helped endow the Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation. This year Jane Addams announced that her share of the Nobel peace award would be turned into the proper social channels. This is another aspect of the subject. Start a certain habit of mind, and there will be outgrowths in new directions. Every country has its own way of encouraging the arts, letters, and sciences. And in all countries there are the same rancor, the same disapproval over appointments. Take the political acrimony that is sounded whenever a new member is appointed to the French Academy. But this acrimony is due to the fact that letters abroad are a serious undertaking. We are not so concerned about the Academy of Arts and Letters in this country, for it has not yet become a sufficiently important object on the national horizon; it is likely to fall into excesses of foolish pride, as is the way with any young institution. Intellectually, we are still young, even though, as Oscar Wilde thought, "Our youth is our oldest tradition."

We need standards of literary judgment in this country. Whenever a Pulitzer award is made, it becomes very evident that there is a widespread consciousness of this fact. We are now in the habit of awaiting the spring Pulitzer announcement with expectancy. After we have read a good novel, a vivid history, a sound biography; after we have seen a distinctive drama, or read a rare book of poetry, we store the memory of it away to bring forth as our candidate. Dare the jury disappoint us? We get stimulation though we may think the jury absurd. Personally, I feel that some of the drama decisions were absolutely ill-founded, not even debatable. And I am convinced that the juries should be changed more often than they are in the case of the Pulitzer prizes. It must be an awful condition to fall into the jury type of mind.

There is, finally, a negative side to this prize giving. One may be tempted to write for a prize in the spirit of an amateur. Some years ago, when the New Theatre was in full fling in New York, Winthrop Ames bestowed a \$10,000 prize upon Alice Brown for a passable drama entitled *Children of Earth*. The number of manuscripts submitted went far beyond the thousand mark. It was an unsatisfactory award, for there were good dramatists who did not compete because they knew that, were their play good enough — from the angle of sound

judgment — they would make more money in the regular theatre than in this esoteric playhouse. Clyde Fitch was approached for a play and he refused for the same reason. Competitions have this stultifying effect. Publishers have competitions in the field of fiction and in the field of history; theatre leagues offer nominal sums for good plays to suit particular occasions. Here there is a self-consciousness on the part of the competitor that has its bad effect. To launch a work bravely upon the highway is the true measure of its value. It makes its own way, and then is picked up by the judges for prize consideration. There is not much hope for letters in competitions; there is a more healthy reaction in the other field we have just discussed. A competition merely is a channel for bringing forth new material in the hope that it will open up the floodgates of creative work we imagine existent everywhere. Yet I have talked with certain professional "readers" and they know how untrue this is. The floodgates are most assuredly opened but the waters are murky. The competitive market, after all, remains the king, the sure test of vitality. I do not mean that the best seller must be given the prizes. But it is surprising to find, considering how persistently we flay the bad taste of our public, that good books *do* sell well, and at the same time take prizes. The prize is the least part of this significance.



The Wheat Belt Looks Seaward

BY WAYNE GARD

*As negotiations for the St. Lawrence shipway to the
Atlantic progress, our Middle Western farmers
see a hope for prosperity*

MID-WESTERN and Northwest-ern farmers — the wheat growers most of all — are looking toward the St. Lawrence again. Weary from seeking other ways to make two-bit wheat balance high production costs, they are finding new hope in an old but untried prescription. Countless delays have made many despair of ever seeing a ship channel that would bring the Atlantic into the wheat belt, but the present negotiations between America and Canada, plus the enthusiasm of President Hoover, have become a tonic that is renewing faith and spurring agitation.

These farmers and many of their neighbors in town are watching with sharp interest the efforts of the two Governments to formulate a treaty that will open the long-sought channel. If a satisfactory agreement can be drawn up and ratified by the present Congress, actual work in overcoming the remaining obstructions in the seaway may begin soon. That is what the farmers are seeking now. With grain prices as low as they are, the growers of export crops are especially anxious to see the St.

Lawrence shipway in operation and to benefit from the saving in transportation costs which the project is expected to make possible.

Today one occasionally may see in Chicago River the black hull and alien flag of a steamer that hails from Glasgow or Stockholm. But these ships are among the smallest that cross the Atlantic. The rapids of the upper St. Lawrence still keep out the big freighters that count most in oceanic trade. With these rapids surmounted, Chicago and Duluth will become ports of call for large steamers from western Europe and from Latin America. Thus Mid-Western industry stands to gain benefits comparable to those which came to the East and West coasts with the cutting of the Panama Canal and to avoid the reappearance of the railway freight congestion of normal times.

Since the days of early explorers, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes have been arterial avenues of travel and trade. It was by these routes that hardy Englishmen and Frenchmen gained much of their early knowledge of America, brought

immigrants to the new world, and established the then lucrative fur trade. For this trade, La Salle built in 1679, by permission of Louis XVI, the *Griffon*, the first sailing vessel on the lakes.

When the *Griffon* first sailed, the wilderness along the lake shores was the habitat of red men and wild animals; the surface of the lakes had known only the splash of Indian paddles. As late as 1825, Henry Clay spoke of the Great Lakes as "beyond the farthest bounds of civilization — if not in the moon." Lake traffic increased, however, and before long the lakes became the cheapest and most popular route for pioneers who wanted to settle in the midland wilderness.

By the turn of the century, the lakes were teeming with giant ships laden with the commerce of the Northwest and the central prairies. Today they are a benevolent chain linking the wheat fields with the East and joining the iron ore regions with the coal areas where steel can be manufactured to greatest advantage.

IN RECENT years, cargo passing through Detroit River has outweighed that which entered and cleared in the foreign trade of America's Atlantic and Pacific ports. The canal at St. Mary's Falls has borne more traffic than any other artificial channel in the world, its tonnage exceeding even that of the Suez Canal. Prior to the spurt in ocean shipping which followed the World War, vessels on the Great Lakes represented nearly half the gross tonnage of America's merchant marine.

At present, however, almost all of this vast inland shipping is confined to fresh water. Hitherto, it has been limited to four of the five lakes, but now the completion of the new Welland Canal, circumventing Niagara, throws open to the larger freighters Ontario, "the Cinderella of the lakes," which has been almost as deserted as the Dead Sea. The opening of this reconstructed canal, which has cost Canada \$125,000,000, enables ships which have been unloading grain at Buffalo or Port Colborne, for milling or for reshipment to New York or Montreal, to go on through Lake Ontario to Kingston or Prescott on the Canadian side or to Oswego or Ogdensburg on the American side, thus making a saving in railroad rates.

Yet this saving is negligible compared to that which should be made when ships can carry grain and other products direct from Duluth or Chicago to Liverpool. At present, the canals around the rapids in the St. Lawrence are too small to allow the passage of vessels of more than fourteen-foot draft. The proposed new channel — most of which will be made not by digging new canals but by damming and flooding the rapids — will have an immediate depth of twenty-seven feet and probably an ultimate depth of thirty feet.

The St. Lawrence project, when completed, will bring the Atlantic to the Middle West. In traffic routes, Detroit and Cleveland will be more than four hundred miles nearer Europe. The central region of the country, which accounts for seventy per cent of the nation's farm production, will have far better access to

world markets. The industry of this region, it is estimated, will save up to four dollars a ton in freight rates.

Such a saving is needed to overcome the Mid-West's handicap which resulted from the digging of the Panama Canal. The canal benefited the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, but this benefit did not extend to the States between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Indeed, the interior States were placed at a disadvantage because of the lower rates which the canal gave to competing points. Eastern lumber consumers, for instance, were enabled to buy Washington and Oregon lumber, shipped by way of the Panama Canal, more cheaply than they could buy lumber grown in the interior and sent East by rail.

With shipping rates thus lowered and with freight rates raised, the Mid-West was, in effect, moved farther from the coasts. The result of this situation, as Herbert Hoover has pointed out, was "to shrink what would otherwise have been a normal growth of Mid-West industry and drive it closer to the seaboard."

The greatest advantage claimed for the proposed St. Lawrence shipway is the benefit it promises to American and Canadian agriculture. The United States Department of Commerce estimated in 1928 that the use of the St. Lawrence route would save 6.4 to 9.6 cents a bushel on unbroken cargoes of wheat or from 36.4 to 54.5 per cent of existing rates from Duluth or Chicago to Liverpool. Advocates of the seaway claim that a saving in rates would be felt as far as Columbia Falls, Montana, and Mangum, Oklahoma.

In this event, the farmer would benefit not only from the saving in rates on grain actually shipped by the St. Lawrence, but also from the higher price which would be paid for all grain produced in the territory from which the lake shipping would draw, since the price paid for wheat is essentially the Liverpool price less the cost of transportation to Liverpool by the cheapest route. It is estimated that the construction of the St. Lawrence channel would raise the wheat farmer's selling price five cents a bushel, on an average, and that within each two-year period of operation the saving to farmers would exceed the capital cost of the waterway, exclusive of that part chargeable to power development.

Grain, however, would be only one of many commodities available for shipment by the St. Lawrence, the opening of which would extend the American coastline by four thousand miles. The shipway normally would serve for the general export and import trade of the Mid-West and the Northwest. Sugar, coffee, fruits, and rubber could be imported by this route, while the probable exports would include not only grain but also flour, iron and steel, agricultural implements and automobiles. Several years ago, a small ship loaded with automobiles sailed from Detroit to Barcelona. On a basis of this experiment it was estimated that, on an average, twenty-five dollars per car would be saved by sending automobiles direct from Detroit to Europe in large ships.

Moreover, it is anticipated that these savings on imports and exports would be made without injuring the

business of the railways. In 1926 a commission of which Herbert Hoover was chairman stated that the total estimated tonnage available for the waterway, large as it was, amounted to less than four per cent of the tonnage then carried by American railway systems connecting the Lakes with the seaboard. When consideration is given to the fact that railways are overtaxed in periods of normal business and to the anticipated growth in population, the probable effect of the St. Lawrence seaway upon the railroads appears negligible.

The Western railroads hope to gain from the waterway and are among its strongest advocates. Those roads having their eastern terminals on the Lakes should be made more independent of the Eastern lines, which now allow them a disproportionately small share of through rates. The Western roads would thus be aided in overcoming a serious handicap and would attain relative equality of status with those of the East.

The Hoover commission concluded that "the construction of the shipway from the Great Lakes to the sea is imperative both for the relief and for the future development of a vast area in the interior of the continent" and that "the shipway should be constructed on the St. Lawrence route." This conclusion agreed with that of two earlier international commissions and with those of independent investigators.

ADVOCACY of a Great Lakes-Hudson route has almost died out. Such an alternate route would cost from three to five times as much for

construction as the St. Lawrence channel, would necessitate more than twice as many locks, would be crossed by seven times as many bridges, would add 625 miles in distance, and would involve much higher shipping costs. Today this alternate project has so nearly been abandoned that dollar-wise New Yorkers are seeking to unload their barge canal upon the Federal Government and thus escape deficits in operation.

The construction of the St. Lawrence shipway now seems inevitable, the only questions being those of time, of engineering detail, of the sharing of expense, and of the control of power development. The work of construction is expected to require eight years — perhaps ten when allowance is made for political and financial delays. A joint board of engineers has estimated the cost as between \$123,000,000 and \$148,000,000, exclusive of that part chargeable to power development for which the Governments would be reimbursed. Some recent estimates run higher.

In dividing the cost of the work to be done, the two Governments will, of course, take into account the work they have done individually in dredging channels, digging canals and building locks. Canada, with the expensive Welland Canal to her credit, will be the net gainer from such considerations.

The proposed twenty-seven foot channel will accommodate all ships that might normally be expected to use the shipway. Of all freight vessels entering our ports, eighty-eight per cent could use such a channel. And if the channel were

enlarged later to a depth of thirty feet, ninety-eight per cent of the freight liners and tramps could pass through. The passage can be kept open from seven to eight months a year for a potential traffic officially estimated at from 19,000,000 to 25,000,000 long tons of foreign and domestic cargo, sixty to eighty per cent of which would represent imports and exports.

The engineering problems of the proposed shipway are concerned mainly with the overcoming of several sets of rapids. Those near Montreal, entirely in Canadian territory, doubtless will be left mainly to Canadian enterprise, but the international rapids must be drowned or skirted by joint action of the two Governments. Before an agreement can be made on this point, however, certain divergent opinions of Canadian and American engineers must be reconciled. Consideration must be given also to a power-development project of New York State. It is expected that these adjustments will be made without difficulty, though they may delay the negotiation of a treaty.

No disadvantage to the United States is seen in having part of the route extend through Canada, since equal privileges on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes are guaranteed by treaty. Nor does this factor constitute any war danger; army engineers have given assurance that in an emergency the ship passage could be destroyed almost instantly by fire from the American shore.

In the production of electric power as a by-product, the possibilities of the St. Lawrence channel project are enormous. In the 183 miles

between the foot of Lake Ontario and the city of Montreal, there is a fall of 226 feet. Down this incline rush 220,000 cubic feet of water per second, on an average, or ten times that which will flow over Hoover Dam in the Colorado River. This water could be harnessed to provide an estimated 5,000,000 horsepower.

Thirty miles above Montreal, Canadians are building the mammoth Beauharnois plant, expected to develop an ultimate 2,000,000 horsepower. Farther up, on the American side, the State of New York has taken preliminary steps to divert the stream slightly at Massena Point after building a proposed gigantic dam and power plant on what is now a depression in dry land. This power project, which will allow for a ship channel, now awaits the formulation of an agreement between the American and Canadian Governments.

There has been some friction between the State of New York and the Administration in Washington over whether the State's power interest or the Federal Government's navigation interest should take precedence; but since these interests are not in themselves opposed, a mutually satisfactory settlement is expected. Already the State Department has taken up with the power authority of New York the ironing out of whatever points of difference may be found to exist, and it appears that both parties are now close to complete agreement.

On the other hand, it is possible that political considerations in both countries will delay the negotiation and ratification of the treaty now under consideration. In Canada some opposition has developed in Mon-

trepreneur, largely from power interests. At present, this city profits by maintaining granaries and warehouses for the transfer of rail-borne goods to Europe-bound ships and from handling Canadian imports. Naturally, the people of Montreal will gain little satisfaction from seeing European ships sail past their port to trade at Toronto or Fort William. The chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission is, however, a strong supporter of the seaway.

In this country the treaty may be delayed by conflicting aspirations of Governor Roosevelt and President Hoover and by the nearness of a national election. Senator Borah, who favors the waterway, expects no action by the Senate in the present session of Congress. He fears that controversy over the power aspects of the proposed treaty may hold back ratification.

In the Middle West, however, the economic plight of agriculture is adding force to the demand for early action on the St. Lawrence project, and now that negotiations are under way the ship channel is viewed with considerable hope as a means of farm relief. Any step which promises to raise the price of wheat is grasped at eagerly today. And the opening of the St. Lawrence is believed by many to offer higher prices not only for wheat but also for all other farm products, even those of which there is no exportable surplus. Wheat, as Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota points out, "is and always has been a sort of economic bell-wether as to prices." The prices of farm commodities and the prices of manufactured commodities follow the market price of wheat up or down.

For a decade, the high railroad rates and the availability of the Panama route have been driving manufacturing to the seaboard. In Minnesota, non-agricultural industry has declined fifty per cent since the passage of the Esch-Cummins Act. This handicap might be overcome in part by bringing the sea to the now land-locked interior.

The economic advantage of a water route is seen readily when it is realized that it costs more to ship wheat from Aberdeen, South Dakota, to Minneapolis than it costs to ship the same wheat from New York to Genoa, Italy. Similarly, it is more expensive to ship steel from Pittsburgh to Chicago by rail than to ship it from Baltimore to San Francisco by the Panama route. The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence passage, with its locks and its sometimes narrow channel, will not reduce costs to the level of purely oceanic shipping, but the inland water rates will mark a sharp reduction from the present combination rates.

Some of the statements of Mid-Western and Northwestern governors may need to be discounted by making allowance for overenthusiasm. When, for instance, Governor Louis L. Emmerson of Illinois states that the seaway would slash freight costs five to ten dollars a ton, would save ten cents a bushel on grain shipments, and would benefit the American farmer at the rate of \$150,000,000 a year, his figures are open to considerable question. Yet if the savings amounted to only half those he mentions, the St. Lawrence project would be eminently worth while and would warrant prompt construction.

Why a Navy?

BY HERBERT C. PELL

Is it to raise taxes, increase employment, or has it a more realistic purpose?

MOST discussions of naval affairs remind me of Yankee Doodle who "could not see the town, there were so many houses."

The first and most important part of the question is almost forgotten. Why do we need a navy at all? It is obviously not for the purpose of providing work at navy yards or expensive platforms from which to display the American flag in foreign harbors. The only justification for any navy is as a preparation for a possible war. If we believe that all war is inconceivable in the future, that no nation will become seriously involved with the United States throughout all time to come, then a navy would be as useless as a life preserver on a mountain top. If we are convinced that the noble nations of Europe will refrain like sportsmen from attacking a defenseless United States or if we believe that every nation in the world will recognize the piety and justice of our foreign policy and that international jealousy and avarice are abolished, then the navy may be abolished with them.

The navy is being attacked on all

sides by insidious and stupid propaganda. We are told that it is a challenge to war; that it is an unbearable expense to the taxpayer; that for the moment at least, war seems improbable. Therefore, let us eat, drink and be merry. Forget the dead past and forget the living future.

There is enormous pressure being used to convince the governing group of the United States that the navy is simply a useless expense. This I do not believe. God knows, I do not advocate war against any country, but I do advocate the maintenance of the United States in such a condition that no country will consider the possibility of a declaration of war against us.

All of us realize that final dominance, both commercial and political, lay with England in the Nineteenth Century; that international law was ultimately based on British conceptions of justice and that international matters were settled according to British foreign policy clearly considerate of British interests. We have only to remember the definition of "contraband" set up by the English and accepted by the world in 1905 at the time of the

Russian-Japanese War and that set up ten years later at the time of the war against Germany.

I do not mean to say that every petty squabble was settled in London but I do mean to say that the great affairs of the world in the Nineteenth Century were settled according to English ideas.

This position was taken and kept by the superior power of the English fleet and was not conceded to Great Britain by the world at large for its *beaux yeux* or because of any general recognition of its superior virtue.

On the whole, the Nineteenth Century was a great period of progress and if we are willing to trust our interests to the British Government, to leave to the English the eventual control of the world, we are perfectly justified in diminishing our navy. If the President of the United States in his desire to economize (and economy certainly is desirable) feels that for any reason England is better fitted than the United States to hold this ultimate power, then and only then is he justified in advocating the reduction of the United States Navy to a low level.

If we believe that the mother country would rush to the protection of the errant daughter, there is obviously no reason why we should ourselves waste money in providing against danger. If we believe that on the whole the United States is not fit to conduct its own foreign affairs, an excellent argument can be made for the destruction of the United States Navy and the abolition of the diplomatic corps and consular service. We could then maintain a gentleman in London who could

from time to time appear at the British foreign office and humbly request the English to look out for American interests, if we can conceive of other nations being so wicked as to oppose them.

IF WE think that war is a possibility, we should prepare for it. The most expensive victory costs less than the cheapest defeat. That is axiomatic.

Although not always dispensing heavenly justice, the United States is, I believe, as fit as any other country to succeed to the control which England enjoyed during the Nineteenth Century. We should adopt the British policy of maintaining the dominant navy of the world. It is impossible for a nation as commercially great as the United States, with its connections abroad, to continue to exist unenvied in a calm and distant sphere. If we are to take our part in the world, we will make enemies and if we make enemies we are likely to get into quarrels.

At the present time, our Navy is in an absurd position. As the Administration and most of the pacifists continue to urge, it is undoubtedly costing a tremendous annual sum — far too great an amount to be wasted and yet, by the policy which we are adopting, the United States Navy is today condemned to defeat by any conceivable combination that can be raised against us. This may seem an extreme statement but it is impossible for the United States to be attacked by any European country unless that country has the support of Great Britain and our present policy has cut our

navy below that of England and certainly far below that of England combined with any other country.

Do not imagine that the English politicians are more virtuous than the American; that they are more noble or more considerate of public good. Both countries are governed by men whose principal anxiety is to remain in office and who continue in place because of their adept appeal to the community at large.

I ask you if we can tolerate the thought that an appeal for immediate financial sacrifices in the interest of the great future of the country meets with a magnificent response from the rich and powerful in England and is treated with contempt by those who have most profited from the United States. Would a politician as cynical as Lloyd George ever dream of suggesting to the British manufacturer that a few pence in the pound would be taken off his income tax if in return he would advocate the sacrifice of the British Navy and the end of the British dominion of the seas?

During the great War, England and the United States extemporized magnificent armies behind their fleets but Germany was not able to expand its navy or effectively to take the second fleet of the world more than 200 miles from its base. If we enter a war, we must stand to win or lose with the naval establishment which we have at the beginning. The control of the sea is difficult to seize but very easy to hold.

I take the liberty of quoting from a speech which I delivered in the House of Representatives, February 10th, 1921, over ten years ago:

We need not delude ourselves. If we intend to succeed Germany as the chief commercial competitor of Great Britain, we will succeed also to Germany's position as the chief enemy of England; but there are circumstances today which for the first time in history may make war not an ineluctable necessity.

Bitter economies, governmental and private, are the order of the day in England, and yet they are strengthening their navy and their air forces. This they would not do except under pressing necessity, and against whom can they possibly be building? The German fleet is annihilated, and it is inconceivable that the English will ever allow them to build it up again. The combined continental fleets today could not stand for an hour against the British. There can be but one possible opponent against whom they are not fully prepared, and that is the United States; and yet, even in their poverty, they stint themselves to prepare against a possible opponent.

We have been told that a strong navy may be a fruitful cause of war. I do not believe that it is only the consciousness of weakness and the certainty of defeat that keeps the United States from embarking on a course of truculent arrogance. I know my countrymen better — they are neither bullies nor cowards.

We will never again have the opportunity that we now have. Some nation must be the strongest. This is a fact we can not avoid. Our choice is whether it will be the United States or another country. The chance of becoming, without a struggle, the most powerful in the world has never before been given to any great nation. I know of no people on earth who can be more safely trusted with this power than my own, and we must never forget that this power must lie somewhere and be the possession and glory of some people.

If we allow foreign propagandists to construct our foreign policy, then we may be sure that our local institutions which for so long have been our pride will be sacrificed along with the general interests of our country.

Let me say that if the people of the

United States fear to accept the serious responsibility which is inherent in a powerful navy; if they so mistrust their own character that they consider power to be too dangerous a thing to trust themselves with or if the governing group is right in believing that one per cent off the income tax means more to our people than does the control of the world, then it is only proper that our navy should be scrapped and that we should resign ourselves to become a workshop and a centre of production from which can come no great ideas and no thoughts of real importance. They would make us not a nation but a factory.

I AM opposed to much of the recent aggressive policy of the United States in Central America, but as long as the United States Government can command the service of a pair of second class cruisers and can hire a couple of liners to use as transports, there will be an ample enough navy to land anywhere between Guiana and Texas. A large fleet is not being advocated because it is considered necessary for the bombardment of Haiti. It is wanted by those who believe that a war may occur in the future between the great nations and who in such a time would be glad to see their own country protected from any possible danger.

In any case, it seems to me clear that there is good reason for the United States to build the biggest navy in the world and at least a tenable argument for the United States abandoning its navy altogether. But it is beyond me to understand the conceivable value of a

navy such as we have now. It is far too costly for any nation content to be a second class power and too weak seriously to be considered as a factor in any controversy with first class powers, except as an inferior annex to the English fleet. Is this what the pacifists advocate?

Are we to accept a navy which will fight unsuccessfully because our politicians must compromise between those who would have a navy which would win any fight and those who would refuse to fight at all? Must we accept defeat because we can not choose between victory and surrender?

As far as the maintenance of peace is concerned, we must remember that from the hour the smoke was scattered from the waters off Cape Trafalgar until the German challenge, there was no serious fighting done by the British Navy. There were, of course, individual actions such as those in our War of 1812; British warships appeared off Sebastopol and they have, on occasions, bombarded coast towns in Africa or in Asia; but there have been no general actions. Wooden ships were replaced by iron and iron ships by steel. Midshipmen rose to be admirals and their sons succeeded them in the command of British fleets, and there never was a battle, for no one dared to challenge them.

The British Empire is hardly ever at peace. Great Britain has been almost continually at war, and yet the greatest armies ever assembled, led by Hindenburg and by Napoleon, were unable to put a corporal's guard on that favored island which, in sight of their eyes, lived a life

of peace protected only by its fleet.

We should not fall between two stools. We must either adopt the policy of Great Britain or that of China. For generations, Great Britain has acted on the principle that no combination of international circumstance can be such as to justify her in trusting to any nation or combination of nations the eventual maritime control of the world. This has been the policy of Great Britain in good times and in bad — under Conservative and under Liberal administrations, whether allied with Germany against France or with France against Germany.

England has always poured out gold like water to its allies but it has never permitted them to develop a strong navy. The result is that in a thousand years since the control of the North Sea passed from the Danes to the English, England has suffered but one hostile invasion. There has been as much civil war in England as in any other single country of Europe. During the Wars of the Roses and during the Rebellion of Cromwell and during the Jacobite struggles, no continental enemy was ever able to effect a lodgment. The "silver streak school" has done well by England. Relying on the strength of their fleets, the English have been able to live comfortably and to pursue the arts of peace more successfully than have any other people.

China has adopted the opposite course. For centuries, the Chinese maintained no navy and despised the profession of a soldier.

The present case of China is conspicuous in the daily press but is

only repetition of her history from the earliest times. Impecunious and active nations have swarmed over China, occupied it, taken the best part of it for themselves and settled until they themselves became China-fied. The Chinese people content with a subordinate position and knowing no standard of life but the lowest continued to labor contentedly for whatever masters might be imposed upon them.

More recently the Chinese have attempted what they consider to be a more vigorous system of defense. They achieved the protection of a wall of treaties — League, Kellogg Pact and the Nine Powers Treaty.

IN 1914 the welkin echoed with the eloquence of British orators who pointed out that though they had no desire or interest whatsoever in the war against Germany, the honor of Great Britain became involved when the independence of Belgium, guaranteed by the signature of Great Britain, was violated. The act of a British foreign minister, though made seventy-five years before, would be upheld at any cost. England would rather sink a hundred fathoms beneath the water than to see her signature dishonored in Belgium.

It all sounded very noble and those of us who looked for another motive were suspected of being the corrupt tools of the Kaiser. But the same situation exists today. England guaranteed the independence and integrity of China not seventy-five but nine years ago and there is not one single person in England who has the slightest idea that from one end of Great Britain to another anything

whatsoever will be done to maintain that "plighted faith" made so famous in 1914. The United States also guaranteed the independence and integrity of China in those treaties composed by Mr. Hughes which, if they did not give the United States great power in the world, at least gave the Republican party great power in the country.

There can be no doubt whatsoever about it. The solemn and definite word of the United States is pledged to uphold the independence and integrity of China and yet there is not an American of any party or of any class who is in favor of upholding this pledge. France, Portugal, Italy, Belgium and Holland also took part in the treaty. These nations have made a gesture and have shaken their fingers at Japan. The Japanese Government, being composed of courteous gentlemen, refrained from a very natural desire to make a finger nose at the protesting ambassadors and, without even a smile, explained that they had woven a garment of fig leaves for the God of Battles. The assembled guarantors of Chinese integrity of whom the Japanese were the most faithful and enthusiastic had been quite wrong in assuming that the Japanese were waging war against China. They had merely sent an expedition to maintain order.

This solemn nonsense will be repeated whenever any country is anxious to exploit China and the rest of the world does not feel that its interests are being violated. The pacifists ask the United States to rely on treaties, on the obligations and promises of other nations at the very moment when they are clamor-

ing for the United States to violate its own treaty obligations to China. If we do not maintain our treaties, why should we expect other nations to be more careful. The truth is that no nation ever has or will keep any treaty longer than its interests demand. Treaties in practice are nothing but statements of policy. Of course, it would not do for any nation in its intercourse with others to act as if treaties did not exist but whether or not a treaty will be kept is always a question of policy. If government debts are not paid a loss of credit will inevitably follow. But there is no court which can enforce its decisions into which nations can be hailed. Of course, the English, who could not understand how we could sleep at night when Belgium was being violated, are older today and possibly more somnolent. At any rate, I have heard of nobody suffering from insomnia because of what has happened in China and I very much doubt if there would be many more people ready to rush to our aid if we followed the Chinese example of relying on the word, the treaties and the guarantees of Christian nations.

The Chinese have followed the advice of missionaries and have turned the other cheek, they have followed the advice of most of the peoples of the world and have relied on the League of Nations. They have followed the advice of the United States and relied on the written guarantee of specific nations of which the United States was the first, and all to what good? Is it any wonder that the Chinese turn toward Russia?

I should prefer a rule of interna-

tional justice. I should prefer to see international quarrels decided according to principles of law and justice by an impartial court able to enforce its decisions. The realization of such a vision should be the goal of every person interested in humanity, but we may be sure until such a court exists with real power that international quarrels, especially those between great nations, will be settled by the quarreling nations themselves and that in these quarrels the ultimate argument will be force. No one can regret that fact more than I, but it must be recognized.

Peace must be maintained by power; justice must be enforced by strength. That power and that strength may be in the hands of one people as it was in the Nineteenth Century and we will have order; or it may be, as I should like it to be, in the hands of the organized nations of the world, which would give us peace. If it lies nowhere, ready to be

seized by any chance coalition, irresponsible, selfish and reckless of consequences, the result inevitably will be suspicion, fear, hatred and war. Is there any phase of human relationship in which equality among rivals who recognize no superior has not produced contests? I instance love, sport, business.

I have tried to state this question clearly. I have sufficiently indicated my own conclusion but whether I am right or wrong in my decision to support the United States against every other nation, I am unquestionably right in demanding that the people of this country realize the nature of this question and understand that they are voting for something vastly more important than lowering their taxes or employing a certain number of laborers or putting some workmen out of a job; they are voting yes or no on this question: "Do you believe that your country rather than any other should be the first in the world?"



The President's Opportunity

BY NORMAN LOMBARD

In whose opinion there is one clear-cut, bold step that Mr. Hoover can take to end the depression

I SUPPOSE, if a million people were gathered together and the question were put to them, "What should the President do?" there would be a million answers, all different. Obviously, the plans of all can not be followed.

And yet it is a proper subject of discussion, if approached in a sympathetic spirit. What the President does, particularly in a time of dire social and economic crisis, such as we are now in, is a matter of concern to all of us.

It is on only one aspect of the President's numerous, diverse, and onerous responsibilities that I would comment. Formerly active in the work of mobilizing public and official opinion to see, understand and take steps to correct the menace to society of a monetary system without plan or method of rational control, I am now a mere bystander endeavoring to foresee trends. What I have to offer, therefore, is not advanced in a mood of captious criticism or as propaganda for a cause, but with a solemn feeling of the existence of a real need and of a moral responsibility to aid, if I may, by analysis and constructive suggestion.

Let us waive, for the moment, thoughts of political expediency. I do not ask consideration of these ideas on the ground that, if they are heeded, the President may improve his chances of reelection. It is in the spirit that led him to save the starving babies of Belgium, the spirit that won for him the heart of the world, that I would desire him to act to save some millions of underfed, if not starving, men, women and children in the United States, now facing physical, mental and moral disintegration.

Can we not agree that an important cause, or phase at least, of our present economic plight is the drastic decline in the prices of commodities—in the general level of prices? No one, it seems to me, can deny that, while business may be conducted on one level as well as on another, rapid changes of level are exceedingly unsettling. Hesitance of purchasers to buy when they feel that they may be able to buy cheaper tomorrow; shrinking inventories; declining demand for goods; impairment of security and real estate values with consequent calling of loans, defaults, foreclosures; closed

factories, banks, stores; stagnant offices; unemployment — all will certainly agree that, irrespective of differences of opinion as to fundamental causes and possible remedies, these are the devastating phenomena that inevitably accompany a falling price level.

Facing, then, the fact that prices have fallen, whether or not the decline could have been prevented, what of the future? Supposing that it is possible to control the price level, what should now be the aim? Should we aim to stabilize it where it is — merely prevent it from going lower — or should we try to reverse the trend, perhaps to raise the level by ten per cent, or twenty per cent or, even, to restore prices on the average to where they were, say, in 1929; and if so, how?

To leave the price level where it is means that numerous and serious readjustments will have to be made in wages, rents, taxes, salaries, public utility and railroad rates, capitalizations, valuations debts, and so on. This would be a long-drawn-out painful process that could be shortened and rendered less painful if we adopted the other expedient — a partial restoration. That is what occurred in 1921, after the drop of 1920, and it ushered in seven years of active employment, heightened production, widespread prosperity. How to do that again is the solemn problem of the moment and upon its solution may depend political destinies, the lives of innocent people, untold human consequences.

It is my thesis that such a development is now desirable, practical, attainable. What should be done to bring it about?

To answer this question in the space available I must assume that my readers have a certain degree of familiarity with the subject of monetary economics and that they will accept, without my having to expound, explain, explore, argue and defend them, a series of seemingly dogmatic assertions, which, however, I feel confident have the support of logic and of the overwhelming preponderance of informed and expert opinion.

These are:

(1) The general level of prices is the reciprocal of the purchasing power of money. When one goes up the other goes down. To raise prices, therefore, we must lower the purchasing power of money. This is a mere truism.

(2) Money (in which term I include not only gold coin and currency but bank credit and all forms of instruments of payments and their effective substitutes — legal tender and otherwise) is subject to the same law of demand and supply that applies to wheat or cotton or anything else. To cheapen it (I do not refer to interest rates; I am talking of value — purchasing power) we must increase the supply — either the volume or the velocity of circulation — relative to the needs of business.

(3) To increase the money volume in the simplest, most direct, most expeditious manner we must increase the money loaned by banks and borrowed by business men.

(4) The obstacle that prevents such an increase now is the feeling, (a) on the part of business men, that, if they borrow in the face of a threatened continued fall in prices, they will probably not profit and that

their banks may have to call their loans and thus embarrass them; and (b) on the part of bankers, that they must keep their assets very liquid so as to be able to meet any possible demands their depositors may make on them. Hence they decline loans they would be glad to make if they knew prices were going to rise (or even were not going to fall); and they call loans that are not readily payable or negotiable.

(5) If something were to force huge deposits on the banks so that their reserves became excessive, they would no longer worry about liquidity and their problem would become one of loaning the funds available rather than one of preparing to meet their depositors' demands, and, if business men felt both safety and assurance of profit in borrowing, the supply of credit in use would grow, prices would rise, production and trade would increase, employment would expand, foreclosures would diminish, imports and exports would be augmented.

THAT is the outline of our problem. Now let us suppose our old friend, the visitor from Mars, should arrive with one billion dollars in United States gold coin and should deposit it in any banks that would take it; and suppose he announced, and people believed him, that he had an unlimited amount more to deposit and that he would keep on depositing money at the rate of one hundred million dollars a week until the general level of prices rose, say, ten or twenty per cent, as he liked; and that then he would stop making deposits; and that, if prices rose more than his predetermined limit, he

would start drawing his gold out again and would send it back to Mars, to prevent inflation and wild speculation.

With such an assurance of continued policy and intention, backed by a factual demonstration, does any one suppose that the results would not follow as indicated? Does any one doubt that prices would rise, that people would buy, that factories would open, that foreclosures and bank failures would diminish, that business men would go to their banks for loans?

Where is the man from Mars? In 1849, he was a man named Marshall who found gold on the ill-fated Sutter's domain in California. In 1893, he was a man who discovered a new process for extracting gold, aided and abetted by others who found new gold in Alaska and South Africa.

But these Martians had not the desirable faculty of being able to stop when the remedy had begun to do its work. They kept on pouring in gold until they brought inflation, boom, over-expansion. Our man from Mars, in this more rational and intelligent age, must be wiser; he must stop the injection of his remedy once it has done its work; he must be able to draw down his gold when it becomes too abundant.

Surely we do not have to await some fortuitous man from Mars to rescue us from our present predicament. Must we go on and on, and must prices go down and down as they did from 1812 to 1850 and from 1865 to 1896? If so, there may be twenty years of this economic hell before us. And then must we again go too far the other way, into inflation and boom, to be followed

by another crash and despair again, and have it all to do over again?

No. There is a man from Mars — an improved, rational, controllable force. There is an available, practical, effective, sound device with which to accomplish the result desired, that is, to increase bank deposits and reserves in the aggregate so that the banks will be freed from their liquidity complex and be led to loan more freely, to discontinue these deposits when the rise has gone to a predetermined extent, and to draw out deposits when the momentum engendered is able to sustain itself or threatens to carry over to an excessive degree.

This device is the open market power of the Federal Reserve System.

The Federal Reserve Banks — twelve of them — under the guidance and restraint of the Federal Reserve Board might tomorrow begin buying United States Government bonds, Treasury certificates, eligible acceptances. The authorities of the System could announce that it was their intention to continue this buying until the index number of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics had risen twenty per cent and that then the Reserve banks would stop buying and, if necessary, sell (and thereby absorb credit) so as to prevent the situation from getting out of hand. Cashiers' checks of the Federal Reserve banks in payment for these securities would flow out to their sellers and would be deposited to their credit in various member banks who would, in turn, deposit them in a Federal Reserve bank. They would then become member bank reserves. These member banks would use these funds,

first, to pay off their own loans from the Federal Reserve, then to buy bonds, then to make loans to their customers. As reserves, they would support from ten to fifteen times their nominal amount in loans and investments, because banks are required to keep from three per cent to thirteen per cent reserve against their deposits and every loan makes a deposit — if not in the lending bank, then in some other.

According to Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the System has gold enough to make possible such purchases up to \$3,500,000,000, enough to sustain new credit of \$35,000,000,000 or more. How many men would this employ?

If under such a programme gold should start to leave the country — and there is every reason why it should not, because gold goes where business is good — then let the Reserve banks raise their discount rates. That would call it back.

If, in spite of all, gold proved a traitor and a coward, then there is provision in the present Federal Reserve Act for waiving the legal requirements as to minimum reserve ratios, so that whatever volume of gold we may have will sustain whatever volume of credit we may need. The Bank of England has no legal minimum reserve ratio and it has operated for long periods on one-fifth of the ratio which habit has dictated in this country.

HERE is a sound, unimpeachable, expertly approved device and plan. It has been proposed and urged innumerable times. Why has it not been adopted?

No one connected with the Federal Reserve System has ever answered that question — at least, not in public, so far as I know.

There are answers; but they do not satisfy.

Here are some of them:

Bankers don't want any more reserves. They can not loan what they have now. (Of course, under this plan any bank can refuse to accept any of the new deposits that would result from its adoption.)

It would usher in a period of inflation which it might be difficult to stop. (The power that starts it can stop it at any time. If its limits were clearly stated in advance, when it was adopted, efforts to stop it would receive the support of public opinion.)

Creditors profit from a lower price level and the creditor class controls the country. (Stability of prices is the ideal social condition. It is doubtful if, in the long run, the creditor class really does profit from such conditions as we are now enduring.)

It is an artificial interference with the law of demand and supply. (If so, then so is the fixation of the length of the yard. The Federal Government is, by the Constitution, the only agency having control over money in the United States and it has delegated that control to the Federal Reserve and can take it away again.)

If the Federal Reserve System were once looked upon as influencing price levels it might be charged with the blame for every fluctuation of individual prices. (This is to assume a depth of popular ignorance that I believe does not exist.)

Never have I read an answer that goes to the heart of the matter, that questions the economic and social soundness of the plan. Always, the reason urged is one arising out of prejudice, selfish interest, or ignorance.

As this is written, recent statements of the condition of the Federal Reserve banks, as they appear each Friday morning in the press, have shown a tendency to increase the Federal Reserve holdings of open market securities and this might be taken as a partial adoption of the device here suggested; but such increases have not been sufficient to overcome decreases in rediscounts and other items and to effect the marked increase in Federal Reserve credit outstanding and in member bank reserves that the present situation calls for. On the other hand, decreases in loans and investments, as shown in the weekly statements of reporting member banks, indicate a continuance of the deflation or liquidation policy of the banks (more than seasonal) further testifying to the need of this positive correction.

It may be in order to refer to another suggestion now receiving wide-spread popular attention and increasing support in Congress, that is, the plan proposed in the Costigan-LaFollette bill, and to examine its probable effectiveness in contrast to the suggestion that open market holdings be markedly increased.

The Costigan-LaFollette bill would have the Federal Government issue and sell \$375,000,000 of bonds, the proceeds to be expended for building new roads and other public works. As these bonds would have to be sold to the investing

public, it is difficult to see how any positive increase of the money or credit volume would result. When a man buys Government bonds he gives a check on his own bank in payment. This check is redeposited in the same or some other bank to the credit of the United States Treasury. No change in the total deposit occurs — only a change in the name of the depositor. To be a success such a plan must needs be supported by Federal Reserve policy, that is, the Federal Reserve banks must buy the bonds or must increase their loans to member banks to enable them to do so; but no new bonds are needed to enable the Federal Reserve to do that now.

Analysis must make it evident that the Costigan-LaFollette plan is no alternative to the open market purchase plan here urged.

THEREFORE, what I suggest is that the authorities of the Federal Reserve System (the governor and members of the Federal Reserve Board and the governors and directors of the Federal Reserve banks), publicly or privately, increase the total of Federal Reserve credit outstanding, by buying at least \$100,000,000 of eligible securities per week until the price level has risen twenty

per cent; that then they should stop buying; that, if the price level goes on rising, they should reduce the outstanding credit by selling securities as fast as need be to hold it steady.

The Administration is valiantly striving to loosen money, expand business, reduce unemployment. On the other hand, the banking element hugs its security, sequesters its credit, hoards its money, sits tight, keeps liquid, hopes to ride out the storm, waits for some one else to move.

I do not mean to impugn the bankers. They are doing only what they think necessary to protect their stockholders and their depositors. They regret the present situation as much as any one. They would like to see it changed. But the individual banker has no option in the matter and little power.

Some powerful, informed, determined leadership is needed to protect them from themselves. They are jamming the exits, as a frenzied mob does at a fire. There is only one man who can exercise the power, who commands the channels, whose word can carry the day, and who alone can force the credit expansion and the business revival that would follow.

That is the President.



A Scientific Fortune Teller

BY M. LUCKIESH

Theoretically it is possible for human beings to see back as far as the formation of the earth and to find out what will happen to them a billion years hence

ADVENTURE is perpetually the mainspring of life's interest. In bygone ages adventure was found chiefly in the physical subjugation of peoples and of unexplored lands. With advancing time and knowledge a new kind of adventure began to bid for attention. Now there are many thrills to be found in the intellectual subjugation of natural laws and of unexplored and even invisible realms of Nature. These in turn open new avenues of adventure for the future. With our earth entirely explored, future adventurers will travel to the moon and to Mars. Long before interest in the present is exhausted mankind will likely satisfy the ever-existent desire to see past events and to foretell the future.

Men have long speculated and dreamed of fanciful adventures. Jules Verne took uncounted readers on imaginary trips. Some of these have actually materialized, but Jules Verne was not prophetic. These coincidences between old fiction and modern achievements were purely accidental, for he did not presume to base his fanciful inventions and

journeys upon even theoretical knowledge. Many future adventures as thrilling as those of Verne can be predicted safely upon knowledge. This is the contribution which scientific method has made to modern civilization.

Modern science began in earnest with Galileo about three centuries ago. Modern knowledge and utilization of natural laws owe their existence to the experimental method which he so capably introduced into the search for knowledge. Philosophy has its place in this search, but alone it produces little in material things beyond the fairly obvious. Ancient philosophers went far on their course, but uncovered little or nothing of Nature's hidden secrets. Now we may build with and upon what we know with certainty, not merely upon what we think. Philosophy and logical deduction are still necessary to span the gaps in knowledge, but they must be used cautiously and sparingly. And to these must be added imagination ballasted by knowledge, if new adventures are to be successfully predicted or achieved.

Adventurers for ages have paid

homage to God or to gods. Now any one who rides in an automobile or airplane might justly salute Galileo. Before we adventure into seeing the past and also the future of civilization let us set a good example. In our imagination we visit a modest church in Florence, Italy, and stand reverentially between the tombs of Michaelangelo and Galileo. The superb artist died during the year in which was born the great exponent of experimental science and of certainty of knowledge. As we stand there we see in our mind's eye Michaelangelo's failing hands pass the sceptre from art to new-born modern science. Few achievements in art were destined to transcend those of this versatile and energetic artist. Galileo by introducing the experimental method was to lay the foundation for modern science, which is tested and testable knowledge — everlasting materials for successful construction and prediction. No more appropriate shrine could be chosen for those who enjoy the fruits of modern science. It is fitting for Florence, having taught the world art, to have given to civilization the one who was to teach that Nature was not only worth understanding but how this could be accomplished with certainty.

With this homage paid we may imagine ourselves seated in a ship of space about to depart for a visit to the moon or on a two-year trip to Mars. This would be high adventure and doubtless will come to future generations. But this may be achieved by remaining safely on earth, provided one has a super-telescope. Furthermore, such an instrument would provide us with

countless adventures into past history which would dwarf into insignificance a mere physical trip to Mars. A super-telescope of unlimited magnification would enable us to see events which occurred before our birth. Barring adverse weather conditions at the time, we might see battles in past wars, the crucifixion of Christ, the prehistoric animals in their natural environment. We could sit on Pike's Peak and watch it and the Rocky Mountains being formed and the shapes of oceans being changed. Inasmuch as we do not know the limit to which we could turn back time, it is possible we might see the tongue of fiery material drawn from the sun and the earth molded therefrom. Not only would we see our reasonably known history but we could check the speculations and hypotheses pertaining to geological ages and celestial matters.

THE idea is simple but the achievement may be long delayed. Magnification by ordinary optical methods becomes increasingly difficult; consider the largest existing astronomical telescopes. Proceeding much further in this direction involves lenses and reflectors of extreme bulkiness. Every day light is being converted into electrical phenomena and electricity is being converted into light. Electrical magnification or amplification of enormous ranges is being achieved daily in radio and elsewhere. Theoretically there are no fundamental obstacles to carrying electrical magnification as far as necessary. Thus a super-telescope becomes theoretically possible by introducing the electrical magnification in the optical chain

between the objective and the eyepiece. Any thing theoretically possible will become a practical achievement when the reward is great enough.

Being equipped with this super-telescope of unlimited magnification, we need only to look at past events in suitable and properly located mirrors. Time is turned back because light travels with a finite velocity. In fact, the speed of light is tortoise-like when viewed in terms of celestial distances. It requires time for light to travel from the sun to the earth. Any phenomenon, such as an eruption on the sun, when seen through a telescope is seen eight minutes after it occurs. Of the stars which appear particularly brilliant, Sirius is the nearest. Still it is 500,000 times further away than the sun and it takes nine years for light to travel from it to us. So it is with all of space. Suppose that an enormous explosion took place out in space and that it resulted in a hitherto unheard of amount of light. Its light, though traveling 186,000 miles per second, would seem to observers with a telescope on earth to travel very slowly. As the years and centuries and æons passed, celestial bodies farther and farther from this abnormal and temporary source of light would become illuminated. Astronomers ages in the future would see dim stars become brighter and from a cause which occurred in this primitive age of 1932.

Now we are ready to consider light which has left the earth long ago and has been reflected by mirrors out in space and returned to us. Obviously in a mirror as far away as Sirius we could see events happening on earth

about eighteen years ago. Having a super-telescope of enormous magnification we need only small perfect mirrors out in space. In facets of crystals, for example, Nature supplies these in abundance. Certainly there are uncounted cold bodies in celestial space. With our super-telescope we search them out and, accidentally or otherwise, find mirrors oriented to our liking and at the distances necessary for viewing the past events desired.

Gradually a new map of the heavens would be developed. Distant mirrors would be located and their movements would be predicted. The succession of historical events could be predicted in any given case with as great certainty as the astronomer now enjoys. These "motion-pictures" would be more or less decreased or increased in rapidity or movement, depending upon the relative motion of the mirror away or toward the earth. Rotation of the mirrors would be annoying because this would cut the "reels" short and beyond our control, but in the infinity of choices there should be plenty of mirrors which rotated sufficiently in unison with the earth to prolong the view to our satisfaction. A new type of searcher of the heavens would develop to serve and predict the motion-pictures of past history.

Obviously the weather conditions present at the time of the event would be of importance. Doubtless the observers would be disappointed occasionally by a cloud veil being drawn across an interesting scene at a thrilling hour. However, on clear days atmospheric conditions would not be annoying. We see the details

on the sun and moon plainly. From great altitudes above nearly all the haze and much of the atmosphere, we see the details of the earth very accurately. With our super-telescope the pictures of earth events pass twice through the atmosphere; once outward bound and once on their return after the journey of years, centuries or æons. Likewise weather conditions over the distant mirrors may be disposed of.

POLARIS, the North Star, is so far away that it takes light about 150 years to travel the round trip from the earth. A mirror at that distance would reveal events near the close of the Revolutionary war. If we sat on Rigel with our super-telescope we would have to wait twenty-six years to see the ships of Columbus approaching America on their voyage of discovery. Rigel is 466 light-years away, so if we wished to see this event from the earth's surface we would have to find a mirror 220 light-years away or thirteen years less than half the time required for light to travel from the earth to Rigel.

Imagine a future theatre billing motion-pictures of past history — the actual scenes and the original actors! On a coming Thursday the destruction of the Spanish Armada is to be shown. Also one may imagine the disappointment if the show is called off on account of rain — a rain of long ago. Or the burial of Pompeii might become obscured by the sulphurous smoke. Anyway, it would be a thrilling scene. But, of course, the management will be prepared with other events and the super-telescope will turn to these one after another in search of a substitute

thriller. This substitute might be a more recent event or one which took place thousands of years ago.

Imagine these future theatres awaiting the coming of the crucifixion of Christ. Millions of persons everywhere will have learned to hope for good atmospheric conditions at the time of the event about 1900 years ago. Atmospheric conditions at the earth's surface may be largely eliminated by having the super-telescopes located in the most favorable places. Or a tower five or ten miles high would raise it above most clouds. Imagine the hushed reverence and emotional strain as the millions await the coming of this scene!

Pushing time back farther the presentation of natural history becomes a possibility. The dinosaurs and other extinct animals may be seen playing and fighting. Changes in physical geography may be seen. The course of various ice-ages should be easily traced and the time of occurrence accurately established. Geological epochs would march one after another across the field of vision of millions and not be confined merely to the imagination of scientific men. Denver might witness the great upheaval which raised its level a mile above the sea and buckled the earth's crust to form mountains nearly two miles higher in its neighborhood. With this upheaval great areas of water changed their size and contour. Of course, these events did not take place in an hour or two, but, just as the growth of plants is now shown, these events which take place slowly could be compressed by using the proper succession of bits of light-pictures from a number of mirrors.

And so the story of the actual motion-pictures of the past may have no end. Theoretically we need not confine our views to earth's history. We might witness events which took place before the earth existed. There are obstacles indeed and perhaps there are limitations as to details. However, there are no fundamental impossibilities in the way and it seems reasonably certain that the present great achievements with astronomical telescopes will some day be merely the primitive products of men working with crude instruments of great limitations. No perfect super-telescope will be produced until a long series of disappointing and successful steps have been taken. Much study must be given to the possible distortion of the light-pictures by gravitational phenomena and motions in space. However, none of these seems to be serious, as attested by present-day astronomical observations. The best insurance for success is that space is practically empty from an optical viewpoint.

These views of past events transcend in general interest the astronomical possibilities and other scientific contributions of a super-telescope. All these will be realized along with the great educational and entertaining value of seeing some of the past history of mankind, of the earth, of the solar system and of some of the universe at least.

SEEING the past has endless thrill and adventure, even though it is not our individual past. Many persons patronize fortune-tellers in futile attempts to learn something of their individual future. As yet, science can offer nothing for these, but it does

have within its grasp the foretelling of many of the future possibilities of civilization, at least as to material developments. The latter is equally simple, in general principle, as seeing the past.

In foretelling the material future of our civilization we must depend upon seeing what other peoples of the universe are doing. This might be done with the super-telescope but there may be limitations in seeing the necessary details. However, before discussing the means, it is necessary to consider the possibility of the existence of thinking beings elsewhere in the universe. Admittedly there are learned men arrayed on both sides of this question, but it is difficult to be patient with those who think that this insignificant mote which we term "Earth" contains the only thinking beings in the entire universe. Such an attitude seems more fitting to bygone centuries, when man's supreme egotism deduced a universe of which the earth — and earth-beings — were the centre. This narrow egotistical view was responsible for the pre-Copernican astronomical theories and resisted strongly the theory of Copernicus now known to be true. But this egotism is difficult to submerge even today, as is seen in many unsupported beliefs and speculations.

Considering the magnitude of the universe and the myriad celestial bodies, there must be an infinite variety of conditions available. Furthermore, there is no reason for believing that there are not present in distant space many cooled non-luminous bodies. They need not be tied to a sun, as the earth is, nor need the physical conditions, especially

the atmosphere, be similar to those in which we live. Another people of the universe need not appear like earth-beings. They need not eat nor breathe the same things that we do. Having infinite time, Nature may evolve thinking beings here and there to fit each particular environment. Even the thought processes may differ materially. Some of those environments which have visible radiation, such as our sunlight, may develop organs of sight in these thinking beings, because this is a highly satisfactory way for beings to appraise the objects at a distance in the world about them. Furthermore, the omnipresence of light in the universe is adequate assurance that seeing with radiant energy within the limits of the wave-length sensibility of our eyes will have been widely developed throughout the universe.

Foretelling the future of our civilization is not predicted upon conversing with these far-off peoples. This might be an eventuality, but it is a hope too flimsy for consideration. It ranks in superficiality and silliness with flashing a Morse code to Mars. But there is a universal language among those who can see. That language is *seeing*. If we may see what other peoples are doing we may foretell some of the future at least of our own civilization. In the infinitude of space some peoples may be a billion years in advance of us, perhaps so far ahead that we could not even understand what we saw them doing or using. There should be available here and there peoples in all stages of advancement. From these we could piece together a comprehensible fabric.

If these other peoples were so different from us in appearance and in other conditions, how would their doings in any way foretell our future progress? This answer is also simple. Science is founded upon universal laws. We have adequate reason for believing — even for knowing — that the same ninety elements are scattered through the universe and that the same fundamental natural laws hold everywhere. In other words, other peoples, however differing from us in appearance, environment and mode of living, have the same “tools” to build with. Their science — their knowledge — must be the same as ours. They will build from these universal laws and materials the same things that we do, at least in principle. Those peoples far in advance of us will have built far in advance of us. They will have available much more knowledge and will have harnessed laws and materials in many ways which, owing to our relative ignorance, we have not yet done. Those peoples, who see by means of light of the same wave-length range as we do, will have developed television. Doubtless this is an achievement already millions of years old for some peoples. Perhaps long before our stone age television waves were reaching the earth. Perhaps in this room such waves are coming from many celestial peoples now. If we could detect them we would see their life, their achievements, their devices; the products of their knowledge and of the same basic laws and materials which we have available. We might see peculiar beings and strange environments, but the results of knowledge displayed on every hand would not

differ materially from those achieved or achievable on earth.

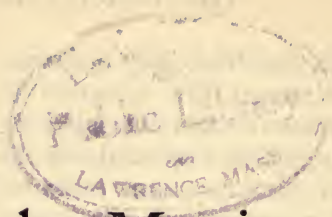
Thus we may see the past by reflection of earth-events and celestial ones in distant mirrors. Also we may see the future reflected in the achievements of thinking celestial peoples elsewhere in the universe. Many details have necessarily been omitted from this discussion, but there seem to be no obstacles visible from a theoretical viewpoint. When things are theoretically possible they

usually become practicalities, if the reward is great enough. And what price would we not pay to see the great events of the past and to glimpse some of the far distant achievements of science? But these achievements would be greatly hastened if we could peep into the volumes of knowledge and experience of other thinking beings who have pursued the scientific method for æons instead of a few centuries, as we have.

Carnival

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

THE night, aglow with lights of carnival,
 Was filled with merry laugh and careless jest,
 But none so joyous, none so gaily pressed
 The hands of luring maidens as that tall
 Audacious cavalier, whose masquerade
 Was but a poor concealment for the fire
 Of ardent being, and the hot desire
 Of life that on his mobile features played.
 At last we stood together, and I said,
 "You have the key to laughter's storehouse, pray
 Unlock the door for me." He tossed his head,
 "The key is yours," he mocked. "The other day
 I buried one who died of pestilence,
 And I shall laugh no more a few days hence."



Fumigating the Movies

BY EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

Wall Street turns its attention to Hollywood

FROM the chaos that is Hollywood, a sadder and, in some ways, chastened moving picture industry is emerging. Sadder because the good old days of carefree spending are seemingly gone forever; chastened because those same days, plus the recent depression ("recent" used patriotically) have resulted in the industry's falling into the hands of new masters who look with ill-concealed disapproval on the wicked practice of spending two dollars where one would do.

Hollywood, that for years has flouted all known precepts of "good business," has thumbed its nose, figuratively speaking, at such Babbitty maxims as "economy" and "business caution," and, moreover, got away with it, is coming down to the soil and beginning to repeat the same jargon of "business system" and "time is money" that has helped make America the material success that she is, or was.

After three years of crushing losses had almost paralyzed the film world and reduced production of pictures to a tenth of what it was normally, America's fourth largest industry is now seemingly through its Gethsemane. Although still below pre-

depression levels, production schedules are once more on the increase. Financial support has been obtained for most of the larger production units, and the "independents" are already shooting merrily. America is again on the way towards having its picture appetite satisfied.

After two years of watching from afar, while Hollywood struggled and tangled itself up deeper and deeper, Wall Street this last winter finally moved into the picture in a literal sense; and, moving in, undertook to dictate studio policies in no half-hearted way. A veteran efficiency expert, who for years has specialized in doctoring worn-out corporations, has been made president of one of the major picture companies and given the assignment of making the organization run like a modern business corporation. Two other major studios are entering the present season with new financial backing, backing which has well-defined Wall-Street origin. In a fourth, the former owners managed to clamber back upon their old office chairs only in the capacity of salaried employees and after oft-repeated promises of better behavior. On a number of "lots," changes have been made in

the faces in the inner holy of holies. The only reason the turnover in executives was not more far reaching was because, in the final analysis, the making of pictures is a technical affair and it was difficult to produce trained executives on the spur of the moment. Only two major studios have come through comparatively unscathed so far as internal organization goes.

What will be the final result of this internal readjustment on the quality of moving pictures — which, of course, is a feature that interests the American public — remains to be seen. But one thing seems fairly certain: a crisis which many thought would lead to the collapse of the Pacific Coast's leading industry, has for the time being been averted, and, again seemingly, the moving picture industry is at last on a way towards stabilization.

WALL STREET'S entrance into the movie world as a dominating force came from no motive of imperialism on the part of the Eastern bankers, but from the necessity of safeguarding an already large interest in the picture world and preventing their previous investments from being swept away in a general debacle which seemed imminent.

When Hollywood first went to Wall Street, some two or three years ago, and made an appeal to substantial investors for a "stake," it went under the magic banner of art, and with such epigrams as "pictures is pictures," and quality is synonymous with big expenditures, *i.e.*, that if "good pictures" were to ensue, the movie world must be

allowed to do things in its own way, which was to spend money. That way had brought in the shekels in the past — due to a combination of circumstances which at that time were not taken into consideration — and it was assumed that similar results would follow in the future. True, the petitioning companies were heavily in debt at the time, but it was argued that this was due to an important expansion programme, then in progress, and to certain unfortunate errors in gauging their product and market. The formula had an attractive sound, and the bankers decided to take a fling in the picture business.

Whereupon the unexpected happened. In the past, the moving picture industry never had been affected seriously by a national business depression. Box office receipts shrank a little, but the producers always made money. People might not buy clothes or furniture, but they would go to the movies. The recent panic, however, leveled the movie magnates along with everybody else, and by 1931, staggering losses brought picture production almost to a standstill. The major studios practically closed down for a time, and the streets of Hollywood became a No Man's Land of the jobless.

It is now generally agreed that this was due, not to the greater severity of the present depression, but to a disastrous coincidence of other circumstances. First, the picture magnates had just made the experiment of going into the chain theatre business on a large scale. Instead of confining their efforts to making pictures, as they had done in the past, all the big companies began

feverishly competing with each other in buying up all the theatres they could, and in building new houses where none could be bought.

A second factor was the circumstance that the movies picked this moment to dump upon the country an unusually poor batch of pictures. The talkies were new and the producers unsure of the technique. A series of surprisingly bad musical films was followed by a spasm of equally bad prison and gangster films and merely offensive sex pictures. There were exceptions, such as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Disraeli*, and *Anna Christie*, but the run of films sank to unprecedented low levels. Even the habitual movie-going public began to express its ennui by shunning the box office.

The advent of speech also raised a linguistic difficulty which spoiled the foreign market as a profitable adjunct to the American film market, and obliged American producers to limit their efforts largely to the English speaking world.

The cruel effects of these three factors were accentuated by wasteful administrative practices which only a strong current of prosperity, such as the industry had hitherto enjoyed, could support. There is no space here for a detailed recital of those practices, picturesque as many of them were, incredible as many of them would seem to the average layman. Incredible, that an industry could be run that way and still prosper, as the moving picture industry certainly did, and incredible that a group of business men, out to make money, would continually tolerate such folly. I am not referring to the enormous salaries (sometimes

of half a million dollars a year) paid to "stars." While exorbitant, there was some defense for these figures in the strong box office pull of a "name." I refer to large expenditures of money due to repeated errors of judgment on the part of studio executives and owners, errors springing from sheer lack of understanding of the product which was being handled and repeated errors in simple business judgment.

Some of the incidents in *Once in a Lifetime*, the stage farce which caricatured Hollywood, were not as exaggerated as the playwright would have us believe. In the making of *Ben Hur*, the producers "junked" a miniature arena that cost \$250,000, and, leaving the toy in Italy, returned to America and built a duplicate at the cost of another \$300,000. Yet despite that misadventure, *Ben Hur* brought in \$10,000,000 net! Celebrated authors were brought to Hollywood and paid from a thousand up a week for many months for coming to the studios once in a while and writing not a line of copy. A journalistic colleague of mine, who knew international affairs but had never written a page of fiction in his life, was kept on a studio payroll at \$1,000 a week for ten months, and finally discharged without any of his stories being used. Scores of stories have been bought for prices ranging from \$5,000 to \$50,000 and never produced.

Production policies were not infrequently reversed several times during a year, the decisions being based on mere guesses or the advice of counselors who might have some selfish interest involved. If one thing failed, why not try the opposite and

see if it worked? Part of these changes, of course, sprang from the nature of the show business, which thrives upon changing public whims; part of it from ignorance of dramatic values or inability to distinguish between stories. To many a producer, one story looked much like another.

THIS condition was able to persist because of the fact that the studio owners enjoyed practically a world monopoly of a product that was very much in demand. From the viewpoint of a serious artist, it was heart-breaking, of course. The wonder was that under such conditions any good pictures were produced at all. For from the *mêlée*, a few pictures that were very good indeed certainly came. And, it is interesting to note that these good pictures usually were box office magnets.

When, however, the talkies killed the foreign market, and the depression plus the theatrical expansion weakened the structure of the movie world, the whole edifice commenced to give way and it became imperative either to clean house or move out.

How permanent or thorough the present house-cleaning will be remains to be seen. Certain it is that many administrative departments of the movie domain are being fumigated thoroughly, and reorganized — a process that is far from painless. In some respects, the undertaking will meet with very real resistance, due to the necessary element of elasticity in studio routine. When all is said, "pictures is pictures." Inherently the making of pictures is primarily an artistic and

not a manufacturing process. A functioning studio can not be fully standardized like a boiler factory. In artistic creation, quality is the determining factor. A play or piece of music written in a short time may excel a piece of work that requires a long period for creation, or vice versa. It is not possible to create artistic ideas to the rhythm of the time clock — as some of the new "efficiency experts" have sometimes thought. But it is possible to remove many studio conditions that have caused great wastage of money and to eliminate other features that have made life almost intolerable for real artists on moving picture lots.

From the viewpoint of craftsmanship, the technique of the screen is now beginning to take on the more stable outlines of an established art. The talking screen has been experimented with and tried out. Its adaptability to certain forms of entertainment has been demonstrated, as well as its lack of adaptability to others, notably musical comedy. The frantic outburst of chattering which characterized the earlier talking pictures has given way to a soberer blending of speech and action. Generally speaking, the pendulum has come to rest at a point much nearer the art of the silent screen. The picture industry has learned that no matter how much talk you put on a screen, it remains a screen and primarily a visual medium. Although the present trend is to reduce dialogue, there is no thought of a return to the silents. The talkies are definitely here to stay.

As I have browsed among the

studios the last few months, I have found a noticeable revival of interest in so-called good pictures. There is a growing feeling in moviedom that the industry not only must mend its ways in a business sense but also improve its artistic output.

It is probable that the picture industry will recuperate more rapidly than any other American industry.

The moving picture world has no invoice problem, no overproduction bugaboo. It looks out upon a market in which there is an actual shortage of exhibitable films, due to the general paralysis of production. And despite all, people still go to the movies and there are many thousands of picture theatres in America; all these houses must have films.

Penury

*"There are many words that may not be spoken by men
who wear shabby cloaks." Juvenal.*

BY VIRGINIA STAIT

AND some are mine; strange words that make desire,
For I may speak when I bare-footed tread;
You understand a fagot for my fire,
Such penury makes words that may be said!
Of hunger I may speak, of bone and crust,
The naked words of beggars, of defeat,
As tomb words are the ashes and the dust,
Or as a love has finished the word sweet.

But other things — some day-hurt through the years,
That keeps me destitute, as yesterday, dead —
I may not name, but in slow, reddened tears
On which my heart has famined, where it bled.
Oh I may speak of hovels, but the rose,
It is a festal thing I may not touch
With beggar lips, that should forever close
Against the pillage of a word too much.

Hamtramck vs. Ford

BY MURRAY GODWIN

A Polish-American Retrospect

IN MY younger days I never felt at ease drinking in a Polish saloon. An alien character seemed to pervade the place, even to the bar and fixtures, though these were of the standard type issued by one of the two breweries in town. The Polish saloons got the breaks, too, from our small, select crowd. They lay a good mile from where we started our tours, and hence we arrived at them in a mood which accepted Walt Whitman's easy gregariousness as commonplace. We might start in, for example, at Schumacher's, where congenitally indignant Germans applied themselves to dominoes, limburger, and "*Ei Du Schöne*" among the beer-blossoms; stray on to Joe Connolly's, where the "Harp That Once" was restrung often and with emotion, smiles shining through tears behind which exact reckoning proved frequently impossible; cross the railroad tracks to chin with Giovanni Palmero, over spaghetti and a touch of Amaro Siciliano, at the Colombo Café; and only then, full up with tag-ends of alien tongues and love for all nations, would we take off on our half-mile-farther trek to the Café Dombrowski, from which surly sibilants shouted night-long at the oil-

tank-studded hills that formed the natural north limits of the town. Yet the strangeness would not banish.

Nor did I feel at ease in the town's Polish church — convenient as that institution was. The Irish pastor of St. Luke's, the other north-end church, had grown grumpy with gout and righteousness, and as the years went by had become progressively more strict in matters of money and morals. Whereupon his parishioners, being Irish themselves in large part, began to drift in increasing numbers to the church of St. Albertus and Father Wojek, who had won his post as a compromise candidate when his predecessor had been hauled bodily from the altar by a parish faction, forcing the bishop to intervene. Here the separatists of St. Luke's might hear mass as efficaciously as at their own church, and might doze through sermons which, however strangely they struck upon the ear, would never blister the Celtic north-end soul; leaving the pastor of St. Luke's to worry over ways and means of reading his Polish competitor out of the Universal Church.

Vastly stimulated, perhaps, by the appearance of quarter-dollars in his collection box, Father Wojek fol-

lowed up his advantage by setting the hour for high mass ahead until there was not a hangover in town that could prevent its bearer from reaching St. Albertus before the consecration. The Saturday-night rounders were not long in responding to the new facilities for maintaining their credit rating on the books of eternity, nor were they backward in showing their appreciation when the box came their way. But though grateful with the rest, I did not feel at ease in a pew at St. Albertus. The cadence of the choir, the manner of the priest, the inscriptions and designs on the banners that seemed planted in confusion everywhere, all were oddly alien to me.

When the Poles came to the north end they were like the sea creeping its way into a coastline. The time had something to do with it. Aspiring Irish of the second generation were rolling down their sleeves, donning professional garbs and manners, and moving uptown. Those who remained had their eyes turned in the same direction. Almost without being noticed, the Poles moved in and established themselves. Polish institutions appeared — saloons, shops, a church, a convent, a school. Polish speech began to be mimicked. A mythical Polish reputation got abroad — a reputation for unsanitariness, hard drinking and domestic brutality rivaling that of the Irish in their immigrant days.

The Poles took up the dirty work — though some of them were employed at jobs requiring rare mechanical skill — that the Irish were letting go, so there was little competition for subsistence between the elements of the changing north

end. Social segregation was broken down gradually and for the most part peacefully. There was but one major conflict, so far as I know.

That one took place in a Polish saloon, where the Irish were not above drinking when in the mood for fun. I think it was one of the seven brothers O'Brien who opened the ball by knocking a large Polish man kicking, bouncing a stein rudely off his occiput. In a few minutes the fight was general, reinforcements plenty, and division on strictly national grounds. It was a quarter-hour before the police arrived in the person of Jack McAuliffe, originally a north-ender, now chief of the city force, in whose blithe welterweight frame were contained the contentious capacities of a dozen wildcats from the best stock of the fabled Allegheny plateau. Mr. McAuliffe selected a vital hot spot in the cluster of mayhem — he had an unerring instinct in such matters — and went through the scrum like a well-oiled cyclone, cold-cocking combatants in abandon. Within eight more minutes the dust was settling on a field of quiescent casualties, and only then was it noted that the long arm of the law had brought both peace to the contestants and victory to the Celts.

DETROIT, after the War, proved a place where one could hardly circulate to any extent and at the same time remain unfamiliar with the Poles. Hamtramck, a municipality within the city limits, alone held more Poles than did Warsaw; and the motor city proper had great areas almost solidly Polish in character on both its east and west sides. I found myself associated with Polish

people in my work, and presently I found myself marrying the daughter of a Polish immigrant. We settled down to live in rooms found for us by my father-in-law in the east side Polish area. It was then that I began to note some of the outstanding features that distinguished this branch of the Slavs and their life and ways from the rest of the town.

A block west of our quarters spread an open square, or rather rectangle, perhaps fifty by a hundred yards in extent. Small business places bordered it on the east, facing the district's principal thoroughfare, and on the west were frame houses, garages and an insignificant shop or two. Twice weekly to this expanse and to the street edging it on the south came the carts and trucks of hucksters, the trucks and wagons of farmers, and a day of ware-crying and bickering began.

Live fowls, vegetables, fruits, flowers, textiles, toys and gimcracks of all sorts were available at this market. Among the stalls and stands moved the women of the neighborhood, carrying bags or baskets, wearing, instead of ordinary head-gear, either kerchiefs or shawls. They slanged the hucksters with raucous Slavic abandon and talked in shouts with the farmers and their women, punctuating their converse with laughter uncontrolled. As the day wore on a few men appeared, carrying burdens and leading children in the wake of the womenfolk, but bargaining was strictly in the hands of the latter.

Viewing the scene from the south one saw beyond the busy market a line of maples bordering the next cross-street, through which frame

houses vaguely appeared. Above the line of roofs, as the natural central point in the composition, rose the typical belfry and dome of a Polish church. One had but to place one's camera here and the resulting print would betray only to the expert the fact that the picture had not been taken in a Polish city.

Across the street on the southeast was the nearest of several drug-stores (*apteki*), operated by a Polish-speaking man of German descent. More typical of the district were other *apteki* where leeches were kept in jars prominently placed on front showcases. And more typical still were bare little shops where only medicinal herbs, picked, cleaned and dried, were displayed on squares of paper.

Some blocks to the south, on the most prominent corner in the district, was a veritable stronghold of the healing arts. It was a large, ground-floor establishment, with show windows on two sides, in the upper frames of which were lists of ailments, ranging from eczema to infinity, that the therapeutic genius of the place felt confident of curing. Included also were medallions and seals symbolizing the prodigious learning of the proprietor. The place was palpably fakey and did a large business among the tenaciously peasant-like old-country folk, who formed not less than a third of the total population of the area. To their ranks one might safely add a fair proportion of the American-born populace, whose environment was so saturated with the old peasant culture that, for all practical purposes, they were immigrants and nothing more.

Another indication of the credulous character of the neighborhood was the infiltration of gypsy families as winter approached. Empty shops along the principal business street were taken over by these people, who flourished gaudily and dirtily behind cracked curtains painted with representations of human craniums and palms.

SUNDAYS, when times were good with us, we used to dine at the Restauracya Krakowa. The proprietor was a frayed *panek* of cheerful, unwittingly comic type, well if carelessly stuffed about the belt and happily tolerant of his own good looks. These depended chiefly upon small, boarish eyes of indeterminate color, with a mauve snout to match, a square, puffy face, and a thin scalp-lock raked back to conceal a growing baldness of crown, together with a mustache, inflated and dyed in pre-War bartender style. Their complacent possessor stood well back on his heels, with his chin well in and his neck bulged at the rear, surveying the world with the air of one who has been successful in both love and war and who is content no less with his prospects than with his memories.

One might start a meal at the Krakowa with a soup of duckblood, kraut, beets, mushrooms, barley, or *szcaw*—a near-relative of spinach whose English name I do not know—and, considering the merely medium class style of the place, the array of dishes from which one might choose was quite astonishing. I remember particularly roast goose and tripe, not only because they were invariably on the bill of fare but also

because they were invariably spelled “roast gus” and “trips,” respectively, on the obverse, English, side of the menu. But there were, besides, rabbit, chicken, duck, beef, lamb, sausages (*kielbasa, serdelki*)—roasts, steaks, chops, ribs, hearts, livers—boiled meats, chopped meats, breaded meats, meats with mushrooms (Polish grown, dried, bought by the string), stuffed meats, and a variety of special meat dishes, including *wiener schnitzel*; not to speak of egg and vegetable dishes (spinach with eggs, for example) and potato pancakes with sour cream. One ended up with pastry and tea—coffee unbearable—in a glass, with lemon on the side. The duckblood soup, by the way, was remarkable for the prunes and sugared pears one found floating, incongruously at first, in its burnt-brown surface.

An overlay of time’s faded sepia lent a merciful mellowness to frescoes which once had rendered the walls hideous to look upon. Sooner or later one’s order arrived. Meanwhile one was regaled, not too loudly, with such compositions as Waldteufel’s *Skaters* on an electrical phonograph. The waitresses were rarely overcautious. On the whole, a very passable place.

The only distinctive features of the *grocernie* were the strings of dried Polish mushrooms, which we found cheaper than the canned variety and much better in taste. The bakeries were far more in character. One could not but pause to look at the amazing architecture of the wedding cakes in the windows, the layer cakes with honey, the variously shaped cakes with cheese, the cakes with caraway and poppy seeds, the pastries, the

bread of many hues and hefts, forms and sizes — every loaf of it, I should guess, regardless of form or hue, more tasteful and nourishing by far than the wind-cushions of pulp blown up by our native super-bakeries for our significantly characterless consumption. May one judge a people by its bread? Or by its attitude toward its bread? . . . In Polish homes it was an unheard-of thing to throw the smallest, most uneatable crust into the garbage; bread in no case was destroyed except by fire, and little ever was left for destruction, irrespective of the state of the family finances, in the Polish homes I knew.

More frequently found in the neighborhood than the butcher shop — an undistinguished institution — was the *skład wędlin* (pronounced something like *skwad vaindlin*), or preserved meat store. Here one found boned chops, jewelled with cloves, savorily cooked, and bundled in cages of twine; pickled meats, salt meats, smoked meats; and most of all, sausages — salami; sweet, finely seasoned *kielbasa*, and *serdelki*, beside which, for all-round gastric and olfactory merit, few sausages are fit to hang. One liked the *skład wędlin* for its fresh cleanliness and neatness, its cheery plenitude of garnished meats, and its personnel of white-clothed, laughing girls for which the place had a seeming affinity.

THE photo studios featured weddings and first communions. The floral shops featured pieces grandly designed for weddings or funerals. And then there were the *ksiegarnie* (bookshops), which in accordance

with their name should have featured stocks mainly of printed matter, but which in fact featured a most astounding miscellany, including ro-coco clocks, patent medicines got up especially for the Polish trade, and squirt guns, with a very considerable array of books on the side.

I used to stand lost in uncertain reverie before one of the show windows of a shop of this kind, musing over a chaotic clutter of objects as madly assorted as though they had been gathered by a tornado.

Here one saw plaster saints and virgins, painted in a blare of nakedly contrasting colors, and between and among them appeared books by Boccaccio, Jack London, Rosny, Balzac and Paul de Kock. There were rosaries, books of devotion, medals, scapulars, votive lights, and pious mottoes, and there were figurines of peasants and nude females, dolls and toys, communist hymnals, broad-gauge comic weeklies, almanacs with colored covers showing gay girls in scant lingerie voraciously pursued by geese that gobbled at their plump unclothed behinds, and assorted domestic bric-a-brac. In the background were suspended cinema and "art-student" magazines among lithographs of Polish heroes and public men, and cards of pencils, safety-razor blades, and a variety of gimcracks including trick matches and rubber cigars. In the foreground, a row of books — Chekov, De Maupassant, Conrad, Gautier, Dostoievski, Gumplovitz, Miczkiewicz; works on mathematics, biology, philosophy, and astronomy — in paper bindings. Framing the dizzy agglomeration one saw suspended strings of comic colored postcards, in which the

favorite themes were drunkenness, adultery and domestic violence.

Within the shop were counters piled with heaps of books and other counters piled with toys. Publications and gimcracks were suspended from strings above the side counters. At one side was a tobacco counter, with a variety of smoking equipment, including cigarette tubes and stuffers, with mild, tangled tobacco for filling. Another counter was devoted to an exhausting display of souvenirs, hideous table lamps, and drunkenly designed and colored fancy clocks. Perhaps a soda fountain occupied the rear of the place, and there might be a counter section given up to phonographic records of a peculiarly strident sort. It was as if stock chosen at random from a large department store had been installed in a single room. I hesitate to believe that any one ever succeeded in taking an inventory of one of these catch-alls, and at first blush it seemed impossible that the customers of a single shop could have included purchasers for such an amazing range of goods.

But there is some ground for believing that many Poles of common stock have an alien quirk which prevents their discerning the sharp difference between what is highbrow and what is lowbrow — something that is almost an instinct with the general run of American business men. I began to suspect this when I found a Polish cobbler reading, in *Głosz Robotniczy* (*Voice of the Workers*, a proletarian sheet), a current instalment of Anatole France's *Revolt of the Angels*. Apparently he was not aware that he was venturing beyond his depth, for he seemed to

enjoy the story immensely; and probably his lack of discrimination, American style, hid from him the incongruity involved in purchasing the classics, his tobacco, and toys for the children at the same hole-in-the-wall. No doubt the younger generation of Poles is learning to correct this unfortunate old-country outlook, and is adding a yearning for tabloid culture exclusively to its taste for cabbage soup. Meanwhile, by hook or crook, enough of the old folks survive to encourage the *ksiegarnie* to stock Turgenev and Tolstoy along with corn cures, fruit sirup, and chromos of the saints.

THE typical confectioneries of the Polish district stocked fewer notions than the *ksiegarnie*, and no literature at all. But by way of making up for it they carried a stock of liquor ranging from no-good white mule to very good Walker's Rye and Hennessy's Brandy, with Canadian beer by the bottle. Perhaps, moreover, the rear room of one of these establishments would contain a quarter-size slot machine, which, practically speaking, constituted the only illegal goods in the place. The police would raid a place for a slot machine, pausing in process for a sociable drink of liquor, but leaving the stock unconfiscated.

The same was true of the saloons, which one could hardly call speak-easies since there was nothing concealed about them. They peddled liquor openly across bars in full view of the street, but hid their slot machines carefully lest they be refused licenses for the year following on the ground that they were known flouters of the law.

Perhaps this brings us to the liquor question, which in the Polish area was no more a question than the saloon was a speakeasy or — to employ the less elegant Detroit term — blind pig. I can not say positively how much liquor or how many stills the district averaged per block. But I am sure that in one block I knew, which was a block of substantial frame houses, shade trees, and family cars — a block of home owners with some means — there was not a residence without its stock of liquor, and at least three places were engaged in manufacture, while perhaps twice as many dealt in liquor on the side. Lawns to the fore, flower gardens at the rear, and liquor in the cellar — that was the rule; and some places had liquor in the attic as well.

On the main business street things were even better. In a single block I noted an open saloon, a beer bar, a home brew supplies store, and two confectioneries which a blind man would have recognized instantly as liquor shops by the smell. It was a short block, too. At its south end stood an empty building with a Federal notice on the door — the only structure thus discriminated against in the district, apparently.

My favorite hang-out was Jan Barski's, a few blocks from our quarters. The show window and back bar of Jan's place were ornamented with stuffed and mounted animals, among them a deer and some squirrels, which the proprietor had brought down in the Michigan woods. Over the door leading to the rear room hung a Polar bear emblem, insignia of the Michigan infantry brigade sent to Archangel by the

lamented Woodrow Wilson. The wall decorations consisted mainly of two hilarious Negro hunting scenes, in color, slapstick take-offs on the type of picture done by A. B. Frost in his younger days. In a high, ponderous coal stove Jan Barski's assistant kept a fire that might have furnished steam for a fair-sized turbine.

A homey place, dominated by a man of spirit, fine instincts and good looks. Jan was a stocky fellow with keen, black eyes and dark curly hair, broad and square of face, genial in complexion and manner, and delicately firm about the jaw and chin. His solid, friendly ways brought the custom of many people from outside the district — a burly, likable doctor; a couple of attorneys in the municipal service; and business men from downtown, who on occasion brought their families with them, children and all. With the children Jan was immediately popular; it was a chill, snobbish and indeed entirely superfluous soul that could not warm to the man.

When the deer season came on the saloon was sweet with the odor of cooking venison, which Jan made into stew on a hotplate in the rear room and served with an open heart to his regular patrons. Another time it would be muskrat stew, a traditional festal food for hunters in the Lakes area, but seldom served since Federal law had ruined the resorts along the rural water front. Jan, I remember, used to feed me as much venison stew as my skin could hold, and afterward would insist on my taking a jar home to the family. His skill in woods cookery was a boon to his friends, who brought him hams to prepare for

them on special occasions. These he coated with dough and baked, turning them over intact in their rich browned crust to their owners.

Like most Polish men of the district, whether immigrant or American born, Jan was a joiner. One Sunday I was loafing disconsolately in his place; my family had gone on a vacation and I felt lost without them. Noting my dejection, Jan suggested that I accompany him on a small outside job that afternoon. A sports association connected with one of his lodges was having a season's end party, and as a member he had been given the beer concession. He would take two kegs over in the flivver sedan and would need help; would I go along?

I helped Jan roll the kegs up from the cellar and took a casual look around outside, while Jan waited within the high board fence that shielded the back yard. No coppers were in sight. Jan gave his assistant the high-sign and the kegs came rolling out in relay. In a minute or two we had them in the sedan, one of them taking the place of the front passenger seat, both covered with a blanket. I sat on the forward keg and we were on our way.

We chugged through the streets for half a mile or so and came to a halt beside the grounds bordering one of the largest, most venerable churches in town. "What, here?" I asked. "Sure," Jan said. "Our lodge is a Catholic outfit, you know. So we always hold our meetings in St. So-and-so's."

We rolled the kegs across a yard which, I calculated, must have been two acres in extent, and which fronted on a business street. Willing

hands awaited them at the foot of the basement steps. I went back and brought up the pump, and shortly we set up an emergency thirst relief station in a room already occupied by a wizen person in chef's cap and apron, who was basting a large roast of beef resting on an electric hotplate. The wire was too short to reach a table, so the ingenious cook had mounted the hotplate on a precarious structure of boxes and chairs extending nearly to the ceiling, and was tending his roast from a structure similar in composition. We had a waiting list of hardly less than two hundred thirsty Polish men.

I relayed the beer in alternate pitchers to Jan, and he poured the foaming stuff into steins in the hands of the thirsty. It was first-rate Canadian malt liquor. Time after time we made the rounds, and with each round the multitude of the elect got more talkative and hilarious. Meanwhile a little group of sober, serious persons in rather stiff manners and clothes gathered portentously on a small platform. Presently a lugubriously severe *panek*, an *advokat* by trade, tall, cold and frowning, raised his voice and disparagingly suggested that Jan cease his serving until the officials had concluded their talks.

Jan paused until the *panek's* attention was again completely absorbed by his splendid self, and then, responding to the plea of outheld steins, continued his round of mercy. I supported him.

Another quarter-hour passed pleasantly, with roast-beef sandwiches appearing in force to supplement the beer, and with a waiting line

forming at the door of the retiring room. When the first official speech went on the air, I doubt that there was an atom of gloom or gravity in the gathering, saving atop the dry eminence where the spoilsports with scowling anguish rehearsed their depressing homilies. Without disturbing the rhythm of his serving arm, Jan had managed to put away half a dozen steins, and I had taken a commission in kind of at least as many.

You can not quell a speechmaker unless you execute him summarily, so the speeches were made. But they had no chance. The words spoken from the platform were the only meaningless noises in the room. Every one seemed able to gain a responsive, sympathetic audience except the orators who had selected themselves for the task of explaining what the meeting was about. We were well into the second keg of brew before the speaking had finished, and the chef was passing out the second roast of beef. Seldom have I spent an afternoon anywhere so replete with pleasant duties, so utterly lacking in any aftermath of regret; and certainly I have never spent such another afternoon in a church.

Like many a man of true, generous instincts, Jan Barski ran into misfortunes that lost him his place some time before I moved from the district. As, probably through gaming, he began to lose control, the quality of the beer worsened, and finally Canadian beer could be had by the patrons only when no less palatable stuff could be bought by the new partner in Barski's place. More and more the custom became limited to

careless habitués, including beer truckers, rum runners, and down-right vagrants and hangers-on. Finally the doors were closed by a Federal raid.

ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY — January 2 — friendly neighbors pelted each other with grain. The gesture, surely, was appropriate to the day's Christian significance; whether the material thrown referred back to some pagan symbolism, resembling that of the rice flung at a wedding, I can not say.

Late on the afternoon of Holy Saturday the churches filled with people carrying baskets of food — sausages, eggs, butter, salt and bread — to be blessed for breakfast on Easter Day. Easter was celebrated grandly at church. The next day, beginning at dawn, a peculiar ceremony was carried out everywhere in the district. Men and boys armed with switches cut from saplings invaded the homes of neighbors who had unmarried daughters living with them. Up the stairs they went, and into the chambers occupied by the girls, hoping to catch the latter in bed and there to exercise the day's privilege of applying the ceremonial rod to their lightly clothed forms. Refreshments were set out for these friendly flogging parties, and the affair was carried off gaily, with much laughter and shouting but with little smart. For the rest of the day parties of male youngsters patrolled the streets, switching the girls they met or exacting tribute in pennies for desisting.

Where this custom derives from I do not know. No Pole I asked was able to tell me. It may be an admoni-

tion to the unwed female of the species, to the effect that, though Lent is past, she must watch her conduct no less strictly than before. The attitude of immigrant Poles toward their unmarried daughters gives some plausibility to this guess. But no one seems to know for certain, and indeed no one in the district in our time appeared to ponder the matter at all; and the custom survived the more lustily, perhaps, because it lacked even the shadow of a rational excuse.

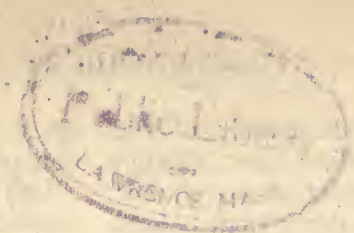
Baptisms, marriages and deaths were elaborately celebrated in the Polish district, as in any district where peasant traditions are strong. It was the custom to hire a hall for wedding celebrations. Food and liquor were served in quantity, and expenses were balanced, more or less,

by contributions from those who danced with the bride.

Birthdays were noticed seriously only by the younger generation, who were beginning to take to American ways. The name-days of men of the older generation were celebrated, however, with rousing parties and serenades by brass bands. I remember having heard Polish women remark the occurrence of *their* name-days, too, but I do not recollect that any one else considered the matter of any account. Perhaps, if their husbands happened to note it, they advised the women to go to mass and pray for continued health, virtue and perseverance in their duties, so that their service to the family might go on without the men's having to bother their heads about it; but this is mere speculation.

(Next month there will be another article by Mr. Godwin on the customs of Polish-Americans.)





The Search Goes On

BY DAYTON KOHLER

The new standards so diligently sought by our younger generation are still elusive

THE National Conference of Young Republicans, held in Washington last June, threw some new light upon the much-discussed younger generation. At the convention Senator Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee, attempted to clear the way for the 1932 presidential campaign by his careful analysis of party doctrines and current issues. Meanwhile Democratic party leaders have been active in their appeals to the young voter. The situation is plain. Both parties are aware of the fact that by November, 1932, approximately 8,000,000 young citizens of the Republic will be eligible to cast their first votes for President. The concern of Republican and Democratic leaders who attempt to bring new party members into their respective camps reveals two things: the younger generation has grown up, and politicians are anxious to come to terms with that portion of public opinion which it represents.

What does the younger generation believe? I am speaking now of the generation in which I happened to be born, men and women over twenty and under thirty, who

reached their majority during a time of restlessness and transition following the War. Because we grew up in a period of post-War prosperity and inflated values, most of us have learned to live beyond our normal incomes. We were in college when the educational barriers were down and true scholarship was not requisite to a degree. We have been thrust into life at a time of economic depression and social unrest; and we stand, poorly trained and equipped, at the beginning of a decade that holds little guarantee for the future.

By accident of birth we occupy a mid-point between the old and the new. We belong definitely to that generation which started toward maturity without a working plan for the future, and we are the last with even dim recollections of life before the War. But we can look forward as well as backward, for we are the first who face life unhampered by the traditions and spirit of the past. On the credit side of the ledger we begin at a point where our immediate predecessors were torn between rebellion and indecision. We regard the surface aspects of our

civilization — automobiles, jazz, the radio, sex freedom, machinery — with casual familiarity, because we grew up wholly unconscious of the changing world that amazed and perplexed our elders. The career of John Reed, *The New Masses*, Sherwood Anderson's protests against an industrialized society, Will Durant's spiritual agonies, Mr. Cabell's retreat into his ivory tower — these indicative phenomena of the 'Twenties seem almost meaningless to us today. We are the children of a scientific age that has only begun to estimate its possibilities and limitations; our main problem is not one of readjustment but of reconstruction.

We do not hope, however, to see any lasting improvement effected by political legislation, and for that reason we shall be slow to accept overtures of either party that bids only for our good will. In college we studied enough history and related social sciences to learn that laws serve their purpose only when people wish to obey them. Our own time provides no better example than the mass legislation which resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment, changing a cause for social improvement into an undignified legal experiment.

The younger generation is not yet politically conscious. In this respect we are no different from the average American citizen, who, lacking the excitement of campaign journalism, is content to praise or blame the party in power, and to reflect gloomily that all politics are doubtlessly corrupt and his single vote will not serve to set matters right.

Professor Harold J. Laski pointed

out the fact that American undergraduates as a group maintain an attitude of indifference toward national events and personalities of the day, in sharp contrast to European university men whose interest in all political affairs makes politics their outstanding non-academic activity. This indifference shown by American students and those a few years out of college may be explained as a point of view peculiarly American. Our remoteness from political affairs is not evidence of sophomoric conviction; it is the result of a critical tradition common to most Americans whose study of social sciences has not produced an individual feeling of responsibility for the success or failure of political issues. Since the time of the Civil War, also, political life has not offered a reputable career to the college man. For the beginner, its rewards are small and its associations, in the popular mind, are scarcely honorable. A political career, unless one has sufficient wealth or influence to enter diplomatic service, is an added activity in which the lawyer, the editor, the doctor or the bootlegger may engage for profit or amusement. We have been filled with stories of governmental corruption; during our own lives we have seen the elevation of the gangster to civic control, the Teapot Dome exposure and the grafting policy in Pennsylvania.

Perhaps our lack of interest has saved us from the active practice of socialism; we do not hope, as many of our predecessors did, for revolution and the red flag. We distrust the political interests of Wall Street and the bootlegger, without believing that communism could

cure our social ills. Most of us would confess to socialistic sympathies, but in our minds we identify the socialist with the independent voter. We are still too close to the spirit of the frontier to believe in mass reaction rather than individual expansion.

A young economist assures me that science will bring about a revival of interest in national politics. Certainly the current business depression will focus our attention more sharply upon the economic factors of the next presidential campaign. More significant, I believe, is the fact that the radio has taken the political audience from the convention hall into the private home. The voice of the unseen speaker allows us to concentrate upon the text rather than upon the method of delivery. Oratorical persuasion can now be balanced by reason and judgment removed from the influence of mob spirit.

PERHAPS, also, we have little time for political speculation because our immediate attention is directed toward means of making a living; a seeming paradox, for we were the young rebels who formerly protested against industry and the low spirit of commercialism. But the situation which faces us in 1932 has changed considerably since 1920. Those who fled to the less business-tainted air of Parisian cafés and Chelsea lodgings are coming back now to face the music. The days of easy wages and quick spending have ended, temporarily, at least. An inflated credit system and the careless optimism of more prosperous years have led the nation into depression. Because

we believe that economic stability is the basis of social order, we are willing to go to work.

During our twenties we have acquired a sense of responsibility from which we can not escape. It is safe to assume that this feeling overtakes the average American within five years after his graduation from college. In the case of the younger generation this process of settling down to serious work has been hastened by the bogey of unemployment, complicated in many cases by a wife and a child or two. We can no longer feel that good jobs, jobs of any sort, may be found easily, and those of us who have acquired families in the meantime must consider the well-being of others. The average wage for the man two or three years out of college has been estimated at \$2,000 a year. Even today, when prices are lower than at any time since the War, this amount must be carefully budgeted if the young worker is not to fall into the common error of past years by an attempt to live beyond his earning capacity. We have earned some money, but we want to earn more in order to provide for the future.

We accepted our first jobs, shortly after graduation from college, with little consideration of their permanency. We wanted to write, and so we went into newspaper offices or took a temporary teaching position. We began the study of law or medicine because we wanted a dignified professional career. We went into laboratories and engineering camps because we saw in that apprenticeship a stepping stone to positions of authority in the scientific

world. Most of us, however, went into business because it offered the quickest returns for labor and the opportunity for retirement and leisure in middle life. Now we find that we have actually grown interested in the work we accepted so casually. We are interested in teaching and law and medicine; we enjoy the spirit of competition in modern business; we want to become good chemists and capable engineers.

The reason for this enthusiasm for life's practical concerns is a new sense of unlimited possibilities. We no longer feel that we have grown up in a world in which all work has been accomplished, all facts made known, all great works of art produced. The fear of science, which hung like a blight over an older generation, has been dissipated. We accept mechanistic science as only one phase of modern life, with no fears that man will be replaced by the machine. The activities of Jung and Whitehead in the abstract sciences demonstrate clearly that science can not hold the mind and spirit of man to material planes of existence, and the pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch has been answered by a demand for law and order. In the field of art Joyce and Proust and Epstein show new forms of creative beauty.

SEX and religion, those dark shadows that haunted our college years, no longer bother us. The questions of sin and morality have become matters of personal conviction and we are content to let them remain so. We may have a normal, healthy interest in sex, but we do not pamper it into an obses-

sion. Our generation will hardly produce a D. H. Lawrence or a James Branch Cabell. There is no longer any need to startle Mrs. Grundy, and our attitude of frankness has made us indifferent to the sly jests and droll humors which appeal to the neurotic and the very young. If all reports are correct, naked bathing parties were not confined exclusively to the young primitives of the 'Twenties; our early experiments with sex were probably no less naïve and no more depraved than those of our grandfathers.

The modern girl does not surprise us because she belongs to our own age. Perhaps we are romantics at heart. Science may teach us that love is a physiological function of the glands, but even science, in this fashion, affirms its existence.

Our generation represents an internal problem for the Church. We have been judged from the pulpit and have been found wanting in the faith which endures. The Church, which has helplessly watched the decline of its clerical influence through three generations, saw in our youthful indifference a final severing of all religious ties. It is true that we stopped worrying about the purely moral phase of religious experience when Freud and Jung released the Puritan inhibitions of our early years; until that time we had been taught to associate social conventions with the mysteries of religion. We have passed through a period of revolt against the Church as represented by its sectarian machinery and clerical inefficiency, a revolt no more remarkable today than in the days of Shelley and the dissenting Victorians, but we have

not finished with religion. If there were nothing else, science at its farthest extreme would compel our belief. For science touches the unknown, and the unknown can be explained only in terms of religion.

Few men, however, attain any intensity of religious belief until they have passed the age of thirty. When the time comes, some of our generation will decide that they can live without religion, as men in other ages have determined. Others, like T. S. Eliot, will find life's explanation in the greater mystery. There are recurrent cycles of rationalized doubt and acceptance by faith in every age.

We would not be modern Americans if we were not interested in Prohibition. We oppose the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that it represents tactless legislation; we hope for modification but do not expect its repeal. The corner saloon and the free lunch counter were delights unknown to our younger years. By the time we acquired a taste for liquor it had been taken into the home, where we drank in imitation of our elders. But the younger generation drinks less. I have associated with men in three colleges, and I know by experience that collegiate drinking has declined from the peak it reached in 1924 and 1925.

The spirit of the younger generation is nowhere more apparent than in our literature. We are the primitives of a scientific age, and our writers have returned to the spirit of the primitive. They are concerned with the simple, elemental modes and emotions of human life; love and courage and the candid facts of death. They state in simple prose

the judgments and values of which we are certain. Their materials and manner are more indigenous to the spirit of contemporary American life than the photographic realist and satirical debunker who flourished during the past decade. For their achievements I point to the novels of Ernest Hemingway, the poetry of Archibald MacLeish and Malcolm Cowley, *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, *The Apple of the Eye* and *The Grandmothers* by Glenway Wescott, the plays of Paul Green and the short stories of Erskine Caldwell.

We believe that life justifies itself. We want a world of simple, positive values to set against the complexities of modern life. The years following the Armistice brought the collapse of a social system and a disintegration of ideas. From this surface confusion of social conduct new experiments are arising. Some will fail. But our destiny will not be fulfilled, we know, by the traditions of the Renaissance, an æsthetic of Greek philosophy, submission to the machine, or threats of revolution. The new Humanism collapsed suddenly because it could not solve the peculiar problems of the Twentieth Century. Our social conscience must be a more simple culture if it is to create a new order.

Meanwhile the search for standards goes on. Science has changed man's conception of the universe but the spirit has not been defeated. Perhaps we shall be no more successful than our predecessors in our conflict with a doubtful future. But at least we are not content to stand still and to accept the world as we found it.

More Red Blood in Mother Goose

BY HERBERT L. COGGINS

This is no time for enervating tendencies in the nursery

AS ANY amateur prophet could predict, the spirit that from the dome of the Boston Library has been peeping over our shoulders as we read, will soon be busying itself with our nursery classics.

Long ago, as every child knows, the scissors of the censor snipped savagely at the already much harried wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood." To be given the part of a grandmother-eating villain is bad enough, but to be cut open and interrupted in the perfectly natural process of digestion is notably more unpleasant. Any dietitian will tell you that grandmothers require a fair portion of time. But as it is now, she is either regurgitated or brought to light by the impromptu Cæsarean operation of the woodman's axe, and made to go on living for an indefinite period of years. We may be sure that a grandmother who had to be fed in bed was a burden to her family, and we can see no real reason for re-introducing her — in a partially digested condition — into a world that had become reconciled to her demise.

But the moral danger of the new movement is more apparent in some of the other new versions. Note for instance the clumsy, meddling hands that laid hold of Tom the Piper's Son, who acquired a pig and was so successful in getting to his destination with it. In the newer version Tom is halted, the pig is piously snatched from him by the censor and we are informed that Tom

. . . . picked a flower and away he run.
The flower was sweet and Tom was neat,
And he went smiling down the street.

No doubt there has been a gain from the olfactory standpoint. Granted too that there is a certain refinement in the newer Tom that was lacking in the prototype, who risked his reputation for something more substantial. But have we bettered the story for purposes of emulation, which after all is the high aim of reading? Disguise the action as we may by the word "picked" instead of stolen, the "away he run" implies that the flower was not what might be called a free gift from the owner with insured title.

On count one — honesty — both piper's sons must be marked zero, but on count two — judgment — undoubtedly our highest gift, we must give the prize to the older Tom who looked life in the face and acted accordingly. It is not hard to defend the lad, who risked his reputation for a definite amount of ham and bacon for his overworked mother. And as it was before the days of Margaret Sanger, we may be sure there were other mouths to feed beside the self-reliant Tom's. In view of the needs of the situation, contrast this sturdy, provident go-getter with the namby-pamby, self-centred æsthete, whose sensuous soul is inflated by the snitching of a trifling blossom.

RIGHT here is where we must make a decision. Life is full of gaunt wolves in need of grandmothers for lunch, and Piper families with urges for suckling pigs. Shall we advocate instead a sniff of some trifling blossom and possible infection with hay fever or rose colds? For two thousand years we have been admonished not to palm off stones on those who ask for bread. Why then should we allow the compiler to trick our youth out of the substantial ideals that are visualized by savory slices of fried ham, and substitute a weed that has been seduced to grow in some one's garden?

It is better that we face things squarely in literature so that when life calls loudly for bread and ham, the mind will not be tempted to offer rocks and nose-gays. The gap between the fairy story and real life is already too big. Let's not widen it for small feet to straddle.

All too often we are shown the tragic effect on men who in early life took their nursery precepts and ethical training too seriously. Men, who out of consideration for others gave up their seats in street cars, have been standing up ever since behind counters or at the kitchen sink, while their more practical brothers hold down the seats of the mighty. And those who seriously accepted the idea that the biggest piece of cake was the birthright of the guest, seem predestined to get the smaller part for eternity. The help-yourself restaurants are full of thwarted souls who try to munch dry sandwiches with the same gusto that their wiser brothers expend on tenderloin and terrapin. It is to salvage these, the victims of false teaching, that the heroic gesture of Tom is worthy of commemoration. It is our duty to see that such achievements along the line of our practical and really accepted ideals are celebrated as they should be.

A heroic figure in one of our courts of military honor illustrates the danger that lies beneath the present sentimental viewpoint. It is a statue of General Sheridan, mounted on a horse, waving a sword and turning defeat into victory. It is just after the historic ride "to save the day, from Winchester twenty miles away." As has been said, the name of the horse that did everything but the sword-waving and the historic profanity has not yet been carved on the statue. It is safe to say, the casual observer does not yet realize the danger in the ideals we are planting in the mind of the American youth — that of a high-priced man twenty miles away from his job at a

critical moment. What employer, for instance, wants to hold out the thought to his salesmen, or sales manager for that matter, that it is possible to make a spectacular rush at the last moment and close an order in the face of other salesmen, who are on the job early and late? The business man depends on a man who is on the job, rather than one who can make an occasional burst of speed to a noisy triumph.

And since the American youth is more apt to be an applicant for employment than a general, how much better that he should be psychologized with our more homely precepts. How much more stimulating to the future salesman and provider would be a bronze figure of Tom, clad in overalls — to emphasize America's reverence for the poor boy who makes good — balanced in a masterly pose of action as he tears down the street with a squealing shote under one arm. And graven beneath, so that they will work into the minds of growing America — along with "I can not tell a lie," and "*E Pluribus Unum*," — should be the words "He Brought Home the Bacon." Compare the stirring moral effect of such a symbol with the futile line "picked a flower and away he run."

It is through the same finicky reasoning that the literary life of Marjorie Daw is endangered:

See saw, Marjorie Daw,
Sold her bed and lay on straw.
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lay in dirt?

We must agree to a certain extent with the reformer that some of Marjorie's habits were not to be recommended to all girls, but was she

not after all anticipating the ideals of the present day? No fair-minded person would contend that of her own accord she chose to lay in dirt. She merely recognized the needs of the situation. Expenses were too high. There was too much tied up in inventory. She must get down the overhead. The bed was not producing, so it must go — an identical gesture with that of Henry Ford when he suddenly decides that old employes and certain departments are not producing and with one swish of the economy broom banishes a trainload of office equipment and leaves hundreds of clerks without even straw.

In the other stanza the gift of prophecy becomes more apparent:

See saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't work any faster.

A century-old spark of imagination that foretold the flat rate and piece work system. A penny a day! Think of it! And the production possible if such teachings were not betrayed by false union propaganda for higher wages — a Model A Ford could be sold for a dollar and twenty five cents F. O. B. Detroit; a Cadillac for seven dollars.

Another old favorite is getting the attention of humanitarians and the like:

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And bullets made of lead.
He went to the brook
And shot a little duck
And shot it right through the head, head, head.

It is claimed that the ideal presented in emphasizing efficiency, is, as a whole, not one that should be

entwined with the tender fancies of the growing child. On the other hand it is never too early to prepare the mind for the duties that lie ahead. As will be noted, the clever use of the roast duck motive unconsciously instils the desire to shoot to kill—an ideal that is often slighted in our kindergarten and primary grades. In the grammar and upper grades it is better taken care of. "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," impresses the pupil with the value of accuracy in this matter. For practical supplementary reading, we recommend Roosevelt's delightful account of his own experience in the Cuban War. "Lieutenant Davis' First Sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spaniard with his revolver. . . . At the same time I also shot one. Two Spaniards leaped from the trenches . . . not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. At the same time I did not know of Gould's exploit. I supposed my feat to be unique."

Some may object to the confession that one of the bullets missed the mark. On the other hand the honest candor of the admission is ennobling. Our youth will draw encouragement from the fact that an occasional failure of this kind should not prevent an otherwise conscientious man from advancement or even aspiring to the presidency.

The necessity for better training along this line is more apparent when the inside facts are known. The financial waste of our present marksmanship has reached unbelievable proportions. Although casting shame on advancing civilization,

it is common knowledge that, in spite of our enlightened methods, it took five tons of lead to kill each soldier in the late War. As the dollars and cents waste was \$20,000 per man killed, the menace of our inefficiency is apparent. Later experience suggests that we may be on the up-grade. R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company, contends that since the War we have made progress. According to Mr. Baldwin, in the settlement of the Marion strike riots by the deputies, "Six were killed and a score wounded with less than five tons." Allowing for the fact that the targets were probably within a stone's throw, and so grouped as to make the task rather simple, we still justify a glow of pride in the knowledge that we are giving better service at home in these matters than the United Allies and the Central Powers were able to command.

JACK the Giant Killer naturally has not escaped the sentimental reformer. Such a stalwart, positive character is apt to unite his natural enemies among the weaker natures. "He threw a cord over the giants' heads and choked them. When they were black in the face he slid down the rope and stabbed them to the heart." Good, red-blooded, invigorating stuff this, and as it is likely to be read just about prayer time, it should leave the right impress, and counteract any of the enervating sentiments that may have crept into the evening ritual.

A little later the growing minds can be led through "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Hohen-Linden," and when the emotions have

been properly seasoned they can be followed with the "bayonet instructions" published in the War Department's Regulations. "The point of the bayonet should be directed against the opponent's throat, especially in hand to hand fighting, so that the point will enter easily and make a fatal wound on entering a few inches. Other vulnerable and frequently exposed parts are the face, chest, lower abdomen and when the back is exposed, the kidneys."

The above, as you notice, deals only with the crude mechanics of the subject. For postgraduates the psychological aspect has been handled in a masterly way in the late War by Major Drexel Biddle, while teaching his classes to impale the sawdust dummies: "Stick 'em and grunt," he would admonish. "Let me see you snarl. Stick 'em and twist the steel in 'em until they scream. They're not dummies, they're enemies."

To answer those critics who claim that a lot of this technical education will be wasted in times of peace, there is no reason why the graduates could not fill useful places in the packing houses. Forestalling the objection that the bayonet training breeds carelessness of stroke that might ruin the finer cuts of beef and mutton, we would say that this is not insurmountable. A little instruction would impress the employes with the comparatively greater value of animal flesh. In addition to this, the slaughter house develops a finer standard of appreciation that would abhor this waste.

In the little idyl of the Welsh Giant we have the sprightly lines:

Though here you lodge with me this night
You shall not see the morning light.
My club shall dash your brains out quite.

Some of those who have delved into the foregoing and have analyzed it at length, contend that the visual image brought up is merely amusing and does not necessarily unfold the better nature of the young child. Here again the sentimentalist attempts to lead the child into a make-believe and dangerous world. What better mind preparation could we have for such a type of public service as performed by J. J. Lyster in charge of the coal and iron police employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company in his work with the striking miners. Said Dr. J. M. Patterson at the trial, reporting on the Lieutenant's masterly handling of the matter, "Lyster beat Barkoski with a strap, twisted his ear until he cried aloud and twisted his nose until he lapsed into unconsciousness." Another witness testified that Lyster beat him with an iron poker until it bent and then straightened it out and beat him again.

To prepare our youthful minds for tasks of this kind with such unrelated precepts as the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments and other religious training is as criminally indifferent as sending infantry to the front with blank cartridges.

Even an innocuous individual like Little Jack Horner has been criticized. Some contend that the image of the little fat soul delving with a visibly fat thumb for sweetmeats, and praising himself withal, is not uplifting in a spiritual sense. Yet following Jack out into life, we see that the gift of success in abstracting plums from pies of unknown pos-

sibilities might be just the training for the future head of a great oil monopoly or for a great investment banker. Many who were guided merely by the spiritual sense, would be blind to the plums that lay hidden in the Tea Pot Dome and the Elk Hills, or the Muscle Shoals properties. And as to Jack's childish crude outburst of self-approval, we might believe that this tendency would perfect itself in maturity into much louder speaking bequests, foundations and keepsake dimes.

For those who personally dislike home-made approval and contend that the lines, "What a good boy am I," smack of hypocrisy, since any boy at that age knows he isn't, let us remember that after all the hypocrite is nothing but the first yearning to be something better and that there are a thousand years of progress between him and the honest unaffected brute.

Consider the unintentional poison that lurks in the lines about Big John Stout who dragged "pussy from the well" that little Johnny Green had carefully put her into. Imagine the trouble such an interfering impulse would make if allowed to grow. Picture under-sheriffs who intrudingly severed the rope in the midst of a hanging, or a sentimental officer who, during the War, went around and cut down the conscientious objectors resting on their toes and strung-up thumbs because they didn't recognize the loopholes in their early ethical training. Or imagine a fanatic who turned loose a firehose on the kindling that had been carefully

gathered about a Southern Negro to save him the expense of a trial by his peers.

The real danger of the nursery censor is not only the possible spoilage from a literary standpoint, but also that he might prevent the filling in and rounding out of our reading to conform to the important ideals of life that have been overlooked.

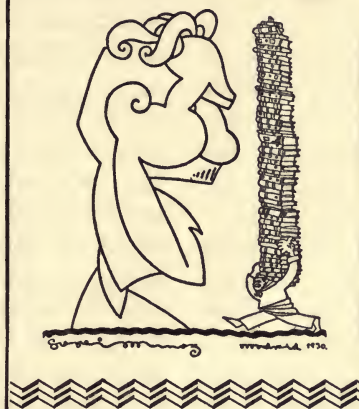
"A book," says Dr. Johnson, "should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it." But it can do neither unless it helps us to adjust ourselves to whatever lies ahead. For the present we are weak in the preparation of the emotions for such tasks as foreclosing mortgages, selling watered securities and otherwise putting over successful deals. Some of the most masterful men often confess to those closest to them that today certain of these tasks are at times almost unpleasant. More than one penitentiary warden has told in private of unaccountable and disturbing mental reactions during executions, and over and over again we hear of militia men who, when called upon to quell a strike of their home town folk, have weakly and deliberately fired over the heads of the crowd.

It is just such impulses as these, if allowed to grow, that would shake even our firmest institutions. And if we may follow the wisdom of our great "General President," who prescribed and justified the slaughter of Indian babies on the theory that "nits make lice," then there is no more fitting place to weed out such enervating tendencies than in the nursery.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



A BROAD in the world, and therefore to be found discussed in books written by thinking people, are two opposing forces, which may be loosely defined as centrifugal and centripetal. Taking the future of the entire human race as a centre, the world has moved swiftly forward since the World War toward internationalism of thought and action. A brief but comprehensive story of this side of the situation may be found in *Progress in International Organization* by Manley O. Hudson (Stanford University Press, \$1.50). The progress of this movement—whether good or bad the Landsaper hesitates to say, although he feels that it is at least logical in view of the tightening of the bonds that tie the destinies of all of us closer and closer as the years pass—has been rudely interrupted by the Great Depression, and temporarily, at least, we seem to be in the grip of definitely centrifugal forces; or, to put it another way, we seem to be entering the period of a New Nationalism. Many of the innumerable books that have been written by economists and others in the hope of pointing a “way out” for the United States

have emphasized the possibilities of a new prosperity based entirely upon domestic consumption. “Buy British” is a motto that has gone round the world; it is certain to have its repercussions, and to encourage other nations to try to dispose of their

products to their own people.

The question of most interest to the Landsaper does not seem to have had as much attention from students of world economics as it deserves. It is very simple: is it going to be possible for the world to split up into relatively small economic units once more, when transportation and communications have already succeeded in bringing Russia as close to the United States in point of time as Massachusetts was to South Carolina a matter of a century and a half ago. In short, even granting that prosperity is possible through purely domestic consumption, which seems very doubtful without at least a complete redefinition of the term prosperity, can we become economic nationalists in a world that is perforce international? And will the New Nationalism have any advantages over the old? Perhaps it may, if it brings

about the death of Imperialism, although it is obvious enough that with a few nations, such as Japan, living and selling at home is entirely out of the question. In these cases, the usual steps have been and will be taken.

One of the "Ways-Out"

ONE of the most interesting of recent books that offers a very definite plan for economic recovery and stability suggests the possibility that this country may become independent of the rest of the world — may attain and keep a high living standard through supplying its own inhabitants with what they need. This is *Investing in Wages: A Plan for Eliminating the Lean Years*, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittingredge Norton (Macmillan, \$1.75). Mr. Deane, who is a business man, bases his theory upon the protection of the Purchasing Power, or, in other words, maintenance of wage scales. He believes in regulation of production through governmental agencies. His plan sounds very fine up to the point of the method of operation. It breaks down, in the opinion of this observer, because it takes for granted that a most difficult and complicated piece of economic planning, calling for tremendous skill and intelligence on the part of the directors and for unselfish coöperation on the part of the nation's bankers and manufacturers, could be managed successfully under the existing form of government in this country. Such tinkering with serious problems of economics as has been done in America, as for example, the efforts of the Farm Board to stabilize agri-

cultural prices, has been singularly unsuccessful, and Mr. Deane would have us tackle tasks for which we do not seem to be prepared, either in technical knowledge or in character. There are, however, other details of the plan that are highly thought-provoking, and its apparent impracticability does not keep it from being good reading.

Controlling the Machine

CHARLES WHITING BAKER's *Pathways Back to Prosperity* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.50) is an engineer's study of the depression, which he blames primarily upon engineering achievements, or, to put it another way, upon labor-saving machinery, with its resulting increase in technological unemployment. Mr. Baker believes we have within our grasp an era of such prosperity as we have never known before if we can learn to control the forces that have brought us to our present sad state. His principal suggestion is a more equitable distribution of wealth; he agrees with Mr. Deane that wages must be kept up so that people may buy more goods, the manufacture and sale of which will make more money to pay more wages. This sounds a little too henryford to go down whole, but the most cynical student of current affairs will find Mr. Baker's book both good-tempered and thoughtful. It is not radical in its suggestions, and it does at least represent an honest effort to be constructive.

The Paradox of Plenty by Harper Leech (Whittlesey House—McGraw-Hill, \$2.50) is a very readable book by a business journalist, who declares that we are not in the midst of a

depression at all, but merely suffering from a mishandling of a great era of plenty, that, in other words, as soon as we solve our problems of distribution as well as we have solved our problems of production we shall all be pretty well off and with nothing to worry about in the future. Mr. Leech points out the fact that we can produce three times as many shoes in this country as we need, just as we can produce many times more of everything than we need. This is, to be sure, not so healthful a condition as it would seem, and it does suggest that the New Nationalists will have to do some thinking about how to dispose of these surplus products without selling them abroad. Nor do these statistics take into account the flexibility of the word Need. When a man has plenty of money in his pocket, he needs, let us say, six pairs of shoes a year, counting all categories; when he is worrying Mr. Hoover by hoarding, he can get by on two pairs, or if he has bought well in the first place, with a few dollars for repairs. . . .

Those Annoying Intangibles

THE crux of the whole question seems to rest upon intangibles, which makes it very difficult to deal with: How much of how many things do people actually need? Who knows? What is the American standard? Can this, or any other country be prosperous in the meaning of the '27-'29 era and be sane at the same time? How much of our "prosperity" was based upon luxury-buying and upon waste? How much upon the snob-appeal of our dear friends the advertising copy

writers, who convinced us that we could not maintain our social positions and drive a last year's model, although last year's model was no different from this year's except for the radiator cap? Perhaps Mr. Leech knows the answers to all these questions. He has not given every one the fullest consideration in his book, but he writes interestingly, as a journalist must, and he will help any one to understand the nature of the problems we now face.

Any reader who cares to pursue the study of economics beyond these topical volumes will find Sumner H. Slichter's *Modern Economic Society* (Holt, \$5) a comprehensive and intelligent survey of the situation. It is a good book to have in the back of one's mind in appraising the plans for helping us out of our present difficulties.

Mr. Ford to the Rescue

AS THIS is being written, the wheels are whirling in the factories of Mr. Henry Ford, who announced a short time ago that he was willing to risk millions to bring this country back to prosperity by launching a new model of his famous automobile. The myth of Henry the Wizard survives, strangely enough, and more people than a few felt their hearts pick up a few beats when they read the pronunciamientos of the Old Master. Those who are still optimistic should be careful not to read a new book called *The Tragedy of Henry Ford* by Jonathan Leonard Norton (Putnam, \$3). Mr. Norton is mean enough to say that Mr. Ford has never done anything except to invent the Model T; that he has

failed signally in all his plans for bettering the world, and that, in fact, they never were very good plans, anyway. It is, of course, very hard to shed tears over the tragedy of a man who still has something like a billion dollars, and one suspects that Mr. Norton saved his own while writing the book. It is undeniably true that Mr. Ford has lost his dominance of the cheap car field, that his Model T, with all its faults, was a better piece of machinery than he has turned out since, and that slowly but surely the truth has leaked out about Mr. Ford's treatment of his workmen, about his high wages, and about his ruthless contracts with his agents. The remarkable portrait of Ford that was drawn by his highly-paid press agents, and which impressed itself deeply upon the American mind, bears very little resemblance to the original, declares Mr. Leonard. The wicked spirits who enjoy seeing a popular idol smashed will enjoy *The Tragedy of Henry Ford*.

Other books that have a bearing upon the problems of the moment include Paul T. Frankl's *Machine-Made Leisure* (Harper, \$2.50), in which a noted artist and designer comes boldly out for the Machine as an agent in creative design, and declares that mass-production may be made as æsthetically satisfying as it is cheap; *Men, Money and Mergers* by George L. Hoxie (Macmillan, \$2.50), an attack on government ownership of public utilities, and a plea for non-interference with private companies in this field; and Harry W. Laidler's *The Road Ahead* (Crowell, \$1.00), an admirably written Primer of Socialism, by the

secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

Books About Mr. Hoover

CLEMENT WOOD, whose recent biography of Warren Gamaliel Harding was commented upon at some length here recently, now offers *Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy* (Michael Swain, \$2) which is, for the most part, a re-write of the material contained in John Hammill's *The Strange Career of President Hoover Under Two Flags*. Mr. Wood writes entertainingly enough, although he is inclined to be flip at times; one could treat his books with more seriousness if they did not appear so patently to be in the nature of boob-catchers. *Tough Luck-Hoover Again*, by John L. Eaton (Vanguard, \$1.25) is one of the shrewdest of all the recent books on Mr. Hoover and the political situation in general. Mr. Eaton, who was on the staff of the New York *World*, writes fairly and intelligently about our President. He is not scandalous or scurrilous, nor does he make any loose charges. The real point of his book is simply this: because we have the rigid two-party system in this country, we shall in all probability see Mr. Hoover reëlected whether anybody in the country really wants him to remain in the White House or not.

This is another way of saying that if the Democrats continue to act as stupidly as they have up to this time, there will be no doubt at all of Mr. Hoover's reëlection, and aside from the enforced loyalty of the Republican party to him, his continuance in office will have nothing to do with the approval or dis-

approval of the People. Mr. Eaton calls upon the Democrats to take a liberal stand that will allow the intelligence of the country to rally to their banner. The best he can suggest, if the Democrats fail to hear his call — the odds are at least a thousand to one they will — is a Third Party, so he leaves the situation looking pretty hopeless. He has done a first-rate book, however, so good, in fact, that it will never reach the thousands who have devoured the more scandalous attacks upon the President.

Mr. Train into the Breach

ARTHUR TRAIN's board-bound pamphlet *The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover: What We Do with Our Presidents* (John Day, \$1) is a refutation of all the charges that have been brought against Mr. Hoover by John Hammill and the others. Mr. Train's reasoning is that Washington and Lincoln were savagely and unfairly attacked, just as Mr. Hoover is being attacked, which in itself, to the logical mind, proves nothing. All our Presidents have been attacked; some of them deserved everything that was said about them. How does one differentiate? This is not to suggest that the Hammill and other volumes have been otherwise than detestable — literary garbage — but it is a hint that it is a little early in the game to link Mr. Hoover's name with Washington's and Lincoln's. To the Landscaper, the really interesting and significant thing about the attacks on Hoover is that they reveal how extraordinarily little was known of the early career of the man at the time he became President; it is

dangerously possible to make a myth out of any sort of material with our present means of spreading propaganda. Then we wonder later why the myth turns out to be man. Can a democracy be successfully run on this basis?

Some one else has been finding out what is wrong with us, Leon Samson, the author of a book called *The New Humanism*, to which the Landscaper paid his respects upon its appearance. Mr. Samson's new book, *The American Mind* (Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou, \$3) is, its author declares, an attempt to psychoanalyze this country from the Marxian angle. It is a sweeping attack upon just about all our faults, including a large number which belong to all unfortunate members of the human race, and contains a large number of footnotes from contemporary sources that evidently got into the book without benefit of proof reading. Leafing through the volume, the Landscaper caught *Christmas Only*, for *Christians Only*, by Heywood Broun and George Brett; Louis Sherman, for Louis Sherwin, of the *Evening Post*, and so on. Mr. Samson seems to this observer to be sloppy-minded. He writes carelessly, and his thinking is superficial. There is plenty wrong with us, Heaven knows, but we need better guides than this to get us out of the morass.

Some Worth While Novels

STACKS of other serious books on the widest variety of subjects stand by awaiting their turn, but perhaps the diet needs a little variety, and there are novels aplenty at hand also. A small group of

unusually select ones would have to include John Dos Passos's *1919* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a remarkably fine American novel; Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), an enormous Jewish chronicle, which comes to these shores with a great popular and critical success behind it in England; *Bright Skin* by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), another Negro novel, with a touch of Harlem in its ending, and therefore hardly so good a piece of work as *Black April* or *Scarlet Sister Mary*; *A Glastonbury Romance* by John Cowper Powys, a thousand-page novel of tangled lives in an English village, impressive because of its quality as well as its quantity; *A Fortnight in September* by R. C. Sherriff (Stokes, \$2), a tender and moving tale of a clerk and his family; and *Fathers of Their People* by H. W. Freeman (Holt, \$2.50), a robust and earthy novel about Sussex farmers, by the author of *Joseph and His Brethren*. Here is a month's reading for any one, and the quality is guaranteed.

Those who have followed the curious allegory by Paul Eldredge and George Sylvester Viereck through *My First Two Thousand Years* and *Salome* will be pleased to know about a third section of this gigantic canvas, *The Invincible Adam* (Liveright, \$2.50), which relates the adventures of one Kotikokura, otherwise Everyman.

About American Writers

LUDWIG LEWISOHN in his new book of criticism, *Expression in America* (Harper's, \$4), which is on the whole the most interesting volume

the Landscaper has had the pleasure of examining this month, speaks most favorably of the work of Mr. Viereck, and the Landscaper has found writing in the earlier volumes of this strange book that was quite impressive. What it will amount to when it is all finished is a little hard to say. It will be something of prime importance or nothing. Mr. Lewisohn stepped into this picture quite by accident, but so long as he is here, a further word about his book will not be out of place. It is more or less of a personal history of American literature, and contains excellent evaluations of many of our contemporaries, keen critical comment upon the work of Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, and many others, in addition to estimates of earlier writers. Mr. Lewisohn damns the Puritans for spoiling our early literary efforts and considers that we did not begin to write until we shook off Puritanism; a debatable theory, but no matter what his general thesis, he has much to say about American writers that should be of great interest and value to intelligent readers.

More Good Fiction

OTHER more or less new novels that are worth considering in making up lists of reading material include Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* (Scribner, \$2.50), a story of poor whites in Georgia that may seem incredible, but which is written out of a full knowledge of these people; Lincoln Kirstein's *Flesh Is Heir* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2), a first novel by the brilliant young editor of the *Hound and Horn*, which traces in a highly individual

technique the adventures of a young man in trying to find himself — this is an experimental piece of fiction that is unusually engaging; *Unclay* by T. F. Powys (Viking, \$2.50), an allegory by the author of *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* that is even better than that most unusual novel; *Czardas: A Story of Budapest*, by Jenő Heltai (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50); and *They Call It Patriotism* by Bruno Brehm (Little, Brown, \$2.50). These last two deserve some further comment. *Czardas*, which has decorations by Lynd Ward, is the strange story of a Hungarian aviator in the World War, who, shot down in Galicia, spends some weeks in a military hospital. Here he is pursued by phantoms, and, going home to Budapest, he sets off to run down the creatures of his imaginings. His adventures make up the bulk of the book, which is a moving account of a highly sensitive person in contact with the problems of war; it is an altogether remarkable story. The Brehm novel has an historical background. It tells the story of what went on in Austria and the Balkan Peninsula from the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903 until the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo in 1914; the plot turns around the conflict between Dragutin Dimitrijević, nicknamed Apis, and the head of the Black Hand in Serbia, and this same Ferdinand. An introduction by Sidney B. Fay attests the accuracy of this fascinating picture of intrigue which finally set the world afire. Mr. Brehm handles his excellent material with the skill of a born novelist and story-teller.

Some Mystery Stories

THREE definitely unusual mystery stories have come this way lately. They are Russell Thorndike's *The Devil in the Belfry* (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, \$2), a long story of atmosphere, with the scene laid in the English cathedral town of Dullchester; *The Trial of Gregor Kaska* (Holt, \$2) by Fred Andreas, a murder mystery translated from the German that is admirably done from the psychological point of view; and *The Tragedy of X: A Drury Lane Mystery*, by Barnaby Ross (Viking, \$2), a New York story, with Drury Lane, exactor, as the detective, that is unusually baffling. This is Viking's first venture into the field of mystery stories, and is a good beginning.

To return to more serious matters, there are several new books available that should prove of interest to followers of world events, one of the best being *Years of Tumult* by James H. Powers, foreign editor of the Boston *Globe* (Norton, \$3), a summary of the situation in Germany, in France, in India, in Manchuria, in Russia, and so on, a timely and informative volume, soundly written, and well grounded in fact. If one is seeking for a single volume in this field, he could do no better than to buy the work of Mr. Powers. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The German Crisis* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50) may be slightly dated by the elections that are at this moment taking place, but Mr. Knickerbocker knows his Germany and writes with intelligence and insight about it. His book is an attempt to furnish American investors with some idea

of what has become of their four billion dollars and what chance they have of getting it back. *Is Germany Finished?* by Pierre Viennot (Macmillan, \$1.25) is a small volume by a Frenchman who thinks Germany is in a parlous state, and who pleads with his own people to understand and to help. The French would be much more likely to sympathize and to help if they could bring themselves to believe that Germany was really finished; it is the fear that the Germans are anything else but finished that continues to make France a menace to the peace of Europe.

Events in Manchuria

THE only book of recent weeks bearing directly upon the situation in the Far East is *Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia*, by Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman (Stokes, \$3.75), a down-to-the-minute volume that explains very thoroughly the Japanese venture into Manchuria, and also makes clear the fact that the invaders mean to hold on to their conquered territory, developing it as rapidly and as highly as possible. Owners of South American bonds will probably wish to read *Latin-American Problems* by Thomas F. Lee (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2.50), the work of a man who has lived all over South and Central America for almost thirty years, and who therefore knows what he is talking about. He takes his reader over the whole territory, discusses the countries humanly and economically, and gives fair and friendly judgments upon many matters that will be of importance in determining the future of our neighboring continent, not

to mention our own. An American engineer's observations of Russia are to be found in *Working for the Soviets*, by Walter Arnold Rukeyser (Covici-Friede, \$3), some one else who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Rukeyser's conclusions about the success of the Five-Year Plan are eminently full of common sense; he thinks that it will be years before Russian manufactured products can upset world markets, because of the huge domestic demand in sight, and adds that in general the Five-Year Plan was made without reference to the existing world depression. In other words, that with all the marvelous accomplishments of the Soviets to date, they are still in the woods, and still have an infinite variety of problems ahead, which they may have difficulty in solving even with the assistance of our capitalistic technicians.

The Prize Travel-Book

FOR pure adventure and scientific interest, there is no book out just now to be compared to *Arabia Felix* by Bertram Thomas (Scribner, \$5). Thomas is one of those remarkable traveling Englishmen of the breed of Burton, Doughty, Lawrence and others. He was the first white man to make the journey from the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf, cutting across Southern Arabia, or Rub' al Khali, the Empty Quarter. His journey enabled geographers to fill in the last large blank on the map of the world, and the learned societies have given him one of every known variety of medal for his remarkable discoveries. Mr. Thomas writes vividly and overlooks nothing; his book is filled with illustrations

of remarkable beauty and interest. In a world so full of bogus explorers it is real pleasure to be able to praise one of the right sort, and to say that his book will inevitably become a classic. Any one interested in the ballyhooey type of explorations may find out all about them from Herbert S. Dickey's *My Jungle Book* (Little, Brown, \$3.50), an account of many years in Venezuela. Mr. Dickey does not like modern explorers who suffer intolerable hardships solely in order to make the rotogravure sections, and he pays them out most delightfully. His own book is excellent reading, tartly flavored, and written by some one else who has taken years to study the part of the country he writes about, instead of days or minutes, as is the custom. Other books about foreign lands include *Holy Prayers in a Horse's Ear* by Kathleen Tamagawa (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, \$3.50), a study of Japan written by a Japanese-American, and with real insight; *Nonsuch: Land of Water*, by William Beebe (Brewer, Warren and Putnam), Mr. Beebe's account of life on one of the Bermuda islands and in the water nearby; and *Brown Women and White*, Andrew A. Freeman (John Day, \$3), a collection of sketches of Siam, highly flavored, and done into a book that is too eccentric in its appearance to be very satisfactory to look at or to read.

Some Recent Biography

THE biography shelf continues uncrowded, for what reason it is hard to discover. Of the books at hand, several are of unusual merit, among them David Loth's *Philip II* (Brentano's, \$3.75), a skeletonized

story of a marvelously rich period in which Mr. Loth has devoted nearly all his attention to the son of Charles of Europe, and from which Philip emerges an unhappy mediocrity, thrust by the cruel hand of Fate into the midst of great events. The basis of the work is research that has been carried on in the National Library of Madrid, and much of the material comes directly from Philip's letters or documents of state — he was, of course, devoted to writing and left ample evidence for the study of his biographers. Marcia Davenport, whose mother is Alma Gluck, has written a charming book called simply *Mozart* (Scribner, \$5), the first American biography of this genius and one that is a credit both to Miss Davenport and the country. *Ludendorff: The Tragedy of a Military Mind* by Karl Tschuppik (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), is a large and well-documented study of the part Ludendorff played in the downfall of Germany. Mr. Tschuppik holds his peculiarly military mind responsible, but one wonders, recalling the recent writings of the man, if he were not insane years before any one had suspected it. Perhaps it is possible for generals to hold on longer after their minds have disappeared than it is for most people. The Tschuppik volume is a valuable contribution to recent European history.

A Great American

THE most important recent American biography is Silas Bent's *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes* (Vanguard, \$4.50), a life that attempts to show a man greater than his works. Mr. Bent has done an excellent piece

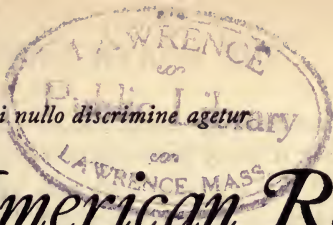
of research, the quality of the writing is good, and there is ample documentation. One wishes, without much hope, either, that a short life of Justice Holmes might be a part of the course of study in every American high school; he is a source of pride to all true patriots, and Mr. Bent has done a good job in preserving his life story for future generations. Eudora Ramsay Richardson has written an exciting life of a somewhat neglected figure in the Civil War period, Alexander H. Stephens, which she calls *Little Aleck* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). Stephens was the vice-president of the Confederate States, a wisp of a man who was a fighter all his life, a wonderful speaker, and ceaselessly active, ending his political career as Governor of Georgia at the age of seventy. He believed in slavery, and believed even more firmly in State's rights, but stood out against secession as long as possible. Mrs. Richardson has made Stephens live again, and he is an irresistibly fascinating personality, a thing of flame and spirit, whose frail body never stood in the way of his purpose. *The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton* (Scribner, \$2.50), the famous beauty of the Andrew Jackson period in Washington, is another book that will appeal to lovers of the by-ways of American history. Mrs. Eaton spent her latter years in New York, and left her autobiography in the hands of her minister with the understanding that publication would be withheld until the proper time. It is a touching story, and rounds out a fascinating chapter in this nation's story. Peggy was a beauty-cursed woman in the great tradition.

Lancer with Assistance

A STIRRING bit of autobiography is Richard Boleslavski's *Way of a Lancer* (Bobbs-Merrill), the savage and brutal account of the adventures of a Polish cavalryman, prepared with the assistance of Helen Woodward, who, the Landscaper seems to remember, was the author of the early advertising of the Literary Guild. She has not altogether lost the mail-order touch, let it be said; Mr. Boleslavski's material is so consistently highly-colored that the skeptical reader becomes a little uneasy of its complete authenticity. If it is hokum, it is first-rate hokum.

Somewhere in the section on America and its troubles, the Landscaper should have mentioned Wayman Hogue's *Back Yonder: An Ozark Chronicle* (Putnam, \$3), an admirable account of primitive life in America when people got on well enough without money, and lived completely at home, wholly without the Machine. Mr. Hogue's complete authenticity might make his book a useful guide in case we have to retrace our steps, as many people have already in the rural regions of this country; he even tells in great detail how to make corn whiskey, although the sugar variety is just as good and doesn't take nearly so long to age. Howard Simon has done some striking woodcuts for *Back Yonder*, and it is a book that all older Americans will enjoy, a really remarkable picture of a backwoods community no more than sixty years ago, just around the corner from the Motor Age, and as far removed from it as the Tenth Century.

Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur



The North American Review

VOLUME 233

JUNE, 1932

NUMBER 6



Apéritif

A Democrat in the Doldrums

THE state of mind of a Philippine delegate to the Democratic National Convention who has not yet received his instructions, nor knows even whether he is to be instructed, must inevitably be curious. At this writing (April 29) he has read definite proof that Mr. Hoover will be the Republican nominee; Governor Roosevelt has received his first setback, in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; Al Smith has given evidence of specific strength; and Clinton W. Gilbert has published a clever essay outlining the serious possibility of Garner's being the ultimate Democratic choice. Other candidates have been sliding gracefully into the background.

Our delegate has what he suspects must be a nauseous skepticism about the qualifications of these great men, and has been trying in a feeble way to convince himself that whoever does get the nomination will have competent advisers in the White House — if the *zeitgeist* really materializes — to bolster his inadequacies. His idea of a political adviser is one who writes, or at least

outlines, candidates' speeches, and in this connection he is looking over Governor Roosevelt's St. Paul oration, without much enthusiasm.

He comes to the part where Governor Roosevelt attempted to forestall Republican pleading not to swap horses while crossing stream. The words are: "If the old car in spite of frequent emergency repairs has been bumping along downhill on only two cylinders for three long years, it is time to get another car that will start uphill on all four." Our delegate visualizes the advisers writing "two, three, four," in relentless, dignified progression; he tries painfully to judge whether their motivation was a belief in numerology or merely a desire to mesmerize the audience. But he sees plainly where they ended — at a Model T Ford! A Model T Ford to pull this Brobdignagian, rheumatic old country out of its quagmire of depression. Even the Dearborn Sage himself has given up that idea and gone to eight cylinders.

But the Governor did at least apologize for mixing the metaphor and in this connection there is a story

that may be interesting. Somewhere in Pennsylvania lives a friend of our delegate whom we may as well call Mr. X and who is an incorrigible devotee of circuses, county fairs and all similar conglomerations of freaks. Whenever the opportunity shows itself, furthermore, he talks with the exhibits, examining their mental attitudes, learning their origins and asking whatever miscellaneous questions that may occur to him on the spur of the moment. Lately he ran across a young man on exhibition who from the front seemed more normal than most of his spectators, but a distinctly equine tail grew out of the middle of his back. Beyond this curious anomaly, Mr. X was impressed with the young man's poise and evident contentment, which contrasted with the depressed attitude of most of his colleagues, and so drew him into conversation. It developed that before joining the circus he had been a hard-working member of a Southern farm family. He had always kept the tail shaved close so that few people knew about it and no one gave it any thought. As the depression deepened, however, his family's resources were more and more straitened and the young man began casting about for a way of adding to his living. Eventually some one told him that physical defects of sufficient rarity were a surer source of income in these paradoxical days than strong bodies and a willingness to work, so forthwith he allowed his tail to grow, joined his circus and (so far) has lived happily ever after. Mr. X caught a benevolent twinkle in his eye as he gazed in the general direction of Wall Street; between everlasting hard work for mere grits

and hominy and lolling about stripped to the waist for more money per month than his whole family ever saw in a year, there appeared to him to be no debate at all.

The point of all which is that Governor Roosevelt's advisers would have done better to keep his metaphor straight and suggest merely swapping from a cropped and be-draggled old horse to a fresh mule with an extra long tail. Or still better, to one with the added freakish attributes of an elephant's trunk and the ears of a wild jackass.

THE poor delegate gives up hope of fathoming political advisers. They seem to him even more illusive than their wards. So he turns to the platform — and in less than five minutes right away again. For there is nothing there, absolutely nothing.

"But," he soliloquizes, "there must be a platform, and if no one else has given it any thought, then it's up to me." So he fashions a vague wet plank, and with some trepidation, one calling for a world economic conference. After that he begins to flounder. Vague fancies chase through his head, become vaguer and ever vaguer. Long and often meaningless words pop up and flow away on his stream of consciousness. Then two are snagged, and from that moment on he is useless for all practical political purposes. He is spinning a theory.

It starts, oddly enough, with an argument of the realistic Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild. This is to the effect that most, if not all, of our present difficulties can be traced to one glaring and nearly universal fallacy: that what individuals do to

their own personal advantage is also good for society at large. For instance Professor Fairchild goes back to the early days of the Industrial Revolution when workers were flocking to the cities to find factory employment. They found that much of the machine-tending could be done as well by their wives and children as by themselves, and in an attempt to raise their pitiful standard of living they sent them to the factories, too. But the employers then discovered that they could get the services of a man, his wife and all his children for the same price that they would have had to pay the man himself. In fact, they found that there was no necessity for hiring the man at all; his dependents could do the work for still less. So it became common to see skilled laborers and craftsmen sitting idly at home while their wives and children drudged in sweat shops. According to an estimate Joseph Stagg Lawrence once made in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, the increase of women employed in this country during the last twenty or thirty years would compare very closely with the number of men unemployed right now, and of course they are working for less money than the men would be.

The delegate wonders whether that much talked of maldistribution of riches could be laid in part to women's employment; he knows that they have been steadily acquiring a greater and greater proportion of the country's wealth. He tries desperately to think of a method to effect redistribution of purchasing power other than the one that is boiling in the back of his mind. At last he gives up and faces it.

What this country needs is legalized polygamy and polyandry. There is no other way out. He tries to look at it from every angle.

IN THE first place, he thinks (and quite accurately, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*), polygamy has been and still is the commonest type of marriage relation. Though the Christian Church frowns upon it, there is nothing in the New Testament prohibiting it, except to "bishops." And America has seen at least one considerable experiment with it, whose success has not been altogether disproved. Polyandry, on the other hand, is thought by some experts to be a direct outgrowth of poverty, which we are certainly enjoying now.

Our by now entranced delegate assumes quickly that the vested interests of clergy and habit can be persuaded to give over their age-long fight for monogamy. His flimsy economic grounding, however, bears him out in the assumption, provided he can prove to every one the economic advantages of his idea. He admits, to begin with, that further intertwining of personal relationships would not equalize the claims against this country's wealth vertically — that is, the great fortunes would not be spread out to include the most destitute. (He retains a certain amount of skepticism at the movies.) The rich would still marry the rich, and the poor the poor. But there would be some leveling in the upper reaches under his system and some raising of the lower. A jobless man might marry eight or ten clerks and stenographers and manage to get along without charity on a little

from each of them. An heiress might marry one or two heirs and a dozen or so impecunious bond salesmen, socially presentable.

Aside from the money directly affected, however, there would be something else. As the possibilities of this new manner of acquiring three meals a day and a roof over one's head seeped into the sluggish minds of our populace, there would occur a general feeling of lassitude at the idea of looking for hard, ill-paid jobs. Competition for them would lessen materially and employers would be forced to make them more attractive. Wages would go up. Many people would have their first opportunity to spend money they had not worked for, so hoarding would cease. Effective demand would increase. People busy spending others' money would not worry so much about the payment of War debts and they could easily be canceled or scaled down. In short, there would be no more depression.

What a platform! The delegate sits back smilingly in his armchair and reflects on its subsidiary advantages: more work for lawyers (the intricacies of inheritance cases alone under

the new system would keep all the legal men in the country busy overtime), State governments would flourish on the license fees, city governments on the marriage, for not even the wealthiest polygamists could afford very many lavish weddings. And though the clergy would thus lose part of their livings, the new aspects of morals would more than make up for it, giving them vast new fields for sermonizing. There would undoubtedly be a movement back to the land, which could support a great part of our industrial population.

The delegate goes to his desk and writes a long letter to Mr. Raskob describing the plan in detail and including the slogan, "Marry More." Then he takes the letter to a mail box, drops it in and starts home.

On the way he observes a man and his wife wheeling a perambulator full of twins. Their conversation is acrimonious, and a still, small voice of doubt begins to murmur in the delegate's ear, growing louder.

The next morning he reserves a passage for November 9 on a boat going extremely far away from America.

W. A. D.



Mrs. Grundy's Vote

BY MALVINA LINDSAY

Those millions of mother-reformers who have always been a significant factor in our politics seem destined for overthrow next November

MRS. GRUNDY, who has now come to symbolize in America a smug composite of Queen Victoria, Jonathan Edwards and Frances E. Willard, has been going to the polls for a little more than a decade. But for more than one hundred years — since Andrew Jackson's tempestuous campaign of 1828 — she has been a vocal factor in Presidential elections. For if she could not vote, her husband and sons could. If she could not mark ballots, she could tell emphatically, in the presence of her children and grandchildren, just how they should be marked. Moreover, her position was being steadily strengthened by the woman's movement, which eventually was to provide her a political weapon more potent than the tongue. The election of 1928 offered her the first real challenge for the use of that weapon. How effectively she used it Democratic political leaders well remember. Now as a new election approaches, politicians of both parties may well ask, "What of the Grundys?"

To forecast Mrs. Grundy's political future, it is well to look briefly

into her past. Just how early she began to inject her opinions into politics is not known, but it is safe to guess that she deplored the fact that Thomas Jefferson was a free thinker, and that she was righteously indignant because John Quincy Adams bought a billiard table with public money and set it up in the White House. But she probably did not become actively vocal until Jackson's first campaign. This was the first truly exciting contest in the history of the American Presidency, and also the most scurrilous one; and there can be little doubt that every voter's womenfolk discussed it with gusto. For while women, generally speaking, have always lamented the fact that men candidates call each other ugly names over economic issues, and openly charge one another with imbecility, chicanery and knavery, yet they have always accepted as a justly moral measure the airing of candidates' past social errors and personal missteps. The only issue in the Jackson campaign that interested the Mrs. Grundys of that day was whether or not Rachel Jackson should occupy the White House.

Probably their unanimous decision was that she should not. However, the hand of God, rather than their husbands' ballots, settled the question.

THE Nineteenth Century reformers, revivalists and Victorians provided Mrs. Grundy her social and moral standards for Presidential candidates. The log cabin, country boy type of candidate had long been a favorite of men voters. Mrs. Grundy also preferred the candidate with a rural background, not because, like her husband, she wanted to feel that she was elevating some one no better than herself, but because she was convinced that the moral atmosphere of farm and village was purer than that of cities. But she did not emphasize this requirement. She was interested chiefly in whether or not the candidate was a "nice man" — the kind of man she so earnestly admonished her sons to become.

While Civil War issues modified these standards, it is significant that during the passionate campaign of 1860 the Mrs. Grundys of the South based their opposition to Lincoln on his "commonness" and their dislike of his wife quite as much as on the fact that he wanted to "free the Niggers." After secession, some of the more violent of them taught their children to sing:

Jeff Davis is a gentleman,
Abe Lincoln is a fool.
Jeff Davis rides a white horse,
Abe Lincoln rides a mule.

When Grant was nominated for the Presidency, women below the Mason and Dixon Line proclaimed that he was a drunkard and a

swearer, and even those above the line were perturbed over some of the General's personal habits. But later, in the 'Seventies, as the women's temperance crusade swept the country, earnest ladies of all sections united in a demonstration of approval for Rutherford B. Hayes, sending him letters, telegrams and bouquets as a reward for serving wineless dinners.

As the Cleveland-Blaine campaign with its personal scandals on both sides had been a draw in feminine disapprobation, so the McKinley-Bryan contest called forth a close division in feminine approval. William McKinley, who was not only a good Methodist, but also a devoted husband to an invalid wife, came near to being Mrs. Grundy's ideal candidate. However, there were whispers of Popery and Mark Hanna behind him; and besides, there was young Mr. Bryan, handsome, silver-voiced, a staunch Presbyterian, and also an impeccable husband. In fact, according to Mr. Thomas Beer, the reputed admiration of the women in small Nebraska towns for Mr. Bryan caused Mr. Hanna, on one occasion, to curse and throw his cigar in the fire.

The Nineteenth Century spirit of reform continued well into the Twentieth Century, and in the Progressive campaign of 1912 the more crusading spirits among the Grundys got a chance for a more active expression of their convictions. Here was a cause after their hearts. The Progressive Convention at Chicago had opened with prayer and closed with the Doxology. The delegates had sung *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Here were religion and politics joined in one great crusade that was to make an end of political trickery and crass politicians who drank and schemed in barrooms. The women organized auxiliaries and committees, held meetings, made speeches and passed around petitions. Newspapers carried accounts of their teas, together with long lists of patronesses. And though their activities apparently came to naught, yet they gained entrée to the political arena. Four years later they were using their newly discovered political powers in supporting Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson — but chiefly Mr. Wilson. For in 1916 the feminine hatred of war triumphed over all minor and personal issues. Even Mr. Wilson's second marriage was forgiven. He was elected — many believe — by the already enfranchised women of the Western States, and by the tidal wave of feminine sentiment throughout the nation.

THE suffrage movement was a twin sister of the reform movement. The early suffragists were abolitionists; the later ones temperance workers and political idealists. There were exceptions to this rule, it is true: toward 1920 an increasing number of suffrage leaders had based their appeal for the ballot on the abstract principle of justice. But most of the women seeking the vote were actuated chiefly by thoughts of the good they expected to do with it. They would abolish saloons, close pool halls, install commission forms of government, oust fat, political bosses and make over the world generally. It was this moral momentum that put over the Nine-

teenth Amendment. Without it, the suffrage movement would have remained in the insipid and futile state of permanent registration and proportional representation.

So much had been promised concerning woman's purification of politics that in 1920 both parties were prepared for a colossal political upheaval. After the returns were in, bewildered men politicians breathed sighs of relief. The much-feared woman's vote apparently was a myth. Only about thirty per cent of the total presidential vote had been cast by women and that had been divided in virtually the same proportion as the men's vote between Warren G. Harding and James M. Cox. Four years later the situation repeated itself. Only about thirty-five per cent of the vote was cast by women, and this was split in the same ratio as the men's ballots between Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis.

On the basis of these results, campaign leaders agreed that there was no need to worry further about the woman's vote or to waste any party funds on it. Then came the election of 1928 — and with it a rude upset to their theories. Mrs. Grundy turned thumbs down on Al Smith, and her husband and sons did likewise. The Grundys, male and female, thronged to the polls and voted the cumulative religious, moral and social convictions of a dozen generations of strait-laced American housewives. A century of Mrs. Grundys stalked in spirit to the ballot boxes and said emphatically, "Mother knows best."

Simon Michelet, president of the National Get-Out-the-Vote Club,

estimates that in the country as a whole in 1928 women cast forty-five per cent of the vote, an increase of approximately forty-five per cent over 1920. He reports that women in some of the smaller cities cast fifty per cent of the vote, and that in the conservative Eastern States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts, from forty-five to forty-eight per cent of the registered electorate were women.

There was a two-fold irony in this vote. One of the chief public arguments of the men anti-suffragists—many of whom were Wets—had been that the “good women” would never go to the polls, and that women of questionable character would flock there under the guidance of political bosses and dominate election results. What must these gallant orators have thought in November, 1928, when they saw all their hopes of thirst relief dashed through the outpouring of “good women” at the polls?

The League of Women Voters must have been equally surprised. Since 1920, its leaders had been deploing the lethargy of their sex concerning politics, and they had been striving persistently through polite conferences, teas and petitions to induce women to go to the polls. Then suddenly they found their problem solved for them. A so-called moral issue had turned the trick.

It was typical of Mrs. Grundy that her interest in the campaign of 1928 should have been confined to its social and moral issues. Despite her alleged interest in disarmament and international relations, she paid no heed to the candidates' pronouncements on these subjects. The tariff

interested her not at all, and neither did the power question nor Nicaragua. She might have found, had she been concerned, many logical economic and political reasons for voting for Herbert Hoover. But she was interested only in his dryness, his religion, his grammar and his social background.

That is not surprising. For ages women have created an illusion of morals about every economic fact. They have surrounded marriage, parenthood, the home and nearly everything else with which they were personally concerned with bulwarks of moral principles. Such action grew out of their needs in the days antedating economic independence and alimony, and the habit persisted when broader liberties opened. Most women have been able to see a political campaign only in terms of its moral issues. They have been aroused to whole-hearted interest in an election only when they have seen a chance to vote on some question that was “right” or “wrong.”

IT is manifest that they will have that chance again next November. The campaign already finds at least one of the passion-arousing issues of four years ago in the fray. Despite the solemn pronouncements of political leaders, despite the pressure of more acute problems, notably unemployment, armament and tariff, there can be little doubt that Prohibition will be a major issue. It is even conceivable that religion and social convention will rear their malignant heads again. Certainly it is an inescapable fact that another attempt will be made to draw sharp moral lines between the political

sheep and goats — the good voters and the bad.

However, it is equally certain that such lines will not be drawn as they were in 1928. No matter what moral issues arise, no matter what passions and prejudices are obtruded into the campaign, the Grundys will not put up the united front that they did four years ago. They will not do so for two reasons: because of the hard times bogey and because of the début of a new type of woman voter.

If the prosperity issue remains dominant in the campaign until November, it will weaken materially the strength of the Grundys. For against Prohibition will be stacked depression. The one affects Mrs. Grundy's moral conscience; the other her pocketbook. Regardless of how absurd the prosperity charges and promises of political leaders may seem to economists, Mrs. Grundy is too thorough-going an American not to be influenced by them. It was easier for her to vote whole-heartedly for Mr. Hoover in 1928 because he meant (according to his party spokesmen) not only Protestantism, Prohibition and convention, but also prosperity. In 1932, he will mean (according to Democratic spellbinders) chiefly Prohibition and more depression. And Mrs. Grundy, remembering her petty economies and sacrifices of the last two years, her non-paying stocks and bonds, and her unrented houses, is apt to decide that the issues of the campaign are economic rather than moral.

But even though she should be more altruistic than is expected and stick to her guns of principle, she will find a break in her ranks. She will find far less uniformity of opinion

among her followers as to the "rightness" and "wrongness" of issues than she did four years ago. For there are signs on all sides that the Grundy matriarchy has begun to topple. There are evidences that the professional mother-reformer whom the last sixty years developed in the United States is to be given a dowager's sceptre, and that a new feminine protagonist is to appear.

What are these portents of change?

One was the birth, in May, 1929, in Cleveland, Ohio, of the Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Just fifty-five years earlier, the Women's Christian Temperance Union was organized in the same city. Now the women Wets — as they are popularly called — claim an enrollment of 411,000 women pledged to vote for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In three years the new organization has attained a membership that it maintains is greater than that of the W. C. T. U. Yet too much importance should not be attached to figures in this case. Membership in the anti-Prohibition organization merely means the signing of a card. There are no dues, no obligatory attendance at meetings, no committee work, whereas W. C. T. U. membership means both financial and personal sacrifice and untiring zeal. Moreover, the active antis, at present, consist chiefly of society women, who, it is doubtful, could stand up in a rough and tumble campaign to a régime of house-to-house canvassing and soapbox speaking or face the heckling, caricature, insult and other hardships that Frances Willard's intrepid followers have met for half a century.

Nevertheless the rapid growth of this organization is significant at this time. For by its very existence it has stolen one of Prohibition's mainstays — respectability. No longer can the Drys proclaim that only sots and criminals want to abolish the Eighteenth Amendment. No longer can they declare that all decent and God-fearing persons are standing by the Volstead Act. Even as late as four years ago, women in many of the smaller towns and villages needed the courage of an Amelia Bloomer or a Dr. Mary Walker to express an active sympathy with the anti-Prohibitionists. Now, almost in the twinkling of an eye, that situation has changed. The Prohibition reformers, by giving decency to the wet cause, have driven a wedge into the block of Grundyism.

THERE are other serious threats to Mrs. Grundy's future power. The age of reform, which reached its culmination in the Nineteenth Century, and which carried over into the first decades of the Twentieth, is ending. It was the causes of this age — abolition, temperance, suffrage, home and foreign missions, the woman's club movement — that gave woman her first opportunities for self-expression outside the home. Now other interests beckon. Chief of these is the business of making a living. Women wage earners, whose numbers have increased enormously in the last decade, have never taken their Grundyism as seriously as have housewives, and in the future they are apt to take it still less seriously. Moreover, the housewife now finds other distractions drawing her away from the job of remaking the world.

One of these is bridge, which has already routed, not only Browning, but civic and reform activities from most of the women's clubs. Another is the cosmetic mania, with its heavy levies upon time and pocketbook. Closely allied with this is the clothes cult, with its increasing demands upon its votaries. Still another distraction is the craze for tabloid culture — for a talking acquaintance-ship with all the smart books, plays, music and movements. Certainly none of these activities tends to promote the earnestness, the righteous zeal, the motherly passion for disciplining the world that has so long been Mrs. Grundy's.

The women most active in the Grundy political movement of 1928 were the club and religious leaders who had been dominant in the first two decades of the present century. These women got their patterns of life from the Nineteenth Century, in which all of them were born, and in which most of them grew to womanhood. The social revolt of the Nineteen-Twenties touched them not at all. And the revolvers, their minds occupied with the ballroom and the fashion salon, did not bother to carry their revolution beyond the social scene. But now this revolt is beginning to bear harvest in political life. The flappers who upset social standards so shockingly in the jazz era are now grown women. Many of them are matrons relieved sufficiently of nursery cares to take an interest in affairs outside the home. Their voice is being heard increasingly in public affairs. And in spite of the growing conservatism that attends marriage and parenthood, they are bringing into public life an open-

mindfulness that their mothers and grandmothers lacked. They are introducing social and political standards that are not those of the Grundys.

The change in feminine ethical and moral ideals that set in following the World War struck at the roots of Grundyism. The psychoanalysis fad and the revolt of youth weakened the throne of the matriarchy. But the mass of women voters had not been touched to any extent by these forces in 1928. And what expression of them there was at the polls was disorganized and spasmodic, and was obscured by the Grundy landslide. Now, 1932 finds a different situation prevailing. It finds a rapidly growing

faction of dissenters, one that through its political and social solidarity threatens a permanent menace to political Grundyism.

Let no one think that the campaign of 1932 will be without its Grundys. Their voices will be loud and emphatic; their votes plentiful. They are too firmly entrenched, too well organized to be completely overthrown by one gesture on the part of the political parvenus opposing them. But no matter what showing of strength they make, it will be the last kick of a dying camel. They have reached the peak of their power and are on the down turn. November 8 will mark the formal challenge of their rule.



Can the Lion Tame Its Cubs?

BY OTTO DAVID TOLISCHUS

England is pinning her hopes for recovery—and world recovery—on the Ottawa Conference in July, when she will bargain for Empire trade on the grand scale

WE WERE sitting around the glowing fireplace in the blue-draped salon of my London "flat" a few doors from the American Embassy — a small group of youngish men and women left over from the evening's party — and in that expansive, self-revealing midnight mood we were settling the problems of the world in general and of Great Britain in particular.

"The trouble with this country is that it's top-heavy and is now growing lop-sided," said pessimistic Mr. Smith. "Everything here has been built on a world-wide scale — government, industry, finance — but the world is breaking up into little atoms and each atom is trying to shift for itself, including our own dominions. We won the War but lost the peace. London is becoming like Vienna — a big head without a body. We are losing our economic hinterland and the tariff wars are breaking up the British Empire as surely as the World War broke up the empire of the Habsburgs. Our statesmen seem to be bare of new ideas and between

Russian communism, French nationalism and American expansion we are being squeezed out of our inheritance."

Mr. Smith was in the middle thirties, dark, stocky, and quite successful in the publishing business.

The next day I was in the "City" — London's Wall Street — talking to Major Jones. The Major was tall, lean and blond, the typical British officer in mufti. He was now in the banking and brokerage business.

"England top-heavy?" he laughed. "Nonsense! We've been drifting, that is true enough, but now we're starting out to fight. Don't worry about our Empire. Wait till Ottawa."

He was referring, of course, to the British Empire Conference scheduled at Ottawa, Canada, July 18, where Britain is to make her stand for Empire and a new lease on life.

All through the British social structure there seems to run this same difference of opinion about Britain's future, and each opinion seems to represent a type. The mass is mainly apathetic and easily led.

But there are the younger intellectuals who, lost amid the perplexities of post-War adjustments, seem to suffer from a sort of *Weltschmerz*, a sense of the futility of things, which psychoanalysts might diagnose as a latent inferiority complex. And then again there are the tall, blond Englishmen like Major Jones, the typical Anglo-Saxons of the story books. They are rarely very brilliant; in fact, mere brilliance is suspect with them; which is one reason why Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the two most brilliant men in England today, have been put on ice. But what the Anglo-Saxons lack in brilliance they make up in that sublime imperturbability and self-confidence of the master race accustomed to bestride the world. Their enterprising leadership imposed upon a pliant population is probably the secret of Britain's success in empire building. They still dominate the scene, and since the national election last October they are again in the saddle in Great Britain.

THE leading statesmen of Great Britain and of her dominions and colonies beyond the seas are to assemble at Ottawa to assist at a new birth of the British Empire — a "Greater Britain" welded together not merely by the loosening ties of sentiment and political coöperation, but by the more durable ties of economic unity and mutual trade and profit. A new huge economic empire, comprising one-fourth of the world's population and the same proportion of its land surface and producing everything to make it self-sufficient, is to be created and shut off from the outside world by

tariff walls, to take its place beside the great trading areas of the United States, Soviet Russia and the French Empire. Preferential tariff adjustments and import quotas for the products of the individual units of that area and a common sterling basis for their currencies are to form the cement holding them together; and in time other countries are to be added to that area on the same basis, to make London again the centre and England the workshop of a world. After that, the economic might of this new empire is to be hurled against the ever rising tariff walls of other countries to break them down and open up again the channels of world trade, restoring world prosperity in general and British prosperity in particular.

That, at least, is the grandiose conception of the British statesmen on which they pin their hopes. "Ottawa marks the turning point of British Empire policy," Dominion Secretary J. H. Thomas told the House of Commons. True, the idea is not new, and the hopes for its realization have often been disappointed. At the last Empire Conference in London in 1930, all such efforts came to naught, and the dominions walked away with sweeping political victories which made them independent in all but name, without giving anything in return. Their tariff walls, though based on preference rates for British goods, continue to handicap British trade.

But this time British leaders are determined to force the issue and to compel the dominions to come to terms which will give Britain economic breathing space. For this time they hold — or think they hold —

the trump card in their hands. This trump card is the British tariff and an import quota for dominion products. In previous Empire conferences, while Britain was under nominal free trade, she had little to offer the dominions; her markets were open to them anyhow, as to the rest of the world. Since then, however, Britain has executed her historic right-about-face and has closed her markets through the tariff. She is holding them open for the dominions till November 15; until then they have time to come into the fold of "Greater Britain"; if they refuse, the tariff will apply to them as well. That is the "Big Stick" which Britain will wield at Ottawa, however guardedly; and her hopes of success are running high. The more enthusiastic ones like Lord Beaverbrook, championing "Empire Free Trade," would break down all tariff walls within that "Greater Britain," leaving only tariff walls against the "foreigner," but the more realistic leaders are more modest in their expectations. They will be content if dominion tariffs on British goods are lowered far enough to give British trade a chance to grow.

No doubt, this policy is not without its risks. Back of it lurks the possibility of an inter-Empire tariff war which may mean the gradual disintegration of the Empire itself. The tariff policy itself is under fire as economic suicide for Great Britain. But the new British leaders feel they have no choice and that for them stand written above the door of the Ottawa Conference the ominous words of General von Bernhardt: "Empire or Downfall" — even though the fate of their Empire will

be determined not by sword or cannon but by trade statistics and tariff rates.

The new economic policy, the British "Nep," was born in those dark days last September when the British pound was forced off the gold standard. Its beginnings go back to the early years of this century and in an embryonic state it has been in the background all along. But it took the major disaster of a currency collapse to rouse the country to its thorough application. The Tory landslide had paved the way for it. The currency collapse had marked the eclipse of the power of the "City" which had ruled British policy theretofore. The country became convinced that mere finance had failed and that rescue must come from a new emphasis on industry and trade and their furtherance at all cost. The "City" itself had become ripe for a change, for the same process of increasing bank interest in industry that has been so marked in America was at work in England too. British banks today control one-half of the cotton, one-third of the iron, steel and coal, and one-fourth of the woollen industries of the country, so that banking and industrial interests are tending to become identical.

The fundamental reasons for the change, of course, are not of yesterday; and it might be well at this point to cast a quick glance backward over the road of history to understand them fully.

THE free trade era that has just come to a close was born of the disappointment over the loss of the American Colonies, and of the hopes inspired by the Industrial Revolu-

tion. The old colonial empires created for exploitation seemed to be breaking up. The Industrial Revolution, on the other hand, opened up undreamed-of vistas of trade and profits for which the older world markets were more important than the struggling colonies. Great Britain richly supplied with coal and iron, the material basis of that revolution, became the industrial leader and the "workshop of the world." The colonies were left to shift more or less for themselves while Great Britain set out to capture the world's markets for a new, if invisible, empire of trade. For that purpose, free trade and removal of all commercial barriers were most advantageous to her and free trade became a British dogma that was raised by Richard Cobden to an "ordinance of the Creator — the international Common Law of the Almighty." Under free trade, Britain prospered and rose to industrial and commercial supremacy.

She built up an industrial and commercial machine of world-wide dimensions. She drew eighty per cent of her population into the urban and industrial centres to man that machine; imported sixty per cent of her food in exchange for manufactured products or banking and shipping profits; and converted her depopulated areas into hunting grounds. This made her industrial and social structure "top-heavy" and involved grave risks if the world markets were ever closed to her, and prophetic warnings of such a development were not lacking. But as long as profits were large and their surplus could be invested abroad to promote more trade and bring in more profits, this

development went on with the force of an avalanche — for almost a century. England grew rich, leisurely, and content.

Then came the challenge. The industrial rise of Germany was the first intimation of danger. It led to the World War, but the War made the situation only more complex. War-time dislocation of industry and the breaking up of Europe's large economic areas into tiny national fragments produced a desire for comparative national self-sufficiency which led to the creation of new industries everywhere. This in turn aroused an intense economic nationalism which led to ever rising tariff walls the world over, including the Far East and the British dominions themselves. Industry accelerated this process of distribution by shifting industrial emphasis from primary, basic industries to secondary "luxury" industries (in the wider sense) which supply three-fifths of man's modern needs in normal times, and by locating these new industries close to the sources of their raw materials and a cheap labor supply. It led, for instance, to the creation of an industrial South in the United States and spread factories to India and to China. The German industrial machine emerged from these readjustments more efficient than ever. America developed mass production, which, despite higher wages, could still undersell British goods, and American movies spread a notion of American standards of life and therefore a demand for American goods to the far corners of the world.

Suddenly Great Britain discovered that other countries were crowding her out of their own as well as foreign

markets; that their new industrial equipment was more efficient than the British and that their goods could jump tariff walls better than British goods could; that as a consequence Britain's markets were shrinking and that an increasing portion of her industrial and commercial machinery, and of her population, was forced into idleness.

The situation was further complicated when Great Britain proudly assumed the full burden — more or less — of her foreign and domestic War debts and put them on a gold basis in 1925, making her taxes and her prices the highest in the world. Though during world prosperity her manufacturing production rose by 17.5 per cent between 1924 and 1929, she was losing out in the race. Even her basic industries, like coal and iron, fell behind not America alone but Germany and France as well. But her living standard continued to rise and her leisurely traditions of a less hectic age remained unchanged.

The effects of this development were bound to be far-reaching. The first result was the rise of an army of unemployed, which have ranged between one and two million ever since the War and reached a record number of 2,825,000 last September, which was more than twenty-three per cent of the total working population. The figure rarely fell below ten per cent. All countries are battling unemployment now, but Britain alone has had that problem on her hands for more than a decade. The second and even more important consequence was the rise of socialism, whose principles soon penetrated the whole body politic. Unemployment, coinciding with the rise

of industrial democracy, became perforce a vested interest and its victims looked to the Government for support. The outcome was the dole, which cost the country between one and two million dollars every day without producing anything in return. "Productive" unemployment support expended on public or semi-public works to create jobs doubled local debts within seven years. Soon one-third of the national income was being collected by the Government and high inheritance taxes began to consume a part of the nation's capital for current Government expenses. Native capital began to flee the country; domestic investments were becoming unprofitable and modernization — so-called rationalization — of Britain's industry was rendered even more difficult. Yet British socialism, as represented by the Labor party, demanded ever greater "distribution" and doubled the purchasing power of the dole by 1929. Government finances were undermined and Britain's power of competition was further impaired.

For a while, Great Britain tried to overcome her trading handicap by financial manipulation. She borrowed foreign monies and lent them out abroad at a profit. This helped her balance of payments and her trade.

Then the world depression started; the cumulative effect of productive over-expansion and tariff wars, of War debts and credit inflation and the one-way trek of gold which they precipitated called for a reckoning. Prices fell by thirty per cent and world trade shrunk to pre-War levels despite a ten per cent increase in the world's population. The credit struc-

ture of the world collapsed; every country scrambled to convert its credits into gold, but there wasn't that much gold in the world. British, like American, foreign credits became "frozen" while Britain's creditors demanded their money back. A run on London was the result; more than a billion dollars were withdrawn within a few months. Already weakened by a decade of depression, Great Britain was unequal to the shock. Despite official French and American aid, the pound was forced off the gold standard. The run on London was the immediate cause of this collapse, but the fundamental reason was inherent in the British trade position.

THE whole story is told in a few figures compiled by the British Board of Trade for 1931. Compared with 1913, British exports *decreased* by \$680,000,000, while her imports *increased* by \$467,000,000. The most important thing which this summary reveals is that the British balance of payments produced a surplus of close to a billion dollars before the War (it varied greatly after the War but except for 1926 the balance was always favorable, and in 1928-1929 the surplus had again climbed to nearly \$700,000,000). Last year, however, the customary surplus had turned into a *deficit* of more than half a billion dollars. In other words, Great Britain as a nation was living beyond her income and was eating up her capital.

Now, coming in the midst of an unprecedented world depression, this deficit was not fatal in itself, of course. Britain was still the largest single exporter of manufactured

goods and the biggest creditor country in the world, her foreign investments still exceeding those of the United States. But the revelation that Britain was going in the red to the tune of half a billion dollars and that this was the climax of a process that had been operative through the years came as a shock to her and to the world. Other countries, too, were suffering, but none quite so severely. And since the World War ended, they all had had their ups and downs; Great Britain had only had the downs. Nobody questioned for a minute that America would emerge triumphant from the present slump; France was sitting on top of the world and even Germany was primed for new prosperity once the reparation problem had been settled. In Britain alone, the cycle of prosperity had not come around at all and gave no indication of a future movement if things were left unchanged.

That a fundamental malady had been gnawing at her vitals had been apparent for some time. Continued unemployment had been the warning signal. But unable to formulate a policy, and vacillating between Europe, the Empire and America, between protection and free trade, Great Britain had been "muddling through" in her best manner.

Thoughtful Englishmen themselves became alarmed and raised the fateful question whether "England's day is done"; while gloomy prophets charged that her ruling caste had been exhausted and that the vitality of her masses had been sapped by urban life. Observing foreigners began to wonder whether England was really "tired out" and whether the British Empire was ripe for that his-

toric scrap heap on which lie so many other proud creations of human ambitions.

But the realization of the danger also shocked the country into action. The National Government, comprising the best brains in the country, was the first result. A national election swept the Socialists from power and gave the Government 554 votes in Parliament out of a total of 615. A "truce of God" outlawed mere politics and the élite of the Labor party retraced their steps to "capitalistic" business principles. It was a great "victory for democracy" and in the new national renaissance even dole recipients voted against their socialistic champions.

The National Government came into power with a "free hand" to put the country on its feet and a "doctor's mandate" to cure the unemployment plague. Though but a symptom of the country's deeper ills, unemployment was the real menace. For what is giving Britain's leaders sleepless nights is the spectre of what will happen if the National Government fails to cope with it. Though practically driven out of Parliament, the Socialists still pulled nearly seven million votes, or one-third of the country's total voting strength. If the National Government fails, the pendulum may swing back again. And if it does, what will be the result? Having lost its moderate leaders, British socialism is turning radical. Currency inflation, nationalization of banks and basic industries, increased doles and "family allowances," taxation of fixed interest and "unearned" income, "mobilization" of foreign investments and Government guarantee of a "living wage"

— all involving partial capital confiscation — are the programme of the powerful Trade Union Council. If that should be the policy of a new Labor Government, could Britain survive as a "capitalistic" country?

In this emergency, the policy of "muddling through" went by the board. Traditional principles and dogmas were cast to the winds. Action was essential, and Hindenburg's "good old military principle that a mistake in the choice of means is less reprehensible than doing nothing" became the guiding rule. Out of this consideration, the British "Nep" was born.

The fundamental basis of this policy is the new tariff. A thirty per cent tariff against foreign goods had already been established by the depreciation of the pound, but the new measure went through Parliament with a whoop and became effective March first.

This tariff is a "triple-decker." The first "deck" establishes a flat ten per cent duty on all imports except wheat, meat, wool, cotton and some other essential foods and raw materials. The second "deck" creates a tariff commission, headed by Sir George May, to establish "scientific" higher rates on articles still to be selected. The third "deck" provides "discriminative" duties against countries discriminating against British goods.

Revolutionary as the general tariff is, it merely extends previous special duties imposed during the War and after, both to raise revenue and to protect "key industries." Of Britain's total imports, averaging five billion dollars a year, more than one-fifth had been dutiable before.

The new tariff affected an additional billion and a half dollars' worth of goods.

The customs tariff was supplemented by an intensive "Buy British" campaign designed to establish a "psychological" tariff against foreign goods and services where other measures proved insufficient. The King and Queen set the example. Buying foreign goods, or using foreign ships, or traveling abroad now comes next to treason. Even American débutantes making their bow at the Court of St. James's will have to wear British gowns or face the royal frown.

The first aim of the tariff is, of course, to reserve the home market for British industry. As summed up by the *London Times*, it is to "correct the trade balance, supply revenues, encourage home production and support sterling." As a token that something was really being done and that the policy of drift had been abandoned, it has proved a remarkable psychological stimulant.

It is an old saying that an Englishman never gets really cheerful till he is fighting with his back to the wall.

Well, England is today the most cheerful country in the world. Pick up any British newspaper and it will tell you in big, bold headlines that "Britain is on the eve of a new era of prosperity." Stocks are firm; the pound is straining upward and the discount rate is going down. New factories are springing up to capture the domestic market now guarded by the tariff. Foreign industries are importuned to open branch factories in England to save the tariff rates. The high sterling price of gold is bringing out the hidden hoards; India is

tapping her ancient treasure and noble lords are melting their coronets; hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign obligations are paid off even before they are due. The budget shows a paper surplus of a hundred million dollars (assuming that decreasing imports do not spoil the customs revenue estimates) and Stanley Baldwin, lord president of the Council, complacently announces to the world that "we are now in a position to look with observant sympathy on those great countries which have not yet succeeded in balancing their budgets. We are, in hard times, rather more than holding our own."

But even the most enthusiastic tariff advocate will admit that if the tariff can do nothing more than protect the home market it is scarcely worth the candle. The fate of Britain rests on her export trade. Without world-wide markets there is no employment for her industry or her population; the unemployment problem must remain unsolved, with all that this implies. There is no answer to the argument of the free traders that whereas the excess of imports over exports increased by £30,000,000 between 1929 and 1931, the revenues from shipping, foreign investments and international banking profits dropped by £180,000,000 — all due to the world paralysis of business for which tariffs are in part responsible.

Wider markets are what Britain needs to keep going. The depreciation of the pound, cutting her production costs in relation to world prices, brought first aid, and an intensive trade drive sought to make the most of it. As Gerald Campbell, British consul general in New York,

explained, "markets, not profits" was the first consideration. Despite this, exports are barely holding their own in quantity and lower prices are still decreasing export values. The hopes aroused by an export increase in December over the previous months have not kept their promise. Exports again decreased during the first two months of this year, though compared with the first two months of 1931, the decrease was only twelve per cent. The export drop for the first two months of 1931 compared with 1930, however, had been thirty-six per cent. Considering that the exports of the United States dropped thirty-five per cent for the first two months this year compared with the same period in 1931, the British showing is not bad. The decline has slowed down. The real cure, however, is still to come. After an initial decrease following the drop of the pound, unemployment rose to 2,750,000. A seasonal drop has brought it down to 2,500,000 now.

CAUGHT between a world-wide "sales resistance" to her goods and her domestic handicaps, Great Britain has again bethought herself of her Empire as her best salvation.

But the Empire is not an empire any longer. It has evolved into the British Commonwealth of Nations. And the difference between these two terms denotes the gap between the British mental attitude and that of the dominions. Instinctively, the British still think of their dominions as their colonies and dominion citizens are still "colonials" to the Londoner. But the dominions feel themselves as grown-up states, self-governing and independent in all but

name. They cherish their federation with the Mother Country, but jealously repudiate anything that smacks of Mother Country rule — or exploitation.

This has a vital bearing on the trade relations between Great Britain and her Empire. The dominions have created their own "infant industries" and have erected tariff walls to protect them against outside competition — even against the competition of the Mother Country. They are willing to buy British goods in preference to foreign goods, providing the principle of protection remains unimpaired. They grant tariff preference rates to British goods amounting to a thirty per cent reduction of the regular rates by Canada and a twenty-five per cent reduction by most other dominions. But where it serves their trade interests, they are willing to extend preference rates to other countries as well. South Africa grants Germany the same rates on some imports as are applied to British goods, but imposes a special tariff rate on goods from "countries with depreciated currencies," hitting Britain in particular. Canada extends half the preferential rate to countries having commercial treaties with her, but values British goods for customs purposes at the par value of the pound, which in effect is a tariff boost against Great Britain. India grants preferential rates on some forms of British cotton, steel and iron goods, but even India enjoys fiscal autonomy and can not be coerced to open up her markets — to say nothing of the Indian boycott against British goods. The mandated territories are protected by international treaties and

the crown colonies depend upon their tariffs for their revenues, making tariff reductions difficult.

These inter-Empire tariff walls, destroying the Empire's economic unity, have been very costly to Great Britain. They have kept British goods out of dominion markets while enabling other countries to compete in them. According to Professor Mark Thomas Moon, of Columbia University, America secured for herself seventy-seven per cent of the trade of her colonies and possessions; Japan, seventy-one per cent; Belgium, fifty per cent; France, forty-nine per cent; but Great Britain's share in the trade of her colonies and dominions averaged only thirty-four per cent. Canada, for instance, imported from the United States in 1930, a fairly normal year, no less than \$847,450,000 worth of goods, or more than two-thirds of her total imports, against only \$189,179,000 from Great Britain.

The recent trend of British Empire trade is significant. British imports from the Empire have been decreasing while her exports to the Empire have been increasing. That is, Great Britain is becoming less important as a market for the colonies and dominions, while her own need of Empire markets is increasing.

From all that has been said it is obvious that to increase Great Britain's share in Empire trade will be a mighty task.

The dominions always favored Empire trade in principle, but on their own terms. These terms were laid down in the dictum of R. B. Bennett, Canadian Premier, at the Empire Conference of 1930 and reiterated time and again: "To the

Mother Country, and to all other parts of the Empire, we are willing to give preference in the Canadian markets in exchange for a like preference in theirs, *based upon the addition of a ten per cent increase in the prevailing tariff or upon tariffs yet to be created.*" That is, Canada is willing to raise her tariff against foreign goods; not, however, to lower her tariff against British goods. Most of the other dominions feel the same way about the matter, and on that issue all previous efforts to increase inter-Empire trade have broken down.

Here is where the new British tariff is to play its special rôle. It is to be the lever with which the British statesmen hope to pry open the dominion barriers against British goods — to level or at least reduce the inter-Empire tariff walls while leaving them intact against foreign goods.

Under her previous customs system, Great Britain extended preference rates to Empire goods based upon a one-third reduction of the regular rate applied against foreign goods, and Empire products of "key industries" were admitted duty-free. The larger part of all her imports had been duty-free anyhow, and even the preference rate was more favorable than any the dominions extended to Great Britain.

Great Britain offers now to make any concessions whatsoever under her general tariff system — even to the complete suspension of all tariff rates on Empire goods — if the dominions will repay in kind. If they refuse to budge, the British tariff will retaliate in kind. That is the threat, however much disguised.

Besides, Great Britain has another ace in the hole. That is the import quota system which is becoming ever more important in the international trade war. Great Britain offers to establish a quota system guaranteeing to take certain Empire products up to a certain percentage of her total needs, and to limit foreign imports of the same kind to the percentage allotted to them. This system is to be applied especially to wheat — one of the main products of the dominions.

These are no light considerations for the dominions. For despite everything, British markets are still among the most profitable in the world. And in the midst of the economic blizzard the dominions are more apt to seek shelter under the folds of the Mother Country than in periods of sunny prosperity.

As against any individual dominion, Great Britain still holds the whip hand. Her exports to any one dominion amount to only between three and seven per cent of her total exports. But the exports of any one dominion to Great Britain range from twenty-five per cent in the case of Canada, to seventy-five per cent in the case of New Zealand, of their total exports. That is, the British market is much more important to any one dominion than the market of any one dominion is to Great Britain.

Also, the British wheat market is among the most important export markets for any grain producing country, and for the dominions, grain export is a question of life or death. Last year, Great Britain imported no less than six and a half million tons of wheat and wheat

flour, of which Canada supplied less than one and a half million and Australia one million. Russian wheat exports to Great Britain were the largest. There is tremendous room, therefore, for the expansion of dominion wheat exports to Great Britain under a quota system, and British statesmen will play that card for all it is worth.

Preliminary discussions during Bennett's last visit to London were reported to have set tentatively a dominion wheat quota at seventy per cent of Britain's wheat consumption, with fifteen per cent for British wheat and fifteen for foreign wheat. This figure was repudiated by London, but a recent Government bill set the *maximum* quota for domestic wheat at 19.6 per cent, which is not so far from the first figure mentioned, and may indicate the maximum quota for foreign wheat as well.

"The whole imperial policy," said Vice Admiral Taylor in the House of Commons, "depends upon taxing foreign imports of food and raw materials and allowing Empire foods and raw materials in free. Such a policy, by increasing the selling power of the dominions in the markets of this country, would increase their purchasing power with respect to the manufactures of this country. By developing the resources of the dominions, it would further enable the dominions to absorb more of the surplus population of this country, the disposal of which is so serious a problem."

The Trade Supplement of the London *Times* further reveals the British hopes. It estimates that in 1929, the Empire outside of Great

Britain and Ireland, imported approximately five billion dollars' worth of goods, of which \$1,400,000,000 was in foreign manufactures that Great Britain could have supplied as well. The Trade Supplement estimates, therefore, that the "uncaptured" Empire trade is somewhere around one and a half billion dollars a year in normal times. The total British exports in that year were four and a half billion dollars. Britain figures, therefore, that Empire trade holds the possibility of increasing her exports by more than thirty-five per cent. That would be the reward of Empire victory. Sufficient to make British factories hum.

THE one fly in the ointment is the danger that other countries might retaliate, if they were excluded from Empire markets. The question of Britain's legal right to do so will scarcely arise, for other countries are already doing it. But in the necessary readjustment of the world's trade treaty structure, there will be many loop-holes for other countries to put in their dig if they are so inclined. And foreign countries still provide the larger part of Britain's export markets.

Under the Hawley-Smoot tariff law, British exports to the United States have been decreasing rapidly. The importance of the American market to Great Britain is decreasing accordingly. Europe's markets, on the other hand, are growing in importance to Great Britain, despite Europe's tariff walls.

To them, therefore, is to be extended the invitation to join the "Greater Britain" trading area through tariff reciprocity. The coun-

tries held especially ripe for such inclusion are the Scandinavian States, Holland and the Argentine, because they are most dependent on the British market. Argentine will be represented at Ottawa by an observer. To the other countries, there will be the invitation to turn away their wrath.

The plan provides that their entrance into the fold of "Greater Britain" is to be facilitated by linking their currencies to sterling. The pound is to be stabilized. Just how is a question. The official view still is that gold must be the basis, though the par value of the pound would be reduced. But there is a growing body of opinion, led by such men as John Maynard Keynes, Sir Basil Blackett and Reginald McKenna, urging Britain to abandon gold for good, and to substitute for it a "managed currency" based on an index of commodity prices. The price of these commodities would then determine the value of the pound. This would give British goods the edge in world competition. The gold countries, especially America and France, would be left sitting high and dry on their hoards of gold.

In the words of a resolution of the Federation of British Industries, there is to be built up "a British system based primarily on the Empire and, secondly, on such countries as desire to come into some system related to sterling, in the hope that this may provide a reasonable measure of stability and prosperity for Great Britain and for the Empire and in due course form the nucleus of a new world financial system."

That is the final aim of "Greater Britain."

Toadstools Are Poison

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

A Story

BEYOND the window sill was the grape arbor and the sky looked cold. And the grape vines climbed from the ground twisting a hairy bark. Few leaves were left on the lattice and were brown; bunches of grapes dwarfed had dried. Along the top of the arbor the sparrows gathered in drooping rows, sitting cold.

When I stood up I could see over the sill. I waited while Ginny cooked my supper. And I could see across the garden to the fence and the alley and then another fence with white-washed points and Mrs. Gage's garden and beyond the roof of the Rainley's house. That was where Alice lived. They had a red roof. And though they lived in town they had two cows.

I used to see their cows coming home. But when it was cold, they stayed at home. And I would go down with Alice to the stable to look at them. There was a dry smell of hay when you stepped into the dark and when you crossed the light that came from the left you could count the dust. Then Alice would lift me up and I would see the cows in their dark stalls, chewing and moving and looking meanly with big eyes. I held

tight to Alice's arms, afraid of their horns. And then Scott would come and bring more fodder on a pitchfork and throw it in to the cows.

He was a little Nigger and very old. His clothes were old. His black felt hat had no brim and he pulled it on the back of his head; two holes were cut in the crown. His hair was gray and he wore on his chin a little beard like a goat's, but crinkled, for after all he was black. He was shrivelled and black and dried up like those bunches of grapes that stayed on the vines after the leaves were fallen or brown. One eye had been gored by a cow's horn and was blue and blind. The other bulged and could see, the ball bloodshot and strained.

When he came in with the cows' supper, when he came to the stalls with fodder, I saw his pitchfork. The tines were long and in the dark stable shining. There was dust in the slanting line of sun. He made me afraid. And I held Alice's hand. He wore blue jeans, but pitching the fodder, wore besides an old black broadcloth vest and coat.

I was waiting for my supper. I do not know when I began listening, but soon it was dark in the kitchen. John Harris came in, tramping on the

back porch before he opened the door. And Ginny said, "I can't hardly see to cook supper." There were still the sparrows on the grape arbor, sitting cold. But when Ellie Lee lit the gas, it was darker outside.

John slapped Ellie Lee and she giggled and said, "Go on!" And Ginny said, "I don't know how in the name o' th' Lord you speck me to get supper an' you all carrying on like at."

Ellie said, "Is it time for me to fix that chile's table?" She didn't mind when John hurt her. She only laughed. Ginny was the one that minded.

But she laughed too when John asked about how I was growing. They all laughed. And Ginny said, "You'll be a big boy afore we all know it."

John washed his hands at the sink and on the towel behind the door dried them. And I sat down at my table and Ellie sat on another chair across from me and watched me eat. Hers was a big chair and mine just the right size.

"Yessa. He went right in de drug-store and ast Mr. Huff. He says 'I want some rough-on-rats.'"

"Poor Sister Scott," said Ginny. "I certainly do feel sorry for her."

"He says, 'My house is jes' over-run with rats, jes as big as life,' he says, and Mr. Huff sole it to him."

"Who'd a thought it?" said Ginny. "He took on sumpin' awful at the funeral. He went on jes' like a crazy man. All de way out to de grabeyard."

"Who buried her, Miss Ginny?"

"We did, Sister Ellie. She was a Galilean Fisherman. Same as me."

When Ginny went to funerals she

wore a black dress that had been my mother's and her gold-rimmed spectacles and a purple silk scarf that wound over her shoulder and went down to her waist. She was laced very tight and my mother said that was what made her sick all the time, but Ginny said it was a strange man had walked three times around the house and put a spell on her. Her scarf had a fringe and letters of gold.

"And paid right up. She had a real nice fune'al," said Ginny. "She was always kind o' poorly, Sister Scott was. So I never thought nothing about it."

"Was you there, Miss Ginny?"

"Yes'm, Sister Ellie. We was all dere. All de Galilean Fisherman went wid 'er to de grabeyard. I walked all de way out and back."

"You want some more that milk toast?" Ellie asked me.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, please."

"You got some more milk toast, Miss Ginny?"

"I reckon if he's a good boy I got some mo' for 'im."

"He give 't to her in de coffee," John said. "And she drunk it down and never knowed they was poison in it."

I ate my milk toast. I was not naughty. I did not spill.

"Why do they call him Pleas, Ginny?"

"Cause dat's his name. His name's Pleasant, but dey jes calls him Pleas. His name's Pleas Scott."

There was a steel comb on the shelf and a mirror beside the door and John bent to it to part his crispy hair.

"He knowed how to pleasure him-

self with the women," John said, "and always did." He stopped to laugh.

"He always was an onnery Nigger," said Ginny.

"What's he get now?" asked Ellie.

"I got some nice prunes for 'im ef he's a good boy. What d'you say?"

"Please, Ginny." She gave me the prunes.

"Poor Sister Scott," said Ginny. "She was always complaining. I reckon she must a suffered pretty much the way I do. Seems like Pleas might a waited till the good Lord was ready to take her."

John said, "He mussa got tired waitin'."

"Yes," said Ginny. "He always was a Nigger. An' there's sumpun else he gone get tired of afore he's through. He gonna get mighty tired o' dat jail."

Ellie untied my bib and I folded it in two. "This way!" she said and helped me fold it along the other wrinkle. "You think they'll hang him."

"Sure, he's a black man," said John. "They got him in jail now. Behind the bars. Mr. Huff's done testified aginst him. He done swore he sole him de poison."

I pondered over what I had heard. Poison I knew although it was winter.

It had rained and then the rain had stopped and when we ran out of the house and down the porch steps we saw that it was sunny on the grass. We played. It was my birthday. And there were many children to play. High up in the maple leaves there was still a sound of rain and when we came into the hollow of

shade under the trees it was wet there and green. Water played, running out of the hydrant. And the grass all around had put up its umbrellas.

Clumps of umbrellas. All tiny and white, each with a top and little white handle. I plucked one and lifted it, the smell was not nice. Then all the children took one, all through the grass where the rain was still twinkling. And we paraded. We held umbrellas between us and the sun.

Then Alice came running to tell me to put it down. "Toadstools are poison. You mustn't touch them. If you taste one, you will die. You mustn't ever touch them. If you do it will make you sick."

"Why don't you touch one and be sick?" I asked her.

"Put them down. You all must put them down. They are toadstools."

Then my mother came and called us in. We went in slowly. In the dining room was a party and a cake with candles. And they told me to blow out the candles.

Three candles for three years and one to grow.

I blew and blew hard. And while we were at the party it rained again.

I HEARD them every evening, while I waited for my supper and John came in and wiped his black bony hands on the towel and it was dark in the kitchen till Ellie lit the gas; I heard them. And sometimes, too, coming into the parlor I heard them. My mother would see me there and say, "Come speak to Mrs. Cole." And then, "Run, now, and play." But I could still hear them.

Pleas I did not know. But Scott I knew. I had seen him in the stable. And I had seen him coming past our alley, driving the Rainleys' cows. It was cold now, and he did not come any more. So I knew he must be in jail.

He was a crooked little man. He walked with a goatee and one eye lifeless and blue. And he walked straight into the drugstore. (Sometimes I let him stop outside on the pavement and look at the red and blue and green jars shining in the window. But not always.) I saw Pleas Scott go into the drugstore and lean across the counter, leaning on the counter with his elbow. He had on a black broadcloth suit and a boiled shirt, washed and stiffened but not starched. He leaned toward Mr. Huff — his lifeless eye was toward the store and he looked through his bulging brown eye that was bloodshot and strained at Mr. Huff. He said, "I want rough-on-rats. I want it to kill rats. My house is all overrun with rats." Mr. Huff was scared. But he told him all about the rats. There was no one else in the drugstore. He was a little man with thin pale hair. And at last he was so scared that he went behind the glass screen and brought out a square paper package that said "Rough-on-Rats" and handed it to him. He put down his money and Mr. Huff put it in the cash drawer which shut with a bell. And Pleas went home and watched his wife get supper. He sat in a rocking chair. He rocked fast. And when his wife said, "Supper's ready," he said, "Look out there!" She looked out the window and while she wasn't looking he put the poison into her coffee. Then they sat

down to the table. He drank his coffee and watched her all the time she drank hers.

His wife I could never see. She was just a colored woman who complained a great deal and drank rat poison in her coffee. I saw her pour it out from her cup to the saucer and let it cool, and Pleas was watching her all the time, leaning across the table, with his blind and his big red bulging blood-shot eye.

Ellie Lee was a good girl. My mother said she was. She kept me from going past the cellar door when it was open. It was dark there, the stairs were steep and the Buggaman was down there. She was a yellow girl and could read and write. She taught me my letters. I could read them from my blocks. She used to take a block with her when we went for a walk, so she could show the other nurses how I could read.

Now we only took one walk. Sometimes we started another way, but always we came home past the jail. The windows were high and there were iron bars. Sometimes we saw a Negro man behind the bars. But it was never Scott. We walked in the afternoon, after my nap.

But that day we went up stairs right after my breakfast and she pulled my arm going up the stairs. She hurried me so she made me cry, and my mother came to the foot of the stairs and said, "What's the matter, Ellie?"

"I don't know'm. He jes contrary as anything this morning."

"Go with Ellie," said my mother.

But my feet couldn't go fast enough. She jerked my arm. And all the time I was in the bathroom she kept coming and saying, "Ain't you

done yit? I wish you'd hurry up. We ain't never gonna git there."

My arm wouldn't go into my coat. She hurt me. "If you don't stop bothering me, I'm gonna call the Buggaman. Cause he's right there." And I heard him growling. I couldn't see him. I couldn't tell where he was. But I heard him and I put the other arm in my coat. Ellie pushed on my hat and said, "There!"

And we went down the stairs and along the hall and into the kitchen where Ellie took her hat and coat. "I'm going, Miss Ginny," she said. "I'll be prayin'," said Ginny. "I'll be prayin' to the good Lord for him. He's a sinner, but we all knowed him. So I'll be prayin'."

Ellie had on her hat and put on her coat while we crossed the porch. She still held my hand and we hurried on. John Harris was waiting for us at the back gate, the little gate, which only one of us could go through at a time.

When we were in the alley, Ellie said, "Here, take 'is chile." And when I was in his arms I could see over the fence and into our garden, I could see over the points of the white-washed fence into Mrs. Gage's garden. There was a Negro man pushing a plow, he went very slowly, the earth curled back and fell and crumbled. It was shiny where the plow had cut it, as though the steel had rubbed off on the earth.

We came out on the sidewalk and John Harris put me down. Ellie took my hand and made me run while she walked and John Harris walked beside her. She didn't say anything while we went and all the time we went down town.

Mrs. Hunt's rocking chair was on her porch but it rocked alone and the

door was shut and all the shutters were shut on the house. Mr. Hunt was in his blacksmith shop. There were many people while we were going past and Ellie would not let me stay. I remembered Mr. Hunt deep behind his open doors in the dark, splashing sparks from a red fire.

There were more people. They were on the sidewalk and all in the street and even under the white wall. Ellie had to go slowly. She held me by the hand. We went between the people. She spoke to somebody and laughed. Then she put me in front of her and pressed and the whole crowd pressed. And against us again, pressed. Her hands were on my shoulders and she pushed me by a pair of muddy legs and past an apron. We squeezed out on the long gray stone that was the curb.

I couldn't see Ellie. But above me she laughed and said, "I never thought we'd get here."

"I guess 'twasn't but one Nigger wasn't in no hurry to git here dis mawnin'."

"No, he warn't in no hurry." They laughed.

"Where is it?"

"It right dere. Right where you lookin'."

"Is dat it?"

"Dat's it?"

"Never knowed it'd look like dat."

"Dat's it all right."

I clung to Ellie's apron. It was fresh and white and still smelled damp. I said, "I want to see."

So Ellie held me up and I looked at the windows of the jail. It was dark behind the bars of the windows. I could see the panes, but I couldn't see Pleas Scott.

The jail was brick. And beyond it

was a high wall of white-washed stones. There were little grasses that grew there. They slept between the stones, seeded and brown. All winter they slept.

"There!" she said, "You see?"

There were colored boys on the roof that looked down behind the wall. They held on with their hands and their legs clambered down the roof. They were staring at something that was like a swing, with a rope. And beyond was a catalpa tree.

"There! You done seed." She put me down. The crowd pressed and pushed us back from the curb. I was down among legs, corduroy legs and blue-jeans, and black skirts and aprons. And I wondered why it was women had laps and men didn't and men had long legs. And above me and all around me, I could hear the hum of their voices and far out into the street, calls, "Hy there, Lucy," and "Look out there, boy, they'll be gittin' you next," and hoots and shoves and in the shoves shrieks and a shrill girl and giggles. I couldn't see. I could smell. I was lost and held close to Ellie.

Then the clock struck and there was a hush. It struck from the courthouse and was a long time striking. I could feel the Niggers straining. Ellie's hands were on my shoulders.

I heard Ellie whisper, "He comin'! He comin'!" I heard the crowd hushing. I heard them a long time when they were making no noise. Then somewhere a man began talking the way they do when they read. The Niggers breathed. They did not move.

Ellie shook like she was cold. And she held me hard. She pulled my coat

tight and it came against my throat, and hurt.

Then the crowd moved and opened their mouths. The woman in front of me went down on her knees. And I heard "*Amen!*"

I wanted to see and turned my head to Ellie. She was smiling like something hurt her and looking straight ahead. John Harris was behind her. His face was very black and there was sweat on his cheeks. He held her, his arms coming round from behind her and gripped on her arms. And she still looked away with that look like a smile. She shook like she was cold.

I wanted to go. But Ellie would not hear. The woman in the gutter moaned and the crowd was moving away. She bowed back and forth. "O Jesus!" she moaned, "O Jesus!" And Ellie took my hand. We left the woman in the gutter.

We did not go home the way we came. John Harris was not with us. We went alone.

I said, "What did they do?" And Ellie said, "They done hung Pleas Scott." And I said, "What for did they?" And she said, "He was a bad man." And I said, "Did it hurt him?" And she said, "I reckon so." And I said, "Why?" And she said, "Don't ast so many questions." We went slowly. Ellie walked tired.

We were going by the Rainleys'. I saw the back gate. Then I said, "Is Scott dead, Ellie?" And she answered, "Yes." I wondered did it hurt to be dead. A dead bird squints his eyes and holds his claws shrivelled on his breast. He can not fly any more. I never saw a dead horse.

And the gate opened and its

hinges swung and Scott came out.

Ellie spoke to him. And he asked her and she said, "Yes, I was there." He had on his old hat with the holes in it and his old black coat. He had a basket in one hand that sagged on the side. He shook his head, squinting the eyelid. Then he looked at me with his fierce red eye. And he could see.

I held to Ellie's apron. I did not want to hear what he said. "He didn't seem to mind. He behaved just like he was lookin' at what was going on." That was Ellie's voice. Scott said something about the Lord.

And when he was gone, I took Ellie's hand and said, "Why can he walk?"

"What you talkin' 'bout, chile?"

I ran beside her. "If he's dead," I said, "why can he walk?"

"But that's Scott, honey. That ain't him. It was Pleas Scott they hung."

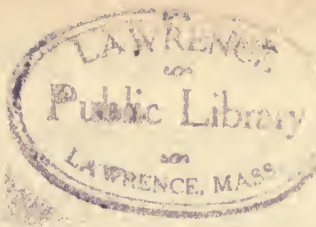
"Of course, I know that's Scott," I said. "But why does he squint his eye if he's not dead. Why does he, why?"

But Ellie wouldn't answer me. She only said, "He's not dead." That wasn't what I wanted to know.

Full Moon

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

SINCE we are not the first we shall not be
 The last of lovers seeking this dark lane
 Where lilacs stir like promises of rain
 Among the quiet leaves. Eternity
 Shall find them here, each with his eager lips
 Building a dream from lovers' tenderness,
 Shaping a shining world from loveliness—
 A world that crumbles at their finger tips.
 If we return a thousand years away
 We shall come on this lane; it will be here
 With lilacs' breath grown deeper and lovelier,
 And we shall find them with young eyes alight
 Saying the old words over that now we say,
 With stars still grazing on the slopes of night.



Human Engineering

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

Will the scientific method, which has failed so miserably to keep us from economic chaos, accomplish more when it is directed toward finding happiness for man?

WE ARE, perhaps, at the end of a cult. Mechanical engineering promised miracles, and it performed them with a reliability scarcely equalled by the most regularly canonized saints. Geared up with big business, lubricated with almost unlimited funds for research, it compressed the energy of rivers into thin wires, hurled the human voice around the world, put civilization on wheels, changed the outward conditions of living with the enchanting suddenness of a fairy tale. Its worship became a modern cult—one is tempted to say, *the* modern cult—drowning with its self-applause the growing lament that though we traveled faster, we had more trouble than ever in catching up with even a modest amount of human happiness. The devotees of mechanical engineering were still standing on their metaphoric hilltops awaiting the millennium when the present debacle came.

The depression is simply a chastener of thought. To all but the blindest it had long before been evident that our miraculous mechanical

engineering was failing to bring about a happy state of society. Control over materials was not enough. So eminent a scientist as Dr. Einstein had recently declared, "Concern for the man himself and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors." It began to be felt that mechanical engineering had failed because social engineering had not kept step with it. Engineering—the effective use of power—began to prepare for a new and most significant advance. The term was applied first to the running of engines; then to the designing of engines. Now it begins to be clear that both the source and the purpose of power is not the engine, but man. Human engineering, the effective use of power in man and for man, looms as the great task of the present generation.

No one pretends that efforts directed toward human welfare are new. Men have given their lives to such service in a long honor roll that extends as far back as history itself. Every religion has had its charitable brotherhoods ministering to human misery, and most of them have sup-

ported sincere (and often contradictory) programmes of education and salvation. Individuals and philanthropic organizations, untinged with religion, have thrown themselves into works for the betterment of mankind as they saw it — now the patronage of art, now the building of poor houses, now the freeing of slaves, now the support of widows of sailors killed by the Barbary pirates. But though efforts toward human betterment are not new, the application to this problem of the scientific method and engineering techniques, this is new and of tremendous importance.

A parallel with mechanical engineering may be suggestive. The comet-flash of invention during the last fifty years did not take place immediately upon the birth of science or of engineering. Archimedes, Aristotle, Galileo, Newton were eminent scientists and one of them was a practical engineer of no mean ability. At least two other factors were needed before invention grew suddenly glamorous. The first of these was a mental attitude, best expressed as the acceptance of the scientific method. This meant the willingness to establish by infinite experiment single and perhaps unrelated facts, not vitiating them in advance by trying to fit them into a preconceived order of the universe. The second factor was the necessary practical aid — research facilities. Because business saw the profit-possibilities of laboratories, it supplied this second necessity in adequate funds for research. Astounding discoveries followed, which in a few brief decades beggared the progress of twenty preceding centuries.

Similarly, human engineering — the effective use of power in man and for man — has sporadically had great leaders in the past, laying down fundamental principles. Is it now on the verge of its own comet-flare of progress, which may in the present generation transform living conditions as the age of invention in the last generation altered our physical environment? What beginnings are being made in that direction? What are the probabilities for the near future? Without pretending to competence in a field so broad, this article presents a few significant facts upon which the reader is invited to base his own judgments.

II

THE chief factors noted in the extraordinary spurt of mechanical engineering were the scientific method and adequate financing of research. Are these available for human engineering?

The scientific method is having greater difficulty establishing itself in the social field because men and human relationships are more difficult material to handle and to measure than the materials of mechanical engineering. Important beginnings, however, have been made. "Sociology" like the early "natural science" is coming out of the academic lecture room where portly professors deal in portlier theories, into the laboratory. The Institute of Human Relations was established in Yale University in 1929 "to carry on coöperative research in all fields concerned with human behavior in its social milieu." The University of Chicago has organized a Local Community Research Committee. Social workers

are increasingly the product of special schools of social work, trained to their profession of human engineering as the mechanical engineer is trained to his. Organizations which used to deal solely in charity, both religious and lay, and to consider the determining of need their ultimate responsibility, now frequently do preventive work, make at least their statistics available for study and sometimes earmark some part of their funds for genuine research. Independent organizations devoted entirely to research, or devoted to some special field of betterment with intensive research in their subject as their special job, have had a mushroom growth until their number is staggering and their variety a revelation. The *Social Work Year Book* in its first year of issue included a roster of 455 national agencies bearing on man and his social relationships, and the new issue of the *Year Book* now preparing will considerably increase this total. As a sample of the variety of efforts represented, we pick out at random (going no farther than the first quarter of the list) associations to aid speech correction, for adult education, for labor legislation, for study of the feeble-minded, for pre-natal care, for the blind, to promote teaching of speech to the deaf, for child health, for city planning, for the advancement of country life, for dietetic research, for eugenics, to collect and preserve folk dances, to conserve mental health, to study heart disease, to secure justice for the American Indian, for crime study, to promote library service, to relieve disaster victims, for nature study, to provide employment for the sick and disabled, to

promote welfare work for seamen, to advance sound sex education, to encourage thrift.

What of funds for research? Since social discoveries seldom register themselves in any direct way on the profit sheets of individuals or corporations, it might be supposed that sufficient funds are not and probably never will be available to underwrite social research as business underwrote research in the physical sciences. Fortunately other factors are at work so that human engineering has available even at this beginning of its era impressive financial resources.

In applied science it is possible to be fairly definite and say, as Dr. Julius Klein recently did, that there are approximately 30,000 workers sustained by \$200,000,000 in budgets. No one in the social field is prepared to make so definite a statement, the field being new and not closely defined. Philanthropy in general has reached such large proportions that it now stands eighth in a list of ten great American industries, according to Professor Arthur J. Todd. Community chest collections totalling \$70,000,000 for the year, a separate relief budget of \$49,000,000 for New York City alone, and current State and national legislative proposals give to social welfare an impressive financial dignity, but most of these great sums are for relief and not for research, and we must look chiefly elsewhere for our research budget.

Much of the pioneering work in what we have called human engineering has been undertaken by foundations. This is a resource that is almost entirely new. In 1900 true foundations could be counted on the fingers

of one hand; so recently as 1915 only twenty-three were listed; to-day there are more than 150. Here, sprung up over night as history counts time, is a fund of not less than a billion dollars, most of it available for precisely the kind of human engineering we have been suggesting. As to actual expenditure rather than capitalization, the Twentieth Century Fund reports that in 1930 the 122 foundations for which figures were available spent \$52,000,000 for human welfare. All of this comes from original contributions of a very small number of individual donors. Still more recently, community trusts have been formed in most large cities, offering to the individual of smaller means a way of putting his contribution to similar constructive work.

Though under existing emergency conditions the funds of family welfare societies, the Red Cross, community chests, and many similar organizations are being devoted to direct relief, in normal times a portion of their immense budgets can be devoted to research, prevention, and truly engineering projects. On the basis of the present already imposing showing, it seems certain that human engineering has a resource in man's good-will toward his fellow man ("philanthropy") stronger than the profit motive which lighted the fuse of the mechanical engineering rocket.

III

WHAT is human engineering now attempting, and what results has it to show?

Let us first take the field of our physical bodies. In 1901 the life expectation at birth was 49.24 years; it

is now 59.10. This is a gain of approximately ten years, achieved in just three decades. It has come about chiefly through attacking the ancient problem of disease with modern methods instead of the old-time physician's potions and pills. Treatment of disease is nothing new, but research into its remote causes and prevention by methods truly engineering in scope and technique, these are new and vastly significant. The exciting story of how disease after disease has been tracked to its lair with microscopes instead of devil-chants has been told elsewhere. It is only necessary to point out here that nearly all of this progress has been recent. It was as late as 1877 when Pasteur established the germ theory of disease, and only the present century when health entered engineering via water works and chemical laboratories. Though this branch of human engineering has already given us the gift of ten additional years, its great discoveries are undoubtedly still before it. Only the communicable diseases have so far been successfully attacked. The degenerative diseases such as cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease await tomorrow's Pasteur. Positive medicine — keeping healthy bodies healthy — is a technique we are just embarking upon with the aid of periodic health examinations. We do not yet know in any scientific way such elementary things as the effect of noise on sleep, or the most efficient working periods for various kinds of work. Eugenics, with its possibilities for the almost total elimination of insanity and grave hereditary disease, as well as its positive promises, has not yet begun to touch us. The immediate

future holds great progress for our physical bodies, both in increasing their tenure of life and improving their efficiency.

The intricate problem of tinkering with human bodies is simplicity itself as compared with tinkering with minds. "Tinkering" is scarcely the exact word. In this, as in its other operations, human engineering does not endeavor to twist men and their relationships into new, strange shapes, but simply to bring out the innate, natural qualities, the "genius" (where in fact the word "engineering" finds its root) of the engine or combination concerned. In the field of mind the possibilities are extraordinary indeed.

Mental hygiene, which is the name human engineering in the field of mind will usually assume, no longer confines itself to the insane and the defective. "A pain in the back is a mental disorder if its persistence is due to discouragement," says a leader in the field. "Sleeplessness is a mental disorder if its basis lies in personal worries and emotional tangles." All of us are involved. Indeed, mental hygiene promises to be a sort of electricity of human engineering, releasing vast, untapped human powers that can open for us a surer, clearer way than there has ever been before through emotional tangles toward happiness.

There is need for preliminary spade work of the most rigidly scientific order. Psychology is more nearly a body of superstition than a science so long as its leaders differ so completely on many of its fundamental conceptions. Nevertheless tested discoveries in this field are likely to be of extreme importance. They will

probably give to man control of his emotions with their tremendous driving power, through objective knowledge of their source. They will probably lead us into an entirely new conception of good and evil, a revised ethic. A paper at the recent First International Congress on Mental Hygiene stressed the point of view that we err in considering evils as things existing in the world apart from men, whereas they (along with good) "are nothing more than the expressions of needs of men themselves. . . . Qualities of goodness or badness are injected into these things by men on the basis of social result." This doctrine is not at all one of easy tolerance. It means simply that we shall recognize men's acts as springing from needs, and instead of trying vainly to combat the acts when they do not meet with our approval, we would do far better to provide for the need in some attractive channel that is also socially useful. Such an attitude, generally accepted, is capable of revolutionizing our treatment of offenders, our dealings with children, our emotional reactions to the deeds and misdeeds of the people about us and releasing for constructive work much power that has been sadly misapplied.

Beyond the individual, his body and his mind, are the group relationships of individuals and their relationships with environment as specially suitable subjects for human engineering. The first of these groups is the family. After several millenniums of experience in family life, we know next to nothing about the family in a scientific way, and its very continuance is now being put to question.

In entering the field of the family and all group relationships, we come squarely upon a new definition of fact. John Dewey has pointed out that facts, physically speaking, are the residue after human desires, emotions, ideas and ideals have been excluded; on the other hand, social facts are concretions of precisely these human factors. It is therefore not possible to arrive at a social fact by the technique that is valid for a physical fact. We should not be surprised, then, to discover that such constructive knowledge of the family as we are achieving is often coming, not from the learned sociologist, but from the humble practitioner — the social worker.

"Charity" is a word disappearing from the vocabulary of human relations as rapidly as it disappeared from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. After at least forty centuries of charity, it began to be evident that something was desperately wrong. Sugar-coated charity pills relieved the severest pangs, but often left the disease untouched, or even deadened the patient's resistance. Forced more by necessity than by any feeling that it ought to ape the scientific method, charity began to study the needy in their surroundings, to discover that not the individual but his family situation would often yield most effectively to treatment, to see that in many and perhaps the majority of cases not money but something very like human engineering was the great need. Significantly, charity societies in America are rapidly changing their names to family welfare societies. They have coined the expression that they are interested not so much

in helping people in trouble as in helping people out of trouble.

Let us say in passing, because it is important, that this necessary change is still being fought bitterly by people of the kindest intentions. Thousands of us complain of the time and money "wasted" by our local welfare agency in salaries and overhead, and insist that our mite be spent for direct relief. Let us consider this matter a moment. It seems a commendable act (and will show up irreproachably on the annual report) to give a breadwinner who has lost his arm ten dollars a week toward the support of his needy family. But would it not be better to interview the man, his friends, and his former employer, and then take the facts discovered to some specialist in employment for the handicapped? Probably some special schooling will be required, and then the man will be fitted for a job where his handicap will not seriously interfere and he will again be supporting his family, with self-respect and interest in living revived. Now all of this is "overhead," is human engineering applied to the individual. While in the end it will cost vastly less even in cold cash than the continuing weekly relief, money spent for investigators' salaries and tuition at special schools will not touch our heart-strings as would direct relief to a worthy family in desperate plight — not until we can see the transaction in terms of its social realities rather than our own charitable impulses.

Careful attempts to reconstruct families and individuals, based on a study of the reasons for their financial or emotional shipwreck, have laid precisely those conditions for

social discovery which John Dewey's definition of a social fact points out as necessary. The discoveries are being made, sometimes by workers in the field, sometimes by specialists, or organizations of specialists such as the foundations. In the simple attempt to treat the ills of a family, far-reaching social ills may be discovered which require human engineering of the widest scope.

Unsanitary, unsafe and cramped housing has been found the underlying cause of many ills. Last December 3,000 housing experts met in Washington in the first important national conference on the subject, uniting their efforts to discover how serious the problem is, whether the difficulties lay in building methods which have scarcely advanced since the first bricklayers of Babylon, in lack of financing machinery or in other directions. The matter of housing and living comfort is being attacked on still wider fronts in city and regional planning. Eight hundred cities in the United States already have city plans. Still more extensive regional plans have been developed for Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. The New York Regional Plan, which is the most ambitious programme of them all, involved ten years of preliminary fact-finding and the expenditure of more than a million dollars. Its surveys indicate that over-crowding in cities is not a necessary result of large populations but a disease following upon poor planning or lack of planning; every man, woman, and child in the United States could be settled in the New York Region (an area of about fifty miles from the New York City Hall)

with a population density no greater than that of present Brooklyn, which is about fifty to the acre, and only two-thirds of the Region would be occupied. The Plan makes detailed provision for comfortable living on the part of a possible 20,000,000 people who may probably be in the Region by the year 1965.

The family itself, in its physical, economic, and mental aspects is being carefully studied. To counteract much current and careless ballyhoo on sex and various kinds of freedom by those who have not yet learned that all freedoms are based on controls, certain important progress may be recorded for social hygiene with its direct concern for sex education, combating the venereal diseases and commercialized prostitution, and fostering normal family relations; much more remains to be done. Economically, it has been discovered that bondage to loan sharks was at the basis of many a family's financial problems; credit unions and approved small loan offices are being organized and the loan shark driven out by legislation. Child study, character education, adult education and the mental hygiene already discussed are making their contribution to the family in its mental aspects.

It is impossible in so brief a scope even to touch all the fields to which human engineering is applying itself. Important developments in recreation for example, have not been mentioned. As some indication of the rapid spread of at least the idea of scientific study of human relationships, we may cite the recently compiled *Bibliography of Social Surveys* which lists a total of 2,775

studies, running all the way from noise abatement to Indian affairs, from hours of work and the relation of fatigue to efficiency to the administration of justice in Boston and the number of books in the libraries of various States. Admittedly, some surveys smell strongly of doctor's dissertation oil and are more remarkable for the ingenuity of the "surveyor" in finding something new to survey than for the social value of the study. Others deal with people as if they were inert masses, missing the whole point of the difference between a fact in physics and a social fact, and are in the main useless. Still others have attacked broad problems with an attempt to understand their human factors, have brought unexpected facts to light, and promise real progress. For the first time in history, we do not have to rely solely on opinion in our attempts at social welfare; we begin to have a growing body of social fact.

IV

THIS is the field. This is a most hasty glance at the new human engineering — the effective use of power in man and for man.

Let no one suppose Utopia lies this way, any more than it lay along the once-glamorous road of scientific advance. When we have provided for our physical comforts and our social needs in ways beyond all present imagining, we shall still find parts of the "man that is to be" unsatisfied and in danger. To all except extreme mechanists and behaviorists, there appears to be an art of life beyond the range of its purely material or

social aspects. Mechanical engineering may give the artist his brushes, his paints, even his principles of design. Human engineering may go still farther, giving him length of life, satisfying living conditions, a social environment ideal for creativeness. Only the artist can paint the picture.

Granting that human engineering, like mechanical engineering, its predecessor, has certain final limitations, granting that at present its complicated technique is not thoroughly in hand, nevertheless the lumbering machinery is in motion, and in the direction of something that seems very like a new social era. Consider the transformation in the life of Everyman when measurable progress is made toward such credible goals as increase in longevity, prevention of such poverty as is due to economic maladjustment, abolition of war, correction of at least the physiological causes of crime. These effects, moreover, are cumulative and self-compounding. How much will it mean to progress, for example, if all Thomas Edisons and all the coming great social engineers are granted twenty more creative years? We shall see in this generation human energies released for constructive effort in much the fashion that science in the recent past serviced dormant or harmful natural forces.

The age of human engineering is with us. Just where it will take us no one may safely predict, but its changes promise to be more revolutionary than those science has recently introduced, and of vastly more importance for the welfare of man.

Big Brothers in the Balkans

BY GEORGE GERHARD

The plight of those little countries in southeastern Europe is made even more desperate by the selfish aims of their larger relatives

FIVE thousand miles separate the Balkans from New York. Even today this is a considerable distance, and trouble which originates in one place has plenty of time to cool off before it reaches the other. But Shanghai and the West Coast are more than 6,000 miles apart, and yet recent Sino-Japanese conflicts came near pushing the United States into grave and dangerous complications. Moreover, the Balkans have a story of their own in which this country played a decisive part, a story filled with murder and treason, with attack and counter-attack, with broken pledges and a war-like peace, a story which fills the pages of history from 1914 to — nobody knows!

The Balkan Peninsula is on a small scale what Europe is on a larger: a bewildering diversity of national interests, an odd mixture of races and tribes, a contrast between classes and principles that is so much more dangerous since everything is much smaller and thus can be more easily influenced. Carol of Rumania can land in an airplane, crown himself King, dictate to parlia-

ment and gather the people and the army around his throne. King Alexander of Yugoslavia can suddenly declare a dictatorship with its traditional attributes: spies in government offices, distrust all around, police patrolling the streets. Pilsudski, Marshal of Poland, can call his legionnaires into a session of the Polish parliament, thus making sure that the opposition will swiftly disappear.

The Balkan States are overwhelmingly agricultural. Rumania and Yugoslavia, for instance, have a total population of 32,000,000, of whom not less than eighty per cent are small peasants. In Rumania, ninety per cent of the cultivated soil is owned by farmers who boast a maximum of about twelve acres. In Yugoslavia, again, the maximum of private property that is authorized under a recent law, is something over 1,200 acres; however, because of the enormous extent of forestation, the net is not very much larger than in the case of Rumania. The economic consequence of this situation is that the buying power of the people depends almost entirely upon

the quick and unhampered disposal of their agricultural products. Here, then, is their dilemma — which incidentally, is typical of all the Balkan States, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, a highly industrialized country:

The annual export surplus of Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia varies between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons of such products as rye, wheat, barley, oats, corn and flour. These vast quantities (vast, at least, for countries whose area ranges from that of Indiana to that of California) do not represent total production figures but are the remainder of a crop which can not be sold, for which there is no market, which has to be stocked and which is from year to year growing in quantity. To their inability to dispose of large parts of their crops can be traced all the economic ills that beset the nations in the eastern part of Europe, lack of purchasing power on the part of the peasant population, high tariffs, heavy deficits of government budgets, social distress and, in the end, political revolt, which (so far without success) tries to break down dictatorships.

THE source of political unrest in the Balkans is a desperate economic situation. This unrest goes far beyond the scope of these small nations. It may contain the spark that will set off another European, and possibly world, war. Sarajevo in Bosnia provided it once, in 1914, when racial hatred was the cause. The Balkans may do it again. And this time, economic pressure would be responsible.

Why can't Rumania and Yugoslavia and Hungary sell all of their crops? Is there not enough demand on a continent where such highly industrialized countries as Germany are far short of agricultural self-sufficiency? Here we come to the very source of the trouble: Germany and other nations in Europe could not only absorb the surplus of the Balkans, but in reality they are absorbing considerably larger quantities. Germany alone has an annual grain deficit of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons. Austria has to import something like 400,000 tons every year, and the same goes for Czechoslovakia. So much for Central Europe. When we come to other nations in the southern and western part of Europe, the outlook becomes more favorable for the hard-pressed peasants who are struggling between the Danube and the Black Sea. Italy has to import year in and year out 3,500,000 tons of grain, the Netherlands 2,200,000 tons, Belgium 2,000,000, France 1,700,000 and Switzerland 800,000 tons. In other words, whereas the Balkan nations are looking for markets to dispose of 5,000,000 tons of grain, Europe actually affords a market for the sale of approximately 17,000,000 tons.

Therefore, the whole problem of the Balkans is one of proper distribution. In a nutshell, the issue is this: the large European importers of grain must take their wheat and corn from Hungary, Yugoslavia and Rumania whereas the latter, in turn, must buy the industrial products which they need from their customers. Seen from the international point of view, the problem's solution

appears easy enough; if it were not for the national aspect. There are, first of all, the tariff walls.

Import duties in Germany and Austria are, on the average, about twenty per cent, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia forty per cent and in Poland and Rumania approximately fifty per cent. Practically all of these duties are raised, not for revenue purposes but for protection. And this protective tariff policy has two aims: it will protect domestic agriculture against foreign "dumping"; but it will also, and this may in the long run easily prove the more important point, assure the various nations of a weapon in international trade relations which they can either play out in the form of "retaliation" or which they can surrender in some bargaining pact.

But no matter what the final consequence, the peasants are facing increased competition on one side, and lower prices which virtually eliminate any profit, on the other. The peasant population of the Balkans, poor from the beginning, is being further impoverished; its Governments are getting heavily into debt and deficit; and meanwhile, the stocks of wheat and barley and rye are rotting. Something must be done before a desperate situation turns into open revolt.

The need for concerted action was recognized when the First Balkan Conference was held in Athens in the autumn of 1930. Many resolutions were adopted, and none of them saw action; with the result that the economic plight of the Balkan States grew worse. A second conference was called at Istanbul in October, 1931. An understanding was reached on the

matter of tariff reduction, on a Balkan Chamber of Commerce, on a common agency for controlled production of tobacco (an important item in the agricultural list of almost every Balkan country) and on the founding of a Balkan cereal union. If economic problems, their discussion and their solution, were predominant in the relations between Balkan nations, one might hold out hope that the understanding on all these economic measures might in the end lead to some really effective economic measure which would alleviate the situation. Unfortunately, politics always was and still is the principal element in the shaping of Balkan destinies.

Apparently in the anticipation of the practical failure of the Second Balkan Conference, Premier Tardieu of France has taken the initiative. He has proposed a Danube Federation consisting of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia. He has made clear that these countries have to show something in the way of concerted action, though he gave some veiled assurance as to the willingness of France as well as Great Britain to coöperate. M. Tardieu apparently means that none of the Balkan States can expect any of the great powers to take a hand in trying to solve their domestic problems, whether political, racial or social.

ONE can not mention France or, for that matter, any other of the leading powers without at once becoming aware of the tremendous influence — sometimes direct, sometimes indirect — the latter exerts upon the Balkans. Let us state right

here that aside from American and British interest which are almost entirely financial and industrial, three political trends are of outstanding significance: The most important is undoubtedly the French "alliance" comprising Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. Italy's Balkan policy has established friendly relations with Hungary, Bulgaria and Albania, maintaining a more than benevolent attitude toward Greece and Turkey. And, finally, there is the "Græter Germany" based on an Austro-German union which, in German eyes, is bound to come.

France has only a small economic hold in the southeastern part of Europe. More imposing is her tremendous financial strength which, in its influence on the political configuration of the Balkans, outdistances any rival on the European Continent. French loans were granted, in 1927 to Poland, in 1922 and again in 1929 to Rumania, in 1923 and 1930 to Austria, in 1928 to Bulgaria, not to mention Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Turkey. This financial policy France has continued throughout 1930 and 1931, as is reflected in these most recent loans:

Poland.....	\$8,640,000, repayable within 15 years, at 5% interest
Jugoslavia	10,600,000, repayable within 5 years, at 5% interest
also.....	10,000,000, at 3% interest
Hungary.....	14,160,000, repayable within 1 year, at 5% interest

These are the most recent advances as revealed in a letter from Finance Minister Flandin to M. Malvy, chairman of the financial committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

The French policy on the Balkans

is not an outgrowth of the World War. It was flourishing at the beginning of the century and it has, since then, been part of the French continental policy. The entry of such countries as Poland, Rumania, Greece, Serbia (not to forget Imperial Russia) into the War on the side of the Allied Powers was hardly a chance development. Before the War France carefully cultivated the political soil of the Balkans in order to counterbalance the strength of the German bloc. Since the War, she has been intent upon maintaining these relations. This puts the French policy on the peninsula in direct contrast with that of both her competitors.

Whereas Italy and Germany are following a policy of expansion, the former to satisfy national ambitions, the latter to make good some of the losses she suffered through a lost war, France is not anxious to make any further gains. She has gained everything she wanted, and perhaps more. She is today the most powerful nation on the Continent, financially, politically, militarily and economically; her ambition is to maintain the *status quo* at all cost. The fact that France, in her predominant position in the Balkans, is principally challenged by Germany and Italy, has shaped her policy into three distinct aims: (1) to establish the Danube Federation, (2) to counteract Italy's influence, and (3) to block an Austro-German union.

It is safe to say that a Danube Federation would go a long way toward stabilizing the mass of divergent interests of the Balkan nations — if it were a purely economic alliance, undisturbed by political

currents and counter-currents. But since France would assuredly have a hand in the making of the Federation and would assume the official or unofficial leadership, since therefore the background of the Federation would be distinctly political, it is likely that politics would be the decisive factor in the Danube body. Even without France, there is plenty of argumentation already going on among the prospective members: Austria wants Vienna as the Federation's capital. Czechoslovakia wants Prague. Both have their rights and reasons, and both can offer precedents in the long history of either of these two old cities.

Rumania, again, holds the one economic outlet of a Danube Federation since it is in Rumanian territory that the Danube flows into the Black Sea. Still more important is the other outlet into the Adriatic, the two ports of which, Trieste and Fiume, are in Italy's possession. Naturally enough, Italy does not look with favor upon the French plan since its realization would give the Quai d'Orsay a preponderance that could not easily be matched by any other form of political association. In view of these handicaps, not to mention others, such as the age-old enmity and antagonism among the Balkan nations, it must be assumed that a Danube Federation either will not materialize for a long time to come, or that it can be realized only by bringing pressure to bear upon Italy and Germany. But in this case further political dynamite would be added to the already tense European atmosphere.

The outstanding problem facing M. Tardieu is how to check the fur-

ther advance of Italy. Not only has the latter gained almost complete control of Albania, by building roads, by improving ports and bridges and putting up piers and docks, by drilling King Zogu's little army and, in short, by pouring millions and millions of lira into the tiny kingdom, but through skillful maneuvering has been able to form a strong combination of her own. This includes, as has been stated above, aside from Albania, Hungary and Bulgaria. Besides, the Fascists have in the Ægean Sea some important naval stations which make their alliance only the more attractive. Italy's naval predominance and the prestige that goes with it, has been clearly demonstrated in the settlement of the Greco-Turkish feud which was as old as it was profound, with the effect that they both are now indebted, financially as well as politically, to Mussolini.

Even nations as deeply caught in the French net as Rumania and Poland are not deaf to Rome's alluring voice. While they gratefully accept loans and credits from Paris, they are far too clever to neglect an opportunity to make their friendship more desirable by granting one or the other favor to France's opponent. They are riding, so to speak, two horses, waiting to see which one will break down first. One might, in this connection, recall the visit of the Italian Secretary of State, Dino Grandi, in Warsaw. The marriage between members of the royal houses of Italy and Bulgaria is another aspect of Italy's effort to gain a commanding position in the Balkans.

As to Hungary, there is a natural sympathy between Admiral Horthy

and the Fascist régime. Both Governments are independent as far as parliamentary interference is concerned. Both are looking for expansion and are open to a discussion of Mussolini's famous "Empire of the South" dream. Both have their power largely based on the army which, in each case, is well drilled and equipped with up-to-date machines. It must be left to the future to decide whether this natural sympathy is more than just a coincidence. But the recent visit of Count Stephen Bethlen, who, it is said, is still the strongest factor in determining Hungary's foreign policy, in Rome seems to add weight to the popular opinion that Italy has a real hold on Count Bethlen's country. At any rate, Albania, then Bulgaria and Hungary, followed by Greece and Turkey, and now some more maneuvering in Bucharest and Warsaw, mark the progress of the Italian policy on the Balkans.

The Austro-German customs union has been defeated. This does not mean that it is beyond the reach of fulfilment in the future. In fact, the underlying reasons for such a union are today as strong as they ever were. The *Anschluss* idea, that is complete annexation by Germany, is to the latter country more than merely the gain in population and territory; a principle of the complex minority problem is involved. It is known that German minorities are spread over most of Central Europe; they are found in Denmark and in France, in Poland, Italy and the Balkans. But nowhere is the Teutonic race represented more thickly outside of German borders than in Austria, where some 6,000,000 people

of German descent are surrounded by alien tribes. Consequently, nowhere seems the need for a solution of the minority problem more pressing than in the definition of Austro-German relationship.

Again, it can not be denied that the annexation would bring Germany very worth while advantages. Through the Treaty of Versailles Germany lost about 27,000 square miles in area and 6,000,000 in population. The Austrian Republic has a population of some 6,500,000 and comprises a territory of 32,000 square miles. In other words, the annexation of Austria would, in area and population, bring Germany back to her pre-War status.

The customs union has been defeated. So, *Anschluss* will not be possible? No, at least not officially. Which does not mean, however, that it is not tried unofficially: concessions and commercial privileges, the simplification of frontier and passport regulations, the standardization of laws and judicial methods, equalization of educational systems, fairs and exhibitions, public meetings, coöperation in art and science, in the theatre, in tourist traffic, in commerce and industry, and so on, are unofficial ways of getting around the League of Nation's decree. There is no denying forever the will of people or nations to be together.

THIS, briefly, is the political conformation of the Balkans, as far as it is shaped and influenced by foreign politics. These foreign interests are one part of the Balkan problem. The economic and political plight of the Balkan nations themselves is the other part. Unfortu-

nately, the great powers are holding the key to the disentanglement of the Balkan knot. If France, Germany and other nations do not lower their tariffs, Rumania, Hungary and Jugoslavia will never solve the problem of their export surpluses. If France is not willing to lend time and again to practically every Balkan nation, their respective Governments may as well pack up tomorrow, because they will be facing absolutely hopeless budget deficits. The Balkan powers are not self-sufficient, not economically and certainly not financially. Therefore, they have to rely on their big brothers.

It is easy for the onlooker to arrive at the logical conclusion: a Danube Federation is possible only if France and Germany, as well as Great Britain and Italy, are included, and this would obviously mean a Pan-European association. If France limits herself to her "Little Entente" of the past, there will in due time arise two counter-blocs, one of German, the other of Italian origin. And if, finally, the Balkan nations should be left alone (which is extremely unlikely in view of the strong foreign influence and financial and economic interest), they will first have to overcome the racial prejudice, national hatred and envy before they can hope to solve their economic problem. But to separate from politics would be equivalent to separating from the foreign powers. This can not be done because of the dependence upon foreign markets and, particularly, foreign loans.

Here a word as to Great Britain, which has considerable investments in the Balkans, especially in mining enterprises. She does not follow any

political scheme as has been outlined above for France, Germany and Italy. Downing Street, rather, is interested in the "open door," that is, balanced economy and, especially, security for and protection of her investments. Normally, Great Britain might not feel disinclined to back up Germany and Italy for the purpose of cutting down the overwhelming prestige and power of France. Under these circumstances, however, the British Cabinet undoubtedly feels that British financial interests must be safeguarded by keeping the Balkan States going. Who else can do it but France? Therefore, the recent discussions on a prospective Danube Federation found Great Britain on the side of her great Continental sister.

In a civilized world, no one can live without the money with which to buy life's necessities. The same goes for the nations on the Balkan peninsula. They have to have loans and credits, no matter whether they are bankrupt or not. In reality, they are bankrupt, with few exceptions. The only nation which is in a position to hand out long-term loans (aside from the United States, which is not interested) is France. This reflects the dominant position the French nation has held in the Balkans since the War and which she is likely to maintain for some time to come. The strength of Germany and Italy lies rather in the formation of powerful political counter-alliances. In this way, it becomes obvious, the same dangerous combination of alliances and counter-alliances is foreshadowed which began taking shape thirty years ago and which, in the end, led to the World War.

Motor City Witchcraft

BY MURRAY GODWIN

The second of two articles on Polish-American customs

MRS. KUROWSKI knew work and child-bearing, both from habit, neither, I think, from pleasure, in any phase or in the slightest degree. She was a horse of a woman, dark-haired, dark-eyed, six feet or better in height, with a voice that was strong and harsh with the effort of making herself heard above the clamor of her household. From sunrise to sunset and on to midnight she labored at innumerable tasks with her muscular body that seemed through drudgery to have acquired a purposeful life apart from her, the woman of sentiment, thought and emotion. One noted that while her long arms, her lean shoulders, her expert fingers busied themselves with fierce energy at their work, her unlined countenance retained an expression of calm and in her eyes one saw no trace of doubt or trouble, but only a certain enigmatic dreaminess, serenely peaceful and remote. And observing this incongruity one was struck by the thought that her muscular equipment, in the course of its thirty-odd years of exertion, might have established for itself an actuating centre at some point where its motivation no longer obtruded itself upon her consciousness, and where its

ardent exercise no longer burdened her with the sensations of weariness and the indifference that comes from fatigue. One never saw her indifferent, and often when speaking with her one was startled to find oneself confronting, instead of a work-worn woman, a wistful, awkward girl whose voice and smile were touched with uncertainty, and who in shy agitation twisted her apron with trembling hands.

She had been brought to the United States at the age of six; yet her accent and the ungainliness of her speech were not different from those of a recent arrival. Frequently she found herself at a loss to fill in a necessary detail of expression from her American — not by any means English — vocabulary, and hence was forced to transfer an equivalent from her imported stock of sounds. Was she in any other way distinguishable from the person she would have been had she immigrated after maturity? Not in dress, for her clothes were untouched by current styles; and when she went forth to buy meat from the butcher or fowl and vegetables at the market, a shawl served her for both hat and coat. Her only hat was reserved for

mass and for weddings and funerals — the latter two of which, though dissimilar in procedure, identically signalized the entrance of a soul into purgatory, as far as her lights revealed. Nor was her culture different from that of a recent immigrant of the peasant class. The pictures in her home were flaringly colored chromos of saints and virgins, with Polish inscriptions. There were images, too, and a crucifix, and small fonts of holy water, and a knotted strip of palm from the previous Lenten season. She did not favor prayerbooks, but rosaries, medals and scapulars were carried or worn with devotion by herself and her considerable family.

Mrs. Kurowski had married as a tall, gangling girl of seventeen, already inured to patient, constant labor in a cigar factory, where she earned a little better than the very small wage paid women workers in that day, because she was rapid, steady and skilled. Of her wages her parents permitted her to keep nothing, not even carfare; through the wet, freezing winters and the wet, steaming summers of the Lakes region, she and her sister trudged across town two miles or more, twice daily, to and from work. Perhaps her parents grudged her even bread, for girls were considered of less than small account by many of the immigrant folk and by not a few of the second generation of Polish-American parents. They were regarded as liabilities, in fact. Any work they did, any money they earned, was looked upon as little enough in the way of restitution for the injury they had done their elders and brothers by being born and thus encumbering

the household with a potential threat of shame and disgrace. I do not think I exaggerate in this. So utterly without belief in the sense or humanity of females were some of the old folks, that they refused to permit their daughters to receive young men in their homes, much less go out with them. Only when the family attended some function as a group did the girls have opportunity to meet young men of their own age; and some families attended functions in this fashion not oftener than once or twice a year.

Like many Polish-American girls of her time, Katazyna Kurowski worked hard, asked for nothing, and, satisfactorily — for her family — ignorant of sexual life, married the man of her parents' choice at the age of seventeen. The person in question was a foundryman of Polish parentage, quite as contemptuous and suspicious of the female of the species as any old-country peasant, and hence hardly equipped to apprise his young bride, with any show of gentleness, of the intimacies of married life. The result was a profound fright, and rebellion with copious tears. Afterward there was submission to male animality, justified by clerical counselings respecting the doom pronounced on humanity at the expulsion from Eden, the world as a scene of trial and suffering for the soul, and the duty of wives — indelibly branded with the sin of Eve and inheriting her weakness — to submit to their husbands. But the cross was powerless to restore the spirit, already hampered in its growth by the burdens of ignorance and stern discipline, from the effects of the phallic battering it had

received. Katazyna's frame and muscles developed. Her body became a practised and tireless engine for work and gestation. But the spirit of the emerging woman had been stunned beyond hope of further growth, and sexually Katazyna remained the gangling girl.

OF MRS. KUROWSKI'S children, four had survived — all girls. Six had perished in infancy, or even before — for their mother could not teach her muscles to rest, and invariably persisted in her routine of relentless drudgery until the last possible moment. It is certain that she loved the surviving daughters to distraction — them and one thing else, her flowers.

Katazyna's back yard bloomed summer long with a profuse and varied array of flowers, upon which she lavished a rapt and tender care. In the winter season she would busy herself with the bulbs and plants she had brought into the house, and search through catalogues for new species of blooms that might be secured for the following summer. The only question was of a space to put them, among the bushes of lilacs, the beds of peonies, the trellises of roses and the pedestaled pots of ferns and other green growing things.

When we first knew her she had long been accustomed to regard her husband as a reasonably dependable labor motor and an extremely dependable companion in his leisure hours. Some violent illness had rendered the man measurably deaf and in a certain degree a simpleton. Absorbed in a job of household tinkering or building, he gave no trouble;

but when by hook or crook he managed to hold out a dollar or two from his pay envelope, no household task could distract him from his aim of getting drunk as soon as possible. He drank the most abominable liquor, of which there was an abundance to be had from owners of stills in the neighborhood, and it rendered him erratic in an extraordinarily short time. In his cups he was always a violent enemy of women, and particularly of his own women. He favored Katazyna and the girls with shouted denunciations, replete with expletives and detailed accusations of lewd conduct, concocting the most far-fetched evil interpretations for the most ordinary routine incidents, in his hunt after grounds for abuse. This kept on far into the night, and it ended only when the orator was overcome by his liquor or by the sight of a stew pan swung threateningly by Katazyna, who could quiet him abruptly enough, once she was aroused. The trouble was that she was aroused only by the prospect of harm to the children, and both she and they had long since learned that billingsgate breaks no bones.

Mrs. Kurowski had the true peasant's belief in the magical as opposed to the factual, the common sense as opposed to the scientifically proved. When we first became neighbors, our infant daughter was proving our biggest problem in life. Despite expert advice, we were unable to find a diet on which she could be fed satisfactorily, and her restless crying was robbing us of our sleep. In this emergency Katazyna came to our aid with her own diagnosis and prescription: the baby was crying be-

cause she had not been baptized; take her to St. Stanislaus's, have her christened with the water of salvation, and immediately she would begin to sleep peacefully of nights. The case was a simple one, and Katazyna had seen enough others like it to appreciate the universal repugnance infants have toward their burden of original sin. One could not deceive a baby. Ours would keep us awake, depend on it, until the priest applied the water and said the proper words. And that, Katazyna knew by experience, was an infallible cure.

We did not try Katazyna's remedy, but it is only fair to say that the baby did not grow peaceful or plump until my wife turned her back on child specialists and planned her daughter a diet based on her own ideas. So it is a trifle difficult to make out a case for science under the circumstances. However, that hardly detracts, I think, from the mediæval cultural quality of Katazyna's therapeutic.

At another time my wife became apprehensive over a swelling of steadily increasing prominence which appeared at the collar line of Anastasia, second eldest of the Kurowski girls. Obviously, unless treatment were begun soon, the swelling would develop into a most disfiguring goiter of the kind common to the whole Lakes region. My wife exerted patience and pains in explaining to Katazyna the cause of the trouble, and recommended that Anastasia's diet be made corrective by the addition of iodized salt, which health authorities throughout the Lakes basin were prescribing for children in public schools.

Katazyna listened with attentive interest to my wife's exposition of the problem. Water and vegetable products alike, in the Lakes country, my wife made plain, were lacking in iodine, which was a necessary element in maintaining the normal condition of certain glands. The deficiency could be compensated with ease and safety . . . and so on.

"Yeah," Katazyna said, when the lecture was concluded, with her friendly, girlish smile, "but you know, Victoria, my 'Stasha got *her* swelling from singin' so high all the time. You know, I always try, but I can't stop her; she keeps on singin' high just the same."

And having offered this counter-diagnosis, she took up her task, whatever it was, where she had left off when scientific medicine had interrupted her. Further discussion was quite hopeless. The most plausible explanation could make no impression on a baseless, peasant conviction of this kind.

She harbored other medical opinions, a few of which she confided to us during our years in the district, as occasion arose. One day she told my wife that the little daughter of a friend of hers had died. The symptoms she described made it obvious that the child had been a victim of infantile paralysis, but Katazyna was sorrowfully certain that her death had been caused by the dread, mysterious ailment, "tangled hair." There was something awesome and blood-chilling about the calm decision with which she relegated the paralytic symptoms to a minor, merely incidental place, and concentrated on the significant fact that the patient's hair had been matted.

"Tangled hair," she explained, was invariably the result of bewitchment, brought about by some devil's disciple at the behest of an enemy. It was a most baffling affliction and required the most careful treatment. The matted locks must never be combed out — that would make death certain. One's only chance was to clip them off and place them under the patient's pillow; on no account must any of them be thrown away — that, too, was fatal. In the case of the child who had died, a fatal error had been made. Her parents, imperfectly acquainted with the illness which most of the old-country people knew so well, had permitted the family physician to transfer the patient to a hospital, where, doubtless, the attendants were even more ignorant of diseases caused by practitioners of the black arts. Had they tried to comb the tangles out of the child's hair? Had they cut the matted locks but failed to preserve them? In any case it was too much to hope that, with unenlightened treatment, any victim of "tangled hair" could survive.

Her acceptance of this terrible nonsense was so amazingly matter-of-fact! One felt stunned. One could not attempt to argue. One could only, in a dull fashion, offer sympathy and go apart to collect his wits, and to accustom himself to the mad images that came to his mind as he listened — an image, for example, of a powerhouse interior, with its great stretch of switchboard, its shining shells of generator housings, and with a living gargoye, compound of dragon and goat, complacently strolling the white and polished floor. Surely that was no more incongruous than the

belief in "tangled hair" finding a secure lodging in Detroit!

Katazyna was religiously opposed to birth control, but on one occasion she confided to my wife that certain other women in the parish were practising it, in defiance of the most solemn admonitions to the contrary by the priest. My wife asked for details. The women in question, she learned, had secretly visited a gypsy sorcerer on the west side, and for an expenditure of ten dollars each had been supplied with a novel form of preventive. It was a garterlike circlet which, being worn above the knee, exerted a magic-magnetic influence on the male principle, neutralizing its procreative potential. Under the circumstances, one could see that the sorcerer's security was complete. Few women would dare to admit to any one that they were using contraceptive devices bought from one of Satan's brood, or to complain if the charm failed to operate.

THE husband of Katazyna Kurowski had been hard-working from his earliest youth. What he might have become under village life in Poland is not easy to imagine. The fact remains that he was a craftsman by natural gift. I remember seeing a huge cupboard he had built. He had embellished its structure at each front upper corner with carvings of winged female figures which were far from amateurish. Yet his training had all been in heavy factory work having nothing to do with wood-carving.

Some days before Christmas each year, another specimen of the man's handiwork was unpacked and as-

sembled on a table in the parlor. It was a stable at Bethlehem, ornamented above with stars and angels, and elaborated below with a fenced enclosure covered with turf and trees and abounding in such multiplicity and variety of animal life that one wondered whether the creator had not confused the Nativity with the voyage of the Ark. Not that I am opposed to free treatment in such representations. It is license of this sort that supplies more than half the charm in mediæval renderings of scriptural scenes, and one could not deny that it made the Kurowski "crib" far more interesting than others which were more accurately composed.

The man's resistance to alcohol was feeble, and his liking for drink, as I have noted, intense. Even when he had no money, Katazyna was chary of letting him go away from the house, especially if she suspected his intention of visiting his people, of whom three brothers and a sister lived together in a brawling bachelors' hall. The brothers were adept at borrowing small sums from the Kurowski purse, and the whole lot were slovenly, surly and devoted to drink and drunken manners. They uniformly soaked up the very bad moonshine liquor cooked in those parts, and between sessions they fed their drink-pummeled bodies from a single pot of "mulligan" (let us say for convenience) which was heated on the stove and there pitched into at will by the family circle. Each wrangling member ate standing, lifting his food direct from the pot to his face with a large tinplated spoon. To complete the portrait of this hardy group — they were pietists to

the last inflammable breath, as full of preposterous, obsolete convictions as their blotchy hides could hold.

THE Kurowski household was pretty well stabilized. Katazyna owned her house and the family had lived in it, I suppose, for twenty or more years. The husband was a more than ordinarily steady provider; his drink did not interfere with his work in the factory, as far as I know. And the elder girls, who had gone to work in stores after leaving grammar school, brought in their wages, accepted what was given them without protest, and conducted themselves carefully. Katazyna was considerably more liberal with them than her parents had been with her, and was remarkably tolerant of their yearnings for social pleasure, permitting them not only to receive young men in their home but even to go to dances and parties with them. Perhaps this was only wisdom, for the newer generation of Polish-American girls was showing itself more independent than the older one, and I knew of several cases where daughters had gone to live in rented rooms when discipline had pressed too hard. But more likely Katazyna remembered the privations of her own earlier life and shrank from inflicting similar ones on her own children.

With few exceptions the other families in the neighborhood were situated in about the same way, owning their homes, working as steadily as the city's industries permitted them, attaching their children to themselves successfully until marriage partly loosened the tie. Of all the households we knew, the most

grotesque was that of a family of Kashub people, though whether that term is in good general standing I have not thought to find out, to this day. As I understand it, it refers to a group of people from German Poland, who speak a dialect in which gone-to-seed Polish and gone-to-seed German are indescribably mingled.

The family in question consisted of a frowsy man of Prussian appearance; a sullen woman, stooped from toil and aged from excessive child-bearing; ten daughters, apparently born about a year apart, and uniformly thin and adenoidal; and one son, a lad of eight or nine, whom God in kindly consideration of the feminine majority had denied the gift of speech.

What I remember best from our contact with this family is its vicious moral prudery of outlook and its inane bawdiness of conduct. One hot summer's day my wife discovered the seventh or eighth daughter lecturing our three-year-old on the indecency of playing about the house in a breech-cloth, which was about the only sensible dress the steaming weather allowed. A sharp counter-lecture repelled this effort to inculcate in our youngster a consciousness of the sin of nudity, based on the premise that God hated bare bodies of any age, regardless of their beauty or lack of it; and I do not think the seventh or eighth daughter tried saving that brand from the burning again. In contrast to this militant purity—or perhaps in agreement with it—was the conduct of the elder daughters. One after another, as they reached the fringes of maturity, they became pregnant without benefit of clergy or formal arrangement

with the State, and on each fresh discovery the house resounded with curses, blows and howls. Then gradually the protests would give way to resignation, and when the time for delivery drew near the old mother would retire from the public gaze for a space, and the progeny of the second generation would be added to that of the first.

Among the Polish-Americans I found a peasant-like passion for religion at its supernatural richest and an almost psychopathic hatred of sexual misconduct combined with language habits and cultural tastes which were downright Rabelaisian. In the jargon spoken within the home by both sexes, all the terse four-letter words, outlawed in American households, were used in abandon and without a qualm of embarrassment. Of course one might put this down to the fact that these words were the most easily available to a community of alien birth or descent, touching American culture only at its fringes. One remembers that the English vocabulary of many a French urchin, in contact with our troops, was confined to short and simple curses and obscenities. But when one heard translated some of the household expressions in the Polish tongue, one was compelled to decide that here was a people with a natural affinity for salty diction.

Anecdotes common to family circles were similarly devoid of squeamishness, and I know of one instance where an American humorous song proved too mild for the Polish-American taste and hence was completely revamped when translated, though the occasion for its translation was a radio broadcast. The song in ques-

tion is *The Gay Caballero*. I happened to be loafing over a bottle of beer with a friend of mine who ran a semi-speakeasy, when the Polish version of the piece came in over the radio, and my friend translated it for me, between bursts of laughter, as it arrived. My own amusement was intensified by the thought of the contrast between the song as rendered by Frank Crumit and the Polish rendition, and also by the recollection that Detroit was the home of a busy and severe group of censors with plenty of official backing, who were assiduous in their efforts to keep public entertainment pure. Protected by linguistic difficulties, the authors of this Polish programme were making available to some hundreds of thousands of people a flight of wit that surpassed in bawdiness the bawdiest burlesque of the old days. It was laughable too to reflect that in all likelihood the Polish sponsors, as well as the Polish listeners-in, were all but totally unaware that the programme conflicted with American notions of propriety, which remained unsensed by every one except such climbers as had changed their names and reduced their contact with the Polish community to a minimum.

The old Polish songs I used to hear struck me, several of them, as being strangely and sadly beautiful, and it was a matter of regret to me that the younger generation as a whole seemed to be neglecting them for popular American compositions entirely lacking in charm. The Polish schools served to keep alive a limited body of Slavic choral music, however, and when Christmas carols were sung around the community tree down-

town the Polish children never failed to give an interesting performance. Then, too, there were secular groups that gathered for choral singing, and there was, moreover, an American organization that promoted periodic entertainments featuring the music and dances of nearly every national group of any account in the city. These assure at least survival for the old Polish airs.

It is inevitable that words native to a new abiding place should infiltrate into the tongue of any immigrant nationality. According to Mr. Kurt Stein, who has composed at least one volume of notable humorous verse in the German-American jargon of North Chicago, the process goes on without attracting the notice of those most intimately concerned, as a merely incidental phase of the struggle toward a practical medium of communication under unfamiliar conditions. Adopted words in many instances are supplied with supernumerary syllables representing letter combinations commonly found in the language of the newcomers, or may be distorted integrally in some fashion which renders them more suitable to the phonetic habits of immigrant auditory and vocal equipment. Once this "corrective" phase has been completed, a new word takes its place in the transplanted tongue, identifying itself with the language, for the immigrants and their offspring, through both speech habit and protective transformation. At the same time, to any one outside the charmed circle of colloquial word-magic, the alien character of a transplanted term remains patent and — well, one may not say "ludicrous," without qualifi-

cation, since to the more pedantic lovers of the transplanted tongue the matter is a subject for indignant, indeed almost tragically resentful, concern.

Thus, one must be something other than a purist, in one's attitude toward the German language, to chuckle at Mr. Kurt Stein's:

*Nay, du solltest blusbeb
Hier mit a perfect Stranger fourzuflusbeb.*

In fact, for quoting similar passages from this author, I have been branded *ein Deutsch-verdörber* or German-spoiler by an innkeeper whose use of this epithet was not entirely playful. And I imagine that the same sort of irritation must move a Polish purist who listens to the jargon spoken by the general run of Polish-Americans, who are intent merely on communication and are careless of the means employed.

However, being no purist in any language, I used to feel only interest and amusement when I heard a Polish-American shouting, "*It do hous'a*," for "Go into the house," instead of "*It do domu*." Or saying "*na swingav'iëb*," instead of "*na cbu'stawka*," when referring to some one or something to be found on the porch swing. Or directing some one to the butcher shop with the words, "*do butcher'ny*," instead of "*do rzerznika*." My wife had never seen Poland, but her father was far from being an illiterate man, and his use of the language set the standard for the household. Hence she had spoken a more than ordinarily authentic Polish, to the exclusion of other tongues, until she reached the age of eight; and hence she was quick to note the presence of transplanted sounds in the common language of

the neighborhood. The expressions I have mentioned represent only a tithe of those to which she called my attention in the course of our Polish-American years.

Regarding her own lingual experience, my wife relates an interesting happening. Her Polish-speaking childhood was spent in her birth-place, a small city in New York State. In the midst of this period she visited Detroit for a few months. Returning to her own city, she told her playmates of the novelties of life in the larger town, among which, she remembers, she emphasized the fact that Detroiters did not call for *ryba* when they shopped for their Friday dinner, but for *fish*. In other words, she was conscious of the English term, not as an English term, but only as a *different* one. Like many another child of Polish parentage, her journeys to other cities were simply visits to other *Polish* cities; she heard English only in transit.

Of course the nuns at the Polish schools teach the children to speak the language correctly, but few of their pupils, I imagine, are encouraged to continue to do so in practice. My wife once heard the eldest Kurowski girl expressing herself in very creditable Polish in the presence of her father. But she had not gone far with it when the flow of language was interrupted by the latter's exclaiming: "My gosh! What's a matter with you? You talkin' like nothin' but a sissy!"

Such was the impression made upon this honest Polish-American by the correct use of his parents' native tongue!

One more linguistic note. I have observed that our forbidden four-

letter words were used without hesitation by nearly every one in the Polish-American households we knew, and that rank and hearty Polish metaphors were on the tip of every family's tongue. . . . Very well. But wasn't it fitting that, contrapuntally, a word lacking any but the vaguest cultural context, for an American of different descent, carried clenched within itself a horror beyond the evocative reaches of blasphemy, for the Poles?

When the smear of obscenity, the smack of expletive, the smash of vain supernatural invocation alike failed to touch the black heights of a Polish man's rage, there remained one lingual resource.

"Cholera!" he cried. "Cholera!"

The word is pronounced *bolera'*—the *cb* like the Spanish *j*. Those within hearing — one could feel them drawing away from the man, as from a jagged mutter preceding the crack of doom.

Birdsong

By DAVID MORTON

BIRDSONG alone is cool
 In this hot place:
 A fountain and a pool
 That thought can trace,
 Knowing the way it fares
 Through leaf and bough,
 Parting the heavy airs
 And curving, now,
 To fall back on the ground,
 Under the tree —
 Forming thin pools of sound,
 Could we but see.

Mental Disarmament

BY NORMAN BOARDMAN

Although not written in direct answer to the argument of Herbert C. Pell last month for an American navy bigger than all others, this article may be taken as a rebuttal

AT THE present moment the world is looking towards Geneva with both hope and fear — hope that the Disarmament Conference there assembled may accomplish something, and fear that it will prove a failure. The question under consideration is that of physical disarmament, but back of military disarmament is a much deeper question, namely, mental disarmament. The two naturally work together, but no disarmament programme can be expected to get very far until mental disarmament has made more headway.

It is difficult to determine the exact extent to which any nation is willing to go in the matter of reduction of armaments. Every nation has its militarists and every nation has its pacifists; it has a group clamoring for increased military expenditures and it has a group advocating the reduction of armaments. Obviously the progress of mental disarmament in any country depends upon the group under consideration. Curiously enough, nations have a habit of

thinking of themselves in terms of the group most advanced in the matter of mental disarmament while judging other nations in terms of the group least advanced in this respect. Thus it becomes comparatively easy for any nation to shift responsibility for not taking the initial step, at the same time blaming other nations for its not so doing. This is the general procedure and hence things only reach an impasse.

The world wants peace but it continues to cling to war ideas. These ideas are so imbedded in our ways of thinking that it is almost impossible to extricate them. Nevertheless, they must be brought under the microscope. It is only in this manner that their belligerent properties can be detected. Many of our most cherished ideas are connected with war. Hence the task is a delicate one.

Peace is not merely a beautiful sentiment; it is a problem. Like everything else, it has its price. This price is the abandonment of traditional war ideas and a frank statement of the question as a problem.

As such it is a value that can be realized, but as yet no nation has been willing to pay this price. To this the United States has been no exception. Witness our campaigns for Americanism and the zeal with which we still guard our national sovereignty as cases in point.

Today we find ourselves wallowing around in the vicious circle of preparedness, trying to break through with almost every device except our own intelligence. It is no wonder that we arm because we are afraid and are then afraid because we arm. Governments are finding themselves in the awkward position of perhaps having to face revolution at home in order to save themselves from other governments. The population of every great state is groaning under the crushing burden of heavy taxation for the upkeep of huge military establishments. Probably the only thing that keeps such governments from being overthrown is that war is about the last luxury that civilization apparently is willing to give up.

War is not a natural phenomenon; it is a social and political evil. As such, human beings are responsible for it, and as such, they can rid themselves of it, if they honestly and seriously set themselves to the task. Earthquakes, floods, hurricanes and other "unforeseen acts of God" are physical evils that may be wished upon us by a cold and somewhat brutal nature; but war is a social evil which man alone wishes upon himself. Although he has sought to escape from this responsibility by attributing it to the Deity, he need blame no one but himself for the institution by which he now finds himself enslaved. It is this custom and

his thinking about this custom that have enslaved him. War is a product of his own stupidity and his own blunderings.

OF ALL the attitudes toward this war habit none is more defeatist than the idea that war is something that has to be—we always have had war and always will have it. This is sheer nonsense. It is fatalism in one of its worst forms. It completely ignores the fact that intelligence can do something in controlling the destiny of humankind here on this earth. War does not have to be. It has to be just so long as human beings are stupid enough to believe that it has to be and are foolish enough to back it up. Once they take the position that war is a crime and positively refuse to sanction it, war will disappear like the famines and pestilences of old. These, too, were things which people believed inevitable.

Closely connected with the idea that war is something that just has to be is the myth that it is a part of human nature to fight. In fact this has been put forth as one of the reasons why we can not get rid of war. Man was supposed to have had within him a fighting instinct that would make war as persistent as day following night. With the modification of the concept of instinct, however, this idea has not even a leg to stand on. It is true that the human being will fight when sufficiently aroused to anger, but as for there being a definite fixed instinct that makes fighting inevitable, the idea is fit only for the junk pile. Furthermore, it is not at all necessary that people be worked up to such a pitch

that they have to resort to physical combat.

Nevertheless, we still hear that people want war and that governments have to declare it every so often in order to satisfy the populace. One fact is sufficient to give the lie to this argument once and for all. If it is the people who want wars today why was it that every government engaged in the late War had to resort to conscription in order to wage it successfully? No government could count on enough volunteers to carry on the War. Yet its people were all anxious and eager to fight!

The truth of the matter is that nations have to be fairly whipped into fighting. All kinds of vicious propaganda, wholesale lies and stories of atrocities must be circulated with all the facilities of modern advertising methods in order to fan the flames of hatred necessary to the proper war spirit. Left to themselves, human beings would be quite incapable of working up such diabolical venom. As it is, the passions of man can not begin to be aroused on a scale at all commensurate with the destructiveness of the implements and engines of modern warfare. Even with all the devices of modern propaganda and all the resources of modern psychology at our disposal, man's capacity for hatred and destruction can not begin to keep pace with the efficiency of the instruments he wields for these purposes.

An idea is not something that an individual simply has in his or her head; it is an instrument of action, a tool for guiding conduct. We can not expect to get peace and do all our thinking in terms of war. We pay lip service to peace while war ideas are

geared up with our nervous systems. The result is that war ideas become powerful and dynamic while pacific ideas are rendered feeble and impotent. At least one prerequisite for peace is that of learning to think and to act in terms of a peace order of society rather than in those of a war world.

IF THERE is anything that the last War demonstrated it is that the world is rich in military courage but is sadly lacking in civic courage. But military courage has had its day; it is nothing but the survival of the savage in our civilization. Yet we continue to laud it and glorify it. Our heroes are still the great military heroes. True enough, we are now democratizing the military spirit by worshiping at the tomb of the unknown soldier. By transferring homage from the general to the private the recognition of military values has not been changed in the least; in fact these values are set before the youth in a still more glorified form. All can not become generals, but any one may become an unknown soldier. The only requirement is the willingness to die for your country.

We may denounce the military but we still do our thinking largely in military terms. Ultimately a nation's greatness is still measured pretty much by its potential ability to wage war successfully. The great powers are those that are most feared, not those that have contributed most to civilization. Compare Switzerland with France today, or Greece with modern Japan. When Germany was defeated in the World War she lost her position among the so-called Great Powers of the world,

not because German art, science, literature, philosophy and music were destroyed but because Imperial Germany was no longer feared as a military menace. It is this tacit assumption that must be brought to the surface, re-appraised, and given a back seat before disarmament can be expected to make any great progress. When military strength as such is relegated to the discard and a nation's greatness measured in terms of its culture, there will be some hope for getting rid of war.

This tacit recognition of war ability as the chief test of a nation's greatness brings out well the discrepancy between national and individual codes of morality. For centuries we have tried to civilize individuals while putting a premium upon a barbaric state. We have tried to socialize individual relationships and at the same time have encouraged the "bully" attitude between states.

In individual morality we teach people to be kind and generous to one another, but have recognized such attitudes as a mark of weakness when the relation is between states. In the dealings of states with one another we have not even been willing to put matters on a businesslike basis. Here political commands, attitudes of defiance and silly boasting have been the characteristic activities. All this chauvinism is regarded as patriotic, but it is not good sense. Yet the individual who does not indulge in it is still not regarded as a good patriot.

Nations carrying chips on their shoulders, so to speak, have been surprised and offended when other nations have attempted to knock

them off. The peculiar part of the situation is that we have tried to rid ourselves of the bully in society but have encouraged him in the state. The bully individual is discouraged eventually, but the bully state is still highly respected.

There is no reason why states should not be civil and courteous in their dealings with one another. Frank, businesslike attitudes, rather than haughty, arrogant commands, should characterize the diplomatic negotiations between states. Yet an honest, frank person is not regarded as a good diplomat. Whether we like it or not, Machiavellian ethics is still largely the ethics of diplomacy. That much-abused word, "tact," which may be nothing more than duplicity elegantly clothed for purposes of political discourse, is the corner stone of our diplomatic code.

PREPAREDNESS programmes usually thrive on menaces. It is necessary to have some one to brow-beat in order for munition makers to grow fat from profits in the traffic of arms. And in order to get the public sanction for such expenditures it is necessary that public opinion be aroused to some impending danger. Whether or not the menace is a real one is quite beside the point. The important thing is that the public be fed upon it, so that it actually is felt as such. When such a menace is felt the appropriations are forthcoming, and this was all that was wanted from the standpoint of the munition makers. Before the War this needed menace was found in Mexico. During the War Germany was the goat. Now we are hearing much about the Japanese and the Bolshevik menaces.

Why do we spend annually hundreds of millions of dollars on a preparedness programme, which no matter how adequate it may be for a pre-war state, is grossly inadequate for war as it is carried on today? One would think from the talk of preparedness advocates that the time spent in preparing for any of the professions is small as compared with that required for becoming cannon fodder. From a military standpoint, it is true that a professional army is more efficient than a conscript one, but there is no nation that can afford to maintain a professional army that is at all adequate for war purposes.

Of all our illusions in regard to peace there is none that should have been exploded quite so thoroughly as the myth of armed peace. We pride ourselves on our ability to learn from past experience, but in matters of life and death the race has been painfully and almost fatally slow to profit by experience. No nation claims that its army is for aggressive purposes; all the military establishments are purely for the purpose of defense. But just what is it that the nations fear from one another? If it is invasion and conquest, they seem not to have learned anything from the Great War. It was once a legitimate fear, but the great warring nations of the world can not conquer each other today. Let worse come to worst and suppose that the United States were to be conquered by England, or that France should be conquered by Germany. Who would then be the gainer and who would be the loser? Before the War England regarded Germany as a great commercial rival and hence a

political menace. She could not rest until Germany was vanquished. Yet after spending billions of dollars in order to defeat her erstwhile rival, she has now been compelled to invest millions to rehabilitate Germany industrially, that markets may be opened up again and her own unemployment problem relieved.

In the winter of 1923 France invaded the Ruhr with the intention of running German industries and operating the mines of the district in order to get reparations from Germany. What did she gain by this procedure? Nothing. The expedition soon proved that it would cost more than it was worth and hence was abandoned. Any attempted military conquest of an industrial people is bound to end just as disastrously as did the invasion of the Ruhr. This is because the nature of wealth has changed. Wealth is no longer a mere possession, but consists of a flow of commerce, a fact well proved by the present business depression. Industrial nations may still conquer backward peoples who are pretty much in an agricultural economy but they can not conquer each other. They may even hoist an alien flag over a rival's territory, but such a conquest is in name only. Yet it is not backward peoples that we arm against, but our own industrial rivals. Truly the proverbial Martian visiting our planet might question Aristotle's wisdom in regarding man as in any sense a rational animal.

NONE of our most cherished values is more pregnant with war than the idea of patriotism. Many are the attempts being made to rid patriotism of its chauvinistic

pretensions and to re-define it in a manner consistent with a peace order of society. Such a procedure is quite all right so long as there is no real issue at stake. Although it may meet with opposition from the professionals, it is not until its actual implications are brought out that these better patriots begin to lose standing. It is all well enough to talk about re-defining patriotism in terms of living for one's country rather than dying for it, but the moment one declares his unwillingness to die for it his claim to being a patriot is shouted down. Consequently the re-definers only play into the hands of the war crowd. It is because of this tendency that respectable minority groups in various countries are now beginning to look upon patriotism as an actual vice and not only are making no attempts to preserve it as a virtue, but are active in their opposition to it.

Americanism is no more effective as an idea for promoting the peace of the world than is any other nationalistic "ism." It tends to emphasize differences, many of which are false and fictitious, rather than similarities among nations. It tends to blind us to our own domestic problems while it exaggerates the same problems among other peoples. It continually pats us on the back for a number of things that are not strictly true about ourselves, while it greatly belittles the efforts for progress abroad. It fails to recognize the fact that, after all, human nature is pretty much the same the world over and would have us believe that it is something essentially different in the United States from what it is in other countries. Along with the gos-

pel of Americanism should go the slogan of "America First."

One can not think in terms of "firsts" and expect to get peace. Since there can be no two firsts, this is essentially a war idea. It is a survival of the philosophy of dominance as a method of organizing society rather than an expression of the newer philosophy of coöperation. It means dominance through war rather than peace through coöperation. It sets nations over against one another rather than recognizing their interdependence. Nations are not isolated, distinct, independent units of society but, like individuals, must realize their respective identities through intercourse and interaction with one another.

It was this entitative idea of the state that gave rise to the notion of sovereignty. With the exception of the idea of nationalistic patriotism there is probably no idea that has played more mischief in preventing a reconstruction of the world on a peace basis than has the concept of sovereignty. It stands between the United States and the League of Nations and the World Court at the present time. Born of the Renaissance, it has never been anything more than a metaphysical fiction. Yet, like the Monroe Doctrine, people will fight and die for it despite the fact that they can not tell you what it means. Even political scientists can not give an intelligible statement of it without becoming more debauched by metaphysics than the mediæval schoolmen themselves. As an idea it simply is not worth the price we are paying for it. Furthermore, it is essentially a belligerent idea. There can be no

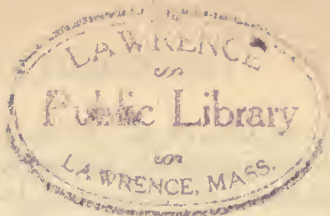
permanent peace between entitative sovereign states. Between them the law of the jungle is the only law that need be recognized. It is true that nations lose some of their precious sovereignty when they outlaw war, but who among us would preserve the monster in order to retain the right? Just as individuals lose the right to take the law into their own hands when they once recognize it, so nations lose this right when they begin to recognize a code of international law. If there is any principle that the law recognizes, it is that the litigants to a dispute shall not be the judge. The problem is that of getting nations to recognize the same principle. This means a transfer of a certain amount of sovereignty from the nation to an international law court. Such a transfer of power does mean the loss of sovereignty to some extent. It means the giving up of a war sovereignty for a peace sovereignty.

The main thing that stands in the way of such a transfer at the present time is the idea of nationalism. Tied up with the state as it is today, nationalism has developed into a religion. It is the latest expression of patriotism. It fairly deifies the state and thinks of it in personal terms. Thus we have "national rights," "national honor," and "national interests," all of which must be protected by the government of a national state. The state thus becomes a metaphysical entity which has an existence apart from the individuals who compose it. It is this metaphysical conception that gives rise to all the romantic illusions. Once we

get rid of it, patriotism loses much of its glory and national interests, national rights and national honor become nothing but fictions of this nationalistic cult.

A state is a very pragmatic institution. It has no mysterious existence apart from the individuals who compose it. It is only by some fanciful twist of the imagination that its interests become so entirely opposed to the welfare of its individual citizens. Yet it is this perverted twist that gives rise to the illusion of a war for humanity. What is the sense in talking about a war for humanity when concrete pieces of living humanity are suffering and bleeding? The truth of the matter is that there is no such thing as a war for humanity as war is carried on today. Yet, because of the superstition centring about the national existence of a state, humanity as a whole is by some mysterious process expected to benefit by fighting over such fictions as national right, national interest and national honor.

If the world is today enslaved by the institution of war, it is because it has accepted without questioning many ideas, which, when acted upon and recognized as values, lead to war. Only when these ideas are re-evaluated in the light of the needs of a peace order of society shall we ever be able to rid ourselves of the curse of war. As yet the world has been willing to pay for war but it has not been willing to pay anything for peace. Peace has its price, and this price is the relinquishing of belligerent ideas as well as the scrapping of costly armaments.



Franklin's Patriotic Fib

BY JOHN MCAULEY PALMER

Encyclopedias and biographies have accepted a fictitious version of von Steuben's coming to America. During the bi-centennial of Washington, his commander, the true one may be of particular interest

ON THE twenty-third day of February, 1778, Baron von Steuben reported to Washington at Valley Forge. He came with a letter from Benjamin Franklin introducing him as a lieutenant general in the service of the King of Prussia. He wore the uniform of his grade with the bejewelled star of the Order of Baden on his breast. The glamor of his high rank in the army of Frederick the Great made a tremendous appeal to the imagination of Washington's soldiers. They eagerly embraced his military gospel. Within a few weeks, under his skilled instruction, they acquired the discipline and skill essential to victory. Steuben thus became one of the indispensable figures in the achievement of American independence, and the prestige and glamor of high rank under the aura of Frederick the Great were essential factors in his success.

But Benjamin Franklin was mistaken, to say the least, when he wrote that letter of introduction. The

Prussian archives tell quite a different story. Steuben was never more than a captain in the army of Frederick the Great and he left that service fourteen years before he sailed for America. The glamor of high rank, so essential to his success at Valley Forge, was purely fictitious. What, then, is the history of this fateful falsehood?

It is a story of Eighteenth Century intrigue. During the years 1776 and 1777, France was giving valuable aid to the rebellious American Colonies. This was not because the French ministers desired to promote the cause of democracy. It was because they desired to embarrass their neighbor and ancient enemy, his Britannic Majesty. It was before her declaration of war against England, and France was still preserving all of the forms and proprieties of strict neutrality. It had therefore been necessary to camouflage her American operations. This had been accomplished through the ingenuity of Caron de Beaumarchais, the great

dramatist and one of the arch intriguers of the Eighteenth Century.

Beaumarchais, with the connivance of Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, formed a commercial corporation known as Hortalez & Company. Hortalez & Company then entered into the business of shipping arms and munitions to America. The corporation conducted this business strictly on its own account; but the Government subscribed liberally to its capital stock and permitted it to procure arms and munitions on credit from the royal arsenals. It is thus quite clear that the Government, as such, was not giving aid and comfort to England's rebellious Colonies. It simply anticipated a corporate device of the Twentieth Century and became what we would call a securities holding company.

In the spring of 1777 the affairs of Hortalez & Company were in a bad way. Arms and other military stores had been shipped to America, but they were lost and damaged more rapidly than they could be supplied. Some were lost at sea. Some were captured by the British army. Such losses were to be expected in war and could be anticipated. But more serious losses occurred in the Continental army itself. It lacked organization, discipline and administrative experience. In these circumstances more military material was lost, damaged and wasted by the troops than was captured by the enemy. Unless these conditions could be corrected the colonial effort must fail even if backed by all the wealth of France.

Through Vergennes and Beaumarchais this critical American situation was brought to the notice of the

French Ministry of War. Fortunately, the War Minister, Count de St. Germain, was not an ordinary bureaucrat. He was a war-schooled veteran. He had been a practical field soldier and an able general for many years. As a young man, he had won his spurs under such commanders as Prince Eugene and the Marschal Saxe. Later he had served for a time in the Prussian army under Frederick the Great. Before the Seven Years War he had returned to the French army as a lieutenant general. He commanded the French rear guard after the disastrous battle of Rossbach. There he saved the remnants of King Louis's army from annihilation. There also he learned the secret of French defeat. The France of Madame Pompadour could not compete with the Prussia of Frederick the Great.

To such a man as St. Germain the diagnosis of the American crisis was simple. It was obvious that the American commander needed competent technical advice. Washington was an able and forceful leader but he was not a trained soldier. He needed a staff officer trained in the practical business methods of conducting war. It is true that many European soldiers of fortune had sought service in America. Some of them were able and gallant officers, but none of them were trained in the duties of a modern general staff.

It was just while St. Germain was considering this need that his old acquaintance, Baron von Steuben, came to Paris in quest of employment. Here was the very man that Hortalez & Company should send to Washington. The Baron was not an officer of high rank but St. Germain

had known him for years and knew that his purely professional equipment was of the highest quality then known in the world. His professional standing was attested by the highest possible credentials. In the fierce school of the Seven Years War, he had won a place on the operations staff of Frederick the Great. He was therefore a general staff officer when the very conception of a modern general staff was scarcely known outside of Prussia. St. Germain was probably the only man in France at that time with enough knowledge and enough breadth of vision to appraise these peculiar qualifications. Franklin, Deane, Beaumarchais and Vergennes each did his part in securing Steuben's services for America. But without St. Germain's unique insight to guide them none of them could have appreciated the importance of enlisting him. It was thus through St. Germain that France was enabled to ship military efficiency as well as military supplies to the American Colonies.

THROUGH St. Germain and Beaumarchais Steuben was introduced to Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane. The American commissioners were favorably impressed with the Baron's credentials and personality and were eager that he should go to America. But they were not empowered to make any contract with him in behalf of the Continental Congress. They were unable to promise him suitable rank or pay. So many European adventurers had gone to America that Congress had become disgusted and had instructed the commissioners not to encourage any others. There was also great

jealousy and discontent in the American army because DeKalb and Lafayette had been commissioned as major generals. The Baron, by this time, had become so interested in the revolutionary adventure that he was disposed to waive the issue of rank and pay until after his arrival in America. But when he learned that the commissioners could not even advance him the money needed for his travel expenses, he left the conference in disgust. He informed Beaumarchais and St. Germain that he was through with their American project and immediately returned to Germany.

But Beaumarchais and St. Germain were not so easily discouraged. They felt confident that if Steuben should report to the Continental Congress, his professional reputation and merits would win recognition and that in some way or other he would find his opportunity. It was therefore decided that Hortalez & Company should advance the money needed for his journey. Then they sent letters to the Baron in Germany and induced him to return to Paris.

The enterprise now took on a new form. It was decided that the Baron should not seek to make any terms with the American commissioners. He would go as a distinguished foreigner who desired to serve as volunteer with Washington's army. As such, he would travel to America ostensibly at his own expense. He would ask Franklin and Deane for letters of introduction and nothing more. They would transmit the Count de St. Germain's high estimate of Steuben's abilities to Washington and the leaders of Congress.

But there was one flaw in this plan.

St. Germain could vouch for Steuben's professional attainments, but still the Baron was only a captain when he left the Prussian army. Captain von Steuben might serve as a useful officer on Washington's staff, but this was not enough. This would make no appeal to the imagination of the Continental Congress and the army. To use a modern phrase, something must be done that would *sell* the Baron to the American people. If the Baron were only a general instead of a captain! If he could go to America as a distinguished soldier of high rank with a brilliant staff, his chances would be better. He would then be received as the honored guest of the American nation with an *éclat* and authority that would prepare the way for his reforms.

Then somebody in that little Parisian group had a stroke of genius. Like most strokes of genius it was very simple. If the success of the Baron's American embassy depended on his wearing a general's coat, the problem was purely sartorial. Any good military tailor could solve it. And this solution was adopted. Captain von Steuben remained in Europe and disappeared from history. His Excellency, Lieutenant General von Steuben picked up a military secretary and two aides-de-camp, procured brilliant uniforms for himself and his staff, and prepared to sail for America.

I have been unable to determine who first suggested that highly salutary prevarication. Steuben may have been the playwright as well as the leading actor in the play. Or perhaps Beaumarchais was the creative poet and indeed it was a dramatic

conception quite in keeping with the creator of *Figaro*. But if Beaumarchais did not invent the fiction he was a party to it. He financed the play and otherwise acted as *impresario*. Through his Hortalez & Company he provided sea transportation for his Excellency, the new Lieutenant General, and his staff.

St. Germain was undoubtedly a party to the intrigue. In his letter to Washington, Franklin says that his endorsement of Steuben is based upon the authority of St. Germain and Vergennes. St. Germain had known Steuben ever since his retirement from the Prussian army as a captain. He knew that the Baron was amply qualified to be a lieutenant general, but he also knew that he had never been one.

Franklin did his part in writing letters of introduction for the distinguished traveler. His letter to Washington follows:

Sir; —

The Gentleman who will have the Honour of waiting upon you with this letter is the Baron de Steuben, Lieutenant General in the King of Prussia's service, whom he attended in all his Campaigns, being his Aide-de-Camp, Quartermaster General, etc. He goes to America with a true Zeal for our Cause, and a View of engaging in it and rendering it all the Service in his power. He is recommended to us by two of the best Judges of Military Merit in this country, M. de Vergennes and M. de St. Germain, who have long been personally acquainted with him, and interest themselves in promoting his Voyage from the full Persuasion that the Knowledge and Experience he has acquired by 20 Years' Study and Practice in the Prussian School may be of great Use in our Armies. I, therefore, cannot but recommend him warmly to your Excellency, wishing that our Service may be made agreeable to him.

And how about Benjamin Franklin when he wrote that letter? When

he presented Steuben to Washington as a Prussian lieutenant general was he a party to the pious fraud or only a dupe? Hardly the latter. He who asserts that Benjamin was ever a dupe has the burden of proof against him. And in this case the presumption is reënforced by documentary evidence. The unpublished Franklin Papers in Philadelphia reveal that the Doctor had been corresponding about Steuben with an old friend in Germany for four months before he wrote that letter to Washington. When Franklin wrote it he must have known that the Baron was not a lieutenant general in the service of the King of Prussia or any one else.

Indeed there is good reason to believe that the important phrase "in the King of Prussia's Service" originated with Franklin. In later years, when the Baron referred to his lieutenant generalcy, he had the modesty to claim it under a commission from one of the minor agencies of the Holy Roman Empire. On this point, however, his memory was never very accurate. Sometimes he would say that he had been a lieutenant general in Baden. At other times he would say that he had held that rank in the Circle of Suabia. It is hardly likely that he could have represented himself to Franklin as an officer of high rank in the Prussian service. With a Prussian minister resident in Paris such a fiction must have met with speedy exposure. And such a representation from St. Germain or Vergennes would have been even more absurd. Franklin was undoubtedly informed that the Baron had served in the Prussian army during the Seven Years War. He was probably also informed that

the Baron had attained the rank of lieutenant general later. It is therefore possible that the Doctor, with his limited knowledge of military affairs, might have got the two stories mixed. Or perhaps he realized that his letter to Washington was really advertising copy. The Doctor had had considerable experience and success in that species of literature; he fully appreciated the merits of simplicity and emphasis. And if he was going to sell a fictitious lieutenant general to his countrymen for the good of their country, why not sell one with an unexceptionable trade mark? A commission from Frederick the Great would mean something to every intelligent man in America; a commission from the Margrave of Baden would be a drug on the market. The fact that the Doctor's reference to Prussia was not precisely accurate was indeed revealed shortly after the Baron's arrival at Valley Forge, but not until after he had been accepted by the Continental army as the right hand man of Frederick the Great.

FRANKLIN's colleague, Silas Deane, wrote the following interesting letter to Robert Morris:

The bearer, Monsieur Le Baron de Steuben, Lieutenant General in the Prussian Army, has seen more than Twenty Years Service under the King of Prussia, part of which he served as Quarter Master General, and aide de Camp to the King. The General peace in Europe and his design of distinguishing himself in the American Cause induce him to make tenders of his Service to the Congress. He has letters of Recommendation from Prince Henry of Prussia as well as other great Personages and is warmly recommended by the Ministry here who are acquainted with his Person as well as Character.

He came to Paris about two months since, with the desire of embarking immediately, but no opportunity offering, and being advised to Suspend his Resolution for a short time, he returned to Germany, and on being applied to by some of our friends here, he made a Second Journey to Paris. But not certain of pursuing his voyage, he left behind him the Certificates of his Services which he had with him on his first Journey to Paris. I mention this, as he had proposed to send for them but I advised him not to delay his setting out on that account for that having seen them, and also the recommendation of the Minister here, I thought it would be only the Loss of time. I take the Liberty of recommending him immediately to you, to be introduced to the Congress, and to Gen^l. Washington from whom, I doubt not, his abilities and Long Experience and his Zeal for the American Cause, will meet with the attention and respect which they merit. Make my compliments to all Friends, and be assured I am with the most Sincere Esteem and friendship, Dear Sir, etc.

Deane's letter merits careful consideration. It will be noted that he anticipated any Congressional inquiry as to why the Baron did not take his military commissions and other records of service to America with him. If any querulous member should ask for documents he would, perforce, be satisfied by Deane's letter. He would be gratified to learn that the credentials had been examined and accepted as authentic by at least one of the American commissioners in Paris. Such a reader might also naturally infer that Silas had seen documentary proof of the Baron's Prussian commission as lieutenant general. Deane frankly announced him as such, and no doubt such an exalted dignity would be mentioned in the letter of recommendation from Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of Frederick the Great. On the whole we must concede that Silas fairly shares the

honors with Benjamin, and Beaumarchais and St. Germain and the Baron himself as a gifted member of a very effective sales syndicate.

Deane's letter to Robert Morris also throws light on the financial aspects of Steuben's pilgrimage. In a postscript he says:

I mention the expence of his journey as a favor done us by our zealous and constant Friends, Messrs. Rodrigue Hortalez & Co. who will write you in his Behalf and give him a Letter for Fifty Louis which you will, I doubt not, duly honor.

ON THE 26th of September, 1777, his Excellency, the new Lieutenant General, and his staff sailed from Marseilles for America. The party was personally conducted by Beaumarchais's nephew, M. de Francy. Their ship, *l'Heureuse*, of the French navy, had been loaned to Hortalez & Company by his most Christian Majesty's Government. For this voyage she masqueraded as a merchantman under the name, *Le Flamand*. She bore a valuable cargo of arms and military stores for the American customers of Hortalez & Company. After a stormy and dangerous voyage, she succeeded in evading the English cruisers and landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on December first.

The Baron was received by the American commander at Portsmouth as became his high military rank. While there he wrote to Washington and to the Continental Congress, transmitting his letters of introduction and expressing his desire to serve a campaign with the American army as a volunteer. A few days later he proceeded overland to Boston where he awaited replies to his letters. During his sojourn in Boston

he was entertained by Governor John Hancock as a distinguished foreigner entitled to the courtesy of the nation. In due time he and his suite were provided with saddle horses and wagons at public expense and set out across country for York, Pennsylvania, then the seat of the Continental Congress. His journey was heralded through the press. At Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Fishkill and Bethlehem he was received as became one of the trusted generals of Frederick the Great. At Manheim, he was received by Robert Morris, who had already been prepared for his reception by letters from Franklin and Deane and Beaumarchais.

On the 5th of February the Baron arrived at York. Thanks to Franklin his coming had been well advertised, and he was received with high honors by John Laurens, the President of Congress. The next day a committee of Congress waited upon his Excellency to ascertain his wishes. The Baron was aware of the jealous public attitude toward foreign officers, and therefore relieved the committee of all embarrassment. He said that he came solely as an officer of high rank desiring to serve a campaign under General Washington as a volunteer. He sought no rank or commission in the American service, nor did he seek any pay. He only asked that his actual expenses while with the army be paid, as was customary under such circumstances in Europe. Then he completely captivated the committee by making a proposition in which he staked his future fortunes upon the success of the American cause. If his services should lead to the eventual inde-

pendence of the Colonies, he would expect them to reimburse him for his sacrifices in leaving Europe and to give him such reward as they should consider fitting. But if the American cause should fail, or if he should not further its success, he would make no claim whatever. This sporting proposition made a powerful appeal to the committee and to the Congress. A few days later his "disinterested services," to use the phraseology adopted by Congress, were accepted and his Excellency, Lieutenant General Baron von Steuben, was directed to repair to General Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

There he was received by the Commander-in-Chief as became his distinguished rank. A few days later Washington wrote to the President of Congress:

Baron Steuben has arrived at Camp. He appears to be much of a gentleman, and as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge, and acquainted with the world.

The condition of the Continental army that winter at Valley Forge is well known. It was reduced in strength, its soldiers suffering from lack of food, clothing and everything else. It was disorganized and its morale was low. There was no uniform system of drill or discipline or supply or administration. As was most natural, the Commander-in-Chief sought the advice of his distinguished guest. The Baron made a thorough inspection of the whole command and proposed a practical first step toward reform. He suggested that an inspector general should be appointed, empowered to investigate all abuses and irregularities and to recommend reforms.

Washington accepted this advice and asked the Baron to assume the office temporarily.

Steuben now had his opportunity. But where should he begin? It was now well into the month of March and the campaign would open within a few weeks. There was no time for systematic reorganization. He must seize upon the most vital need and act at once. He decided to drill the army. Once under a uniform discipline its morale would rise and other reforms would follow. But there were no uniform drill regulations. Each colonel exercised his own preference. One preferred his smattering of the Prussian drill, another the French, another the English. There was no time to write new drill regulations and no effective central power to enforce them even if written. Then Steuben revealed that his genius was equal to his opportunity. He appealed to the power of example. He selected a few men from each regiment and formed a guard company of one hundred and twenty men for the Commander-in-Chief. He drilled this company himself. It became a spectacle for the whole army. Within a few weeks the little guard company became a model of skill and precision. Its rapid progress seemed miraculous. Then Steuben was able to extend his gospel to all of the regiments. Drill became the fashion. A new soldierly pride, the very spirit of victory, extended throughout the army. The Baron's military system was adopted, not by the Continental Congress, but by the rank and file of the Continental army.

And strange to say the Baron's very handicaps and defects became aids to his success. He could speak

little or no English and had to rely upon Captain Benjamin Walker and other young officers who had been detailed to assist him. When a drill exercise went wrong the Baron would lose his temper and swear in German and French. Then having exhausted his artillery of foreign oaths he would call one of his aides-de-camp to swear at the men in English for him. On one of these interesting occasions he cried out:

"Viens, Walker, mon ami, viens mon bon ami, sacré. God damn de gaucheries of dese badauds. Je ne puis plus, I can curse dem no more."

Those who know the spirit of the American soldier need not be told the result. The men felt no resentment at the Baron's profanity. It was sanctified by their sense of humor. They laughed at the sputtering red-faced general. Then they tried the exercise again — this time without error. Here was the final touch of comedy to make the whole play a success. The soldiers laughed at the Baron but it was the wholesome laughter of love. From those days at Valley Forge he became one of the most cherished figures in the affections of the Continental army.

By the end of April the Baron's success was assured. On the thirtieth of that month, Washington wrote to Congress recommending his permanent appointment as Inspector General. On the fifth of May he became a major general in the army of the United States. The more exalted rank of lieutenant general was now forgotten. It had served its purpose. Less than two months later Steuben's training system received its battle test on the field of Monmouth. There and thereafter throughout the

war, the Continental army proved itself, battalion for battalion, the equal in skill and discipline to the best British regulars. His was probably the greatest achievement in rapid military training in the history of the world.

AND what was the underlying secret of the Baron's success at Valley Forge? He had professional knowledge, skill, adaptability, tact and a magnetic and picturesque personality. But it was the glamor of his supposed high rank under Frederick the Great that gave him his opportunity. With all his gifts, Captain von Steuben could have made no impression upon the critical military situation in America. This is clearly revealed in a letter written at Valley Forge by Colonel Alexander Scammell, Washington's Adjutant General. In a letter to General Sullivan, Scammell wrote:

Baron Steuben sets us a truly noble example. He has undertaken the discipline of the army, and shows himself to be a perfect master of it, not only in the grand maneuvers, but in the most minute details. To see a gentleman, dignified with a lieutenant general's commission from the great Prussian monarch, condescend, with a grace peculiar to himself, to take under his direction a squad of ten or twelve men in the capacity of drill sergeant, commands the admiration of both officers and men, and causes them to improve exceedingly fast under his instruction.

What a blessing it was to the cause of American Independence that Benjamin Franklin was not hampered by a too meticulous accuracy when he wrote that fateful letter of introduction.

But if the Baron's fictitious rank

was a blessing to his adopted country, it has been far from a blessing to his biographers. When he came to America he came playing a part and he played it as the consummate actor that he was. But, unfortunately, he was committed to the rôle for the rest of his life. He owed that to his fellow conspirators. He came to us in the pose of an exalted foreign visitor of high rank and he could never afterwards descend from that rôle. For the rest of his life when he referred to his European past he referred to the fictitious past that was made for him in Paris. He talked it and wrote it so much and for so many years that finally he began to believe it himself. So, in his later years when he wrote an occasional autobiographic sketch, he gave the history of the fictitious lieutenant general who made a leisurely pleasure journey to Paris in the summer of 1777. He does not profess to give the history of the impecunious retired captain who went to Paris that same summer in quest of a much needed job. There are a number of these autobiographic sketches in the Steuben Manuscripts in the Library of the New York Historical Society. They were discovered there by a distinguished biographer in 1857 and 1858. As usual, the biographer was delighted to find autobiographic material. He therefore gratefully accepted it and wove it into his book. Since then it has found its way into all of the encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries in Europe and America, with the result that the accepted version of Steuben's pre-American history is largely a myth.

Two important aspects of economic stabilization

The Rule of Gold

BY H. P. LOSELY

*A plan to increase our monetary gold supply and thereby restore
and maintain an equitable price level*

THE problem here considered is the relation of gold to fluctuations in the volume of business and the connection between our method of measuring values and the periodical disturbances euphemistically described as the business cycle.

This problem might be studied from the point of view of developing indices to aid the wise in escaping disaster, or it might be studied from the point of view of redesigning our monetary machine to bring out a "new model." The writer prefers the latter as more in keeping with the spirit of progress and pursuit of enlightenment.

We have made miraculous advances along technical lines by disregarding tradition and placing precedents in their proper place as starting points only, modifying design as rapidly as new variants are discovered, never accepting the existing order as final. In the early history of the steam engine, excessive speed not infrequently caused the flywheel to explode and wreck all in its path —

now we have sensitive governors on our steam turbines which hold speed to such unvarying precision that we make them operate our timepieces by wire and eliminate pendulum clocks. This is a new plea for redesigning our monetary system, with a sketch of one possible method which so far seems to have escaped the many economists who have studied the problem of money.

Change only for the sake of change is mere intellectual vanity, but change to raise the community standard of living and security is after all the mainspring of civilization. In a self-contained community living under simple conditions of great stability, with small groups largely independent of money, there is little or no upset caused by changes in levels of commodity prices. So we find, for instance, Stuart Chase struck by the non-existence of unemployment in Mexican rural districts. But even Chase suggests that living conditions there would be ameliorated by modern sanitation systems.

However, as soon as we start to install devices which require large capital expenditures, we forthwith leave simple conditions behind. We start on the path of spreading the cost over long periods and inaugurate amortization charges. It seems to me a serious error of "design" to continue the use of money according to rules which work quite well for facilitating barter. We must take thought of the implications incurred as soon as we commence the business of long-time future contracts and obligations and we require flexibility to accommodate large-scale changes. Even if we were to operate without credit, the problem would still exist; the question of accumulation and proper time to buy would be quite as acute.

To avoid misunderstanding of terms, let us have a few definitions:

(1) Value is the measure of the desirability of all forms of wealth and might be mathematically expressed as a scale of algebraic quantities.

(2) Prices are translations of algebraic quantities of value into relatives to the value of the legally established medium, gold. One dollar is 23.22 grains of gold, certified and coined by the Government, and nothing more than that.

(3) Money consists of coins of various denominations and specified metal content, and paper tokens issued to represent them, but only issued in quantities which can be redeemed for metal within the time limits imposed by commercial transactions.

There may be some question as to the acceptance of these definitions, but if we are agreed that a sound

money system, free from a fiat character, is the prime requisite on which to build with confidence, they must substantially furnish our foundation. It is only by using money which has intrinsic value that we can build up a monetary system which will be accepted automatically. Thus, as long as gold retains its desirability, every one is willing to accept standardized gold coins (or paper convertible without loss to gold) in exchange for services or for other commodities.

Money, of course, proved itself a marvelous convenience for facilitating barter. But as business has gradually changed from barter and trade on the spot to the organization of capital for use over long periods, we have continued to use the same medium, gold, without generally recognizing the effects of using this unregulated medium.

We have in Washington a Bureau of Standards which meticulously provides means of establishing gauges against which we can measure weights, dimensions and even physical properties of the goods we contract to deliver or to purchase, but we fail to consider the equitable definition of the other side of the contract. We do provide a standard of payment but not of stable value; this lack is a major fault of our social organization.

We have, it is true, determined a standard coinage, and the Government turns out pieces of metal certified as to gold content (or equivalent) and which it jealously guards against fraudulent substitution or debasement. But we have not provided that our dollar will be equally valuable next year as this. It is this lack in our monetary system which is the

cause of the major acute upsets in our economic life. The problem of dealing with the chronic malady caused by faulty distribution of the profits of our machine civilization is of quite different nature, but can be readily solved if there is a stable base for prices.

THE result of the fluctuating base of value on which we rest our monetary system is that every contract involving future delivery or payment becomes a speculation on the gold market. To a great extent the risk can be eliminated by a hedging process, and in practice this procedure is largely attempted. The manufacturer who books an order today can immediately contract for the requisite material and can often conclude an agreement with his employes on wage rates to be paid. If there were never failures in the chain, it might be feasible to work satisfactorily under such a system. Unfortunately, the consequences of the existing fluctuations are that certain elements fail to complete their part of the bargain; in times of stress these failures become cumulative and after the mistaken speculator is wiped out, the most prudent and honest find themselves holding the bag.

If the gold market is weakening and price levels are rising, there is a continual accumulation of profits due to the shrinkage in our measure of values. These profits are, however, vicarious and not the result of sagacious business enterprise, but when added to normally earned profits generate an appearance of exuberant prosperity. Profits then remain largely on paper and finance a rush

into business ventures of all descriptions. The most injurious effect of this boom psychology is that assets are gradually converted from a liquid, tangible, convertible condition into assets of a fixed inconvertible nature or even dissipated on intangibles. The process continues until such time as it is apparent that profits are not materializing in the anticipated degree and eventually there comes a simultaneous rush to escape the consequences of ill-advised investment and of contractual obligations by converting assets into gold. This desire does not spring from a miser's instinct, but because prices now fall and the owner of capital goods stands to gain more by hoarding gold than by any other use of his capital.

When in our undisciplined freedom every one tries to convert assets to gold, and there are only ten billions of dollars available in the entire world for money (five dollars per capita) there naturally ensues a complete demoralization, which is only cured when men learn the meaning of the tale of Midas, that gold has certain attractive properties but will not support life.

Now one of the causes for these fluctuations in the gold market is the rather inflexible nature of gold mining. The total production in the world is only about twenty million ounces annually, which with a population of not quite two billion means about twenty cents per capita per annum. It is impossible suddenly to expand or contract this amount to order as long as gold mining is a free industry, but we may have comparatively sudden involuntary fluctuations due to new discoveries or to

failure of old mines. Obviously, when people all over the world are suddenly possessed with an urge to convert their factories (or shares therein) and machinery and homes into gold, the imposition of such a demand on an inflexible source of supply creates an impossible situation. Herein lies the reason why a bear market begins with a short drastic drop, compared with the protracted start of a bull market.

The fundamental error seems to me to lie in our having assumed two incompatible conditions. We have chosen to use gold as our standard, and have chosen to leave the entire operation of the gold market free and unregulated; we might just as reasonably make our standard yardstick out of a piece of suspender elastic. To measure values we are now using a definite quantity of a commodity of varying value. The problem has been attacked from the angle of varying the quantity (Fisher's compensated dollar), but I believe that in the last analysis this method will fall before the objection that it interferes with the accumulation of a reserve of hard money and it has ethically somewhat the appearance of trying to make two wrongs make a right. I believe we can find better results by an effort to stabilize substantially the value of the metals used.

IN VIEW of the immense importance of the gold supply to our economic well-being, and the relatively small per capita amounts involved, the entire gold-mining industry should be converted into some form of regulated monopoly. An international syndicate has been suggested

(R. A. Lehfeldt), but under present conditions it seems preferable to search for a method independent of international action, which at least will give us control within our own boundaries. Any comparison of such operations with other efforts at governmental control of individual commodity prices would hardly be proper, since all previous attempts have left out of consideration the basis of prices.

Let us, however, consider the origin of the value of gold. In addition to its natural scarcity, the metal has certain very attractive qualities peculiar to itself, and as a result of these qualities and the present cost of obtaining supplies, about one-quarter to one-half of the world's gold production is used for consumers' goods (ornament, display, jewelry, industrial arts, protective coatings, dentistry, etc.) It is primarily this use which gives gold its value, and it is only because of this value that the automatic acceptance of gold coin has come about.

Until now, we have in general left this interplay of commercial use and monetary use to take its own course without any attempt to control it. I believe we shall find that by influencing and controlling this distribution we can regulate the value of gold in our own country and thus find means to substantially eliminate the cause of large fluctuations in price levels. To demonstrate the theory by extreme possibility, let us suppose a confiscatory tax on the use of gold in the arts, particularly on use for the display of wealth. Such a tax might be a license fee to wear gold jewelry, supplemented by a tax on the manufacturer. Such a tax

would, of course, increase the display value of gold, but this value would be confiscated by the Government. The result of such a tax and license would be twofold; first, a large amount of gold jewelry would be turned into bullion, and second, industry would quickly develop substitutes for gold. The amount of gold used for purposes other than coinage would thus be decimated, and with the added supply of reclaimed gold, the repercussion on the value of gold would be such that all incentive to hoarding would be removed. Lest this be considered too far-fetched, it may be remembered that in Germany during the War, practically all gold ornament was "withdrawn from circulation" and converted into bullion for trading purposes.

In actual practice it would be neither necessary nor advisable to go to such extreme measures. An adjustable and classified tax up to 200 per cent on gold use in the arts, and possibly also export of bullion, would probably be sufficient to maintain commodity prices at any level deemed practically desirable, although long-time prediction is hardly possible because of the uncertainty of mining. Incidentally, such a tax would be smaller in proportion and total value than that now imposed on cigarettes, which in some cases is 300 per cent of the cost of manufacture.

There was a proposal for an excise tax on gold under consideration in 1918, but the error was made at that time of suggesting the use of the proceeds as a bonus to gold miners, and this, of course, is not desirable.

The position here taken is that as long as gold is used as the measure of

value, and consequently as the medium for fulfilling contracts (including over a hundred billions of life insurance!) then the administration of justice lays upon the Government the burden of maintaining a stable value of gold, and from this point of view measures should be taken which might not receive consideration for other commodities. The procedure suggested is that the Government continue the "free" coinage of gold, that is accept any amount of gold bullion tendered and issue therefor one gold dollar per 23.22 grains tendered, deducting, however, brassage charges to cover minting expenses. The gold mined within the borders of the country would then tend (under the proposed conditions) all to be turned into coinage by the miners and from them flow into commercial channels. Gold required by the Government for its own use would be obtained from customs revenue, placing on the body of importers the onus of obtaining it. The regulation of the tax rates for use of gold in arts would be assigned to the Treasury Department, which would license gold-fabricating establishments in a manner similar to that used for tobacco factories. Simultaneously with the stamping of the finished article to certify its gold content, a revenue tag would be attached to show payment of the tax, and all sales without such tag would be illegal and the object subject to confiscation. The rate of tax would be adjusted each month according to the commodity index of the Department of Labor, raising the tax when the index is lower than the determined figure and lowering it when the index is higher.

Inasmuch as a commodity price level at least fifty per cent over present quotations would be desirable, and with the tendency for gold to become scarcer and commodities to be produced more cheaply, the rate of tax presumably would always be a mathematically positive quantity. The tax rate would virtually become a sluice-gate regulated to divert first whatever amount is necessary for currency to that use, and then and only then allow the remainder to be used in the arts.

In estimating the possibilities of such a taxation plan it is to be noted that the non-monetary consumption of gold in the United States in the last decade has been at the rate of \$60,000,000 annually (variations have been substantially within ten per cent of this figure) whereas our own gold production, while above the world per capita rate, is now about \$40,000,000 annually. Expert opinion is that this latter rate will be maintained for some time to come, without expectation of appreciable increase. Because of new sources of platinum already surveyed and additional discoveries under way, a price on platinum of \$25 an ounce is

not an impossibility, but even at \$40 an ounce, a 200 per cent tax on gold would greatly encourage the substitution of the latter by platinum.

Regulation of this description would at once stop hoarding by informed people, since the incentive to hoard—hope of capital gains—would be removed by increasing and then stabilizing commodity prices.

In case of inadequate production for currency alone, recourse might be had to Government operation of otherwise unworkable mines, using convict labor, but once the value of gold is brought under control the requisitions for currency would tend to shrink and the need for such a step would hardly arise.

With commodity prices reasonably stable, the expansion of productive capacity tends of itself to stay within sound requirements of new industry, normal growth and replacement of decay. With economic forces arraigned against wild expansion, stability for general business is attained and presents the picture of a pyramid on its base, instead of either delicately balanced on its apex in boom times, or flat on its side in a slump.

Steady Pay

BY HENRY J. TYNAN

A manufacturer's argument for insured jobs

RIGHT through the hard times, most of us who have not given up to despair have been watching the horizons—economic and political—for the emergence of

a new formula that should make any repetition of these tragic years improbable.

And yet, out of it all, business and finance have finally produced only

the weird dictum that nothing can be done about it. Our governmental authorities have made heroic efforts to help tide over the immediate emergency — without, however, initiating any constructive measures that might prevent a recurrence; while industrial and financial oracles, in interviews and editorials, have continued to allege that business cycles have behind them the force of natural law.

We are told that such cycles have always been, with booms and depressions alternating — and that they therefore always will be. And that we are not to become either excited or despairful. There will be casualties — many will go hungry — but these are merely the normal incidents of every recorded depression. Wait. Never fear. The bottommost point is always certain to be reached in due course, after which those who have survived will begin to work their way upward once more. And some day all will be well again — until the next cyclical period for idleness and suffering shall arrive.

A charming doctrine of periodic damnation — for all but those most securely entrenched. A doctrine, incidentally, that is most solemnly affirmed by the well entrenched, who are among our leaders. We must credit them with good minds, good faith, good intent; and they base their belief upon the record of the past. But when God gave out His great gifts of hope and imagination He seems to have passed them by.

It would seem to be a fair prophecy that the same types of men who have solved our problems of the past will not fail us now — that they will find ways to abolish most of the

suffering incident to depressions and to make depressions of disastrous proportions quite improbable. They are thinking and planning, hoping and praying and looking forward, firm in the belief that we have been created in full competence to overcome every last one of our social ills if and when we muster the will and the courage to get about it.

They feel that it is *not* necessary or normal that every so often men and women should be without work or wages — and wondering children hungry; that our civilization will never be anything to boast about while such a condition endures; and that something must and will be done about it.

It will require effort — and change. We can not strictly maintain the old order and at the same time establish a new and better order. The task — if we are to avoid upheavals such as have accompanied major changes in the past — is to plan so that the shuttle of our good purpose may lay its strong, new-made threads firmly within the splendid warp which we already possess as our foundation for a better social fabric.

There are employers and stockholders who would fight the change, as they would fight any plan that might conceivably affect their treasured prerogatives. They believe, rightly, that they are doing a service to workers by employing them — but fail to give due weight to the obvious fact that they could not operate at all without the great services which those workers render to them. And of course, as employment is in their view a one-sided favor, they can conceive of no rea-

sonable ground for protest when work and wages are summarily cut off.

But the more just-minded and far-seeing realize that there are many elements of unfairness and unreason in the way that business and industry are perforce conducted today; and that something very genuine and substantial *must* soon be done both to prevent further reckless business excesses and to bring security to the worker. And that the welfare and security of the worker are essentially the welfare and security of society at large.

Splendid efforts have been made by a small number of employers to place their workers on a plane of greater security — efforts such as those of Procter & Gamble, Dennison, Eastman, General Electric, and others — and with growing success; while other meritorious programmes are under way in several trades, as among the clothing workers of Chicago, and among small groups of employers in restricted areas, as in Rochester. The trend of each of these fine efforts is in the right direction — and several of them have advanced a long way toward the steady pay ideal; but they have necessarily been of a limited type and in each instance apply to a very limited circle of employes. Nor are any of them calculated, as steady pay would be, fully to maintain purchasing power — which would tremendously lessen the severity and duration of such depressions as might occur.

Furthermore, the efforts referred to may hardly be regarded otherwise than as special instances, with programmes which it would be impossible under existing conditions to

apply to any one unit in any industry in which hundreds and thousands of small and large concerns are using every last competitive device to come out on top. In the vast textile industry, as an instance, possibly not a single company is so placed that it could survive in competition if it attempted anything whatever in the way of employment guarantees.

Few who in recent years have had to fight merciless competition will deny that the ways of industry and business need drastic amendment. Business ethics are discoverable here and there — but only often enough to prove that they exist as something of a rarity. With many the law of the jungle prevails — or less law than that. Right and wrong have become rather irrelevant issues, and the only pertinent questions are: "Will it save us money?" "Will it make us a profit?" "Can we get away with it?" In short, any method goes that will bring in the dollars without bringing in the police. Decent competitors suffer, often are ruined. And of course employes suffer all around. For the primary way to put over these competitive adventures, or to fight them, is to cut off all the employes that it is possible to cut off, to load the work on those remaining and to cut wages.

As individuals we have freedom in our personal lives and conduct, yet know at all times that we may not run amuck without being brought summarily to task. Our freedom is freedom no less because it must have due regard for the safety of our fellows and the welfare of the community. But the business of profit-seeking has thus far refused to curb itself at all. It hurls itself into every opening

where gains may be seized — without regard for the security of employes, the fate of others in related business, or the public welfare. In brief, it has failed utterly to learn civilization's greatest lesson, that of voluntary restraint; and needs badly to have that lesson impressed upon it. And until this is accomplished there must be small hope of sound and permanent stabilization, as "business" of the sort described is certain to dismount and wreck any and every balance wheel that we may set in motion.

What seems to be urgently required is a new and basic conception or formula; a formula which is essentially fair socially and relatively simple of execution — and from which will flow naturally most of the needed betterments in business and industrial conduct that may never be brought about by complex laws and regulations.

A careful consideration of steady pay and its many implications suggests that it may answer the specifications — that it may constitute in itself a formula which, put into general effect, would lead to just those far reaching results; and that, while it would need effective sponsorship and the support of other constructive measures, it would lay a sound basis for sane economic up-building. Moreover, it would call for no paid army of enforcing agents. Our millions of benefited workers would constitute that army.

BUT before considering the general and collateral effects of steady pay let us regard it in its more simple aspects. As a measure for general application it would seem to

be a great innovation — but in fact it is novel only in that it proposes a wide extension of a method quite ancient. An early instance of it was on the old-time farm. The farmer had his two or three helpers who worked with him through the sowing and the harvest — and who lived on with him through the winter. There was little for them to do in winter — but what of that? They of course could not be turned away, for they were integral parts of the enterprise.

That is an old-time instance. But today, in certain kinds of endeavor, the steady pay conception has grown to be regarded as the only just basis of employment — and is in full force. Instances — teachers, policemen, firemen and the whole vast host of municipal, State, and Federal employes. The current depression has not affected their compensation. There has not been a minute when they were not on the payroll at full rates, with no lost time; and they have not had to face the possibility of losing their jobs. Result — they have had no cause to be gripped by the fear complex and have gone on buying as usual in accordance with their normal requirements. And had our whole working population been circumstanced in somewhat the same way it is reasonable to assume that the great depression would have been relatively unimportant in the United States.

To be sure, it may be said that all of these men and women who are receiving steady pay are employes of the community — and therefore entitled to better treatment than the men and women of industry and business. That is a more or less traditional way of accounting for or ex-

cusing the disparity — a way that has been fostered by the classes which benefit — a way acquiesced in by politicians and legislators, because of the unity and actively exerted influence of those classes. Excepting only the teachers, such employes are drawn from the ranks of the politically inclined and so have been able to secure betterments for themselves by political methods.

But it would seem rather difficult to find logical reasons why the worker in industry or business should be denied the security that is granted as a matter of course to those in the public employ. In the last analysis the weaver or mechanic is working for the community in just as full measure as are these others — and in many instances working through longer and more strenuous hours.

Moreover, there would seem to be in these contrasting conditions a curious anomaly. Basically, the workers of business and industry are the taxpayers. Their labor, guided by management that is working beside them, produces the wealth and property from which taxes arise. So that the workers, as the basic source of taxes, are in full truth the employers of all of these others who are so freely accorded the advantages of steady pay. Yet they themselves have it not — and sometimes walk the streets with empty pockets while their employes — the policemen, officeholders and the rest — go serenely on in full security.

But steady pay also applies today to another class possibly far more numerous than are the employes of the community. These are the key workers in business and industry. Every considerable enterprise has

them. They are integral parts of such enterprises — technical men, managers, superintendents, foremen, engineers, secretaries, chief clerks, etc. Could they be tallied up, their numbers would be very impressive indeed. Work or play, sick or well, boom times or otherwise, these men and women are on the payroll for full time; and, like steady pay workers in the public employ, their compensation is not greatly affected by depressions (excepting only when employing companies fail or liquidate, which circumstance would be provided for under a general and fully organized steady pay programme). In some instances the extraordinary depression of 1929-32 has necessitated reductions in the pay rates of these key people — but regularity of pay has continued. And, again as with steady pay workers in the public employ, their confidence and continued purchasing has helped to prevent this depression from being as disastrous as it might have been.

In a highly competitive manufacturing business with which the writer chances to be familiar, there are a number of such men. They have served the company for periods of from ten to forty years — in some instances through a number of severe depressions — and not one of them has ever lost one day's pay. That is merely one specific and authentic instance. The same rule applies to thousands of enterprises in every quarter of the land. A well managed business, employing any considerable number of workers, would hardly consider attempting to do without such a nucleus of dependable people — always at hand, al-

ways ready, and always secure in steady pay. Those who pay it find their steady pay people their most reliable and devoted helpers — while those who receive it have a security and contentment never known to workers whose compensation is apt to be cut down or cut off as business activity recedes.

IF THIS same steady pay were systematically and generally accorded to all faithful workers it would seem that our employment problem — and many of its accompanying economic troubles — would be far on the way toward elimination. There would still inevitably remain a small floating class, for no programme can ever make individuals over or prevent our always having with us many who have not as yet found their right places in the working world. Some — incompetent, inept, or unwilling — might never come within the benefits of the system. But the obvious attractions of steady pay jobs might work wonders in causing unsettled people to make better and more constant efforts. Also, there would have to be a reasonable period of trial or probation for each new employe — so that steadiness, good faith and ability for the job could be demonstrated before the employing company accepted the obligations entailed in registering the candidate as a steady pay worker.

But once so registered that employe would become, subject only to certain reasonable and mutually acceptable conditions, a steady earner of wages, good times or bad, and would carry this established status with him if and when he changed employers. Having a dependable

income, he would be a constant and dependable purchaser of the products of industry; and, as the vast majority of all workers would soon be on the steady pay lists, a sustained buying power would be built up that would be very nearly depression-proof. Something close to ninety per cent of our manufactured products are consumed within our own borders; and the prime essential of any American economic plan is to enable our people to take that ninety per cent at all times — and not in boom times only. This end can be attained through maintaining continuity of worker buying power — and not in any other way.

Very possibly there would be need of wage adjustment in certain instances, especially where rates are now very high in recognition of the intermittent nature of the particular employment — but for the most part nothing of the sort need occur because of steady pay. It would therefore raise producing costs and prices, at least until there was complete adjustment to the new condition. It would thus cost the public money — which money the same public would quickly retrieve through payrolls to millions of employes who would for the first time have security and who would therefore spend without fear. Money would circulate faster and with greater regularity — and it is conceivable that the net cost might be nil. And, as interest at low rates on reserves for steady pay should more than provide for all administration expense, we could look forward to complete stabilization of employe income and buying power without any real eventual cost to the community.

It may be argued that the reserves necessary for such a system would be so tremendous that their accumulation would be unthinkable. But this contention loses sight of the fact that there would seldom be much idle time to pay for. Employers would have a new and powerful incentive to prevent idleness, for there would be a big advantage in so doing. Payments by an employer would begin at a maximum and decrease on a prearranged schedule as his steady pay fund approached an agreed safety point. Such payments, moreover, would cease when the fund reached a certain maximum; and would not have to be resumed unless and until heavily drawn upon. So that the employer who was successful in keeping his people regularly employed would find a deserved profit or advantage in so doing. Strenuous efforts would be made to do away with seasonal unemployment instead of accepting it as inevitable. There would be combinations of complementary jobs and industries. Men who built automobiles in the busy season of that trade would construct electric refrigerators or other equipment when demand for motor cars slackened. Where no such combinations could be satisfactorily effected, ways would be found to prorate production over the twelve months instead of permitting it to be crowded into six or eight months. Factories would be renovated to keep people working. In short, a large part of the effort of management would be to maintain regularity of employment. Suitably powered trade associations would call a halt on production when accumulating stocks in any line

threatened trouble. And above all, temporary idleness, when it did occur, would no longer mean a diminution of purchasing. With full security in unimpaired incomes, workers would spend confidently, stocks would be rapidly reduced in consequence of this buying, and it would quickly be found necessary to call all workers back to their places once more.

Our increased production costs might and probably would, at least temporarily, open the way to increased imports of manufactured goods from countries in which wages are low and working hours long — which would necessitate safeguards in the form of such customs tariffs as might be equitable and adequate offsets; and it is also conceivable that our exports of manufactured goods might be temporarily and adversely affected. But, if costly periodical depressions were virtually eliminated through steady pay and auxiliary measures, it is more than probable that our net producing costs over a term of years would be reduced rather than increased — and that no permanent lessening of our exports would occur.

BUT to proceed with other aspects of steady pay. Its first and greatest effect, as already noted, would lie in the security and confidence which it would give to all classes of our citizens — and especially to workers in industry and business. But an outcome that would perhaps be as important would be the consequent development in industry and business of that sense of social responsibility which they now, as a whole, so sadly lack.

Let us consider, for instance, the matter of overproduction — which seems to be the forerunner of every collapse. It is becoming a fashion and a habit to blame this overproduction on invention and technical advances, in other words, upon "the machine age." Labor-saving machinery, it is held, accomplishes such wonders that markets are glutted with goods while men and women are needed in diminishing numbers and unemployment spreads.

But a careful check-up would reveal that such machinery, of itself, is not responsible — or at least not responsible either to the degree alleged or over any considerable period. It must be remembered that, while improved machines have made consumers' goods cheaper and better and in greater variety, two great offsets have been continuously developing to what would otherwise indeed have been a tremendous and disastrous labor surplus. One of these has been the vastly increasing desire of the average human being for the products which labor and machinery jointly put forth — and his much enlarged ability, because of higher earnings, to purchase them; while the second great offset is the constantly decreasing number of labor hours per person which are available. The shortening of the work day and the work week have irregularly but persistently followed machine development; and a question might well be raised as to whether the reduction of working hours would not of itself have offset rather closely the employment effects of new machine efficiency — if industry and business had not persistently and recurrently destroyed the balance by their un-

governed excesses. Shorter working hours would surely have gone at least a long way toward restoring an employment equilibrium. Seventy-five years ago the twelve-hour factory day and the seventy-two-hour factory week were the common rule — whereas we now have the forty-four-hour work week in some sections and trades, with the forty-hour work week quite obviously at hand.

The major cause of overproduction would seem to lie in the irresponsible profit mania referred to earlier as the chief bane in every line of effort. This results in the recurring overexpansion of facilities, in night and day operation without any basis of technical necessity, and in the glutting of markets. Even when this glutting has become wholly obvious, operators try, by cutting wages and otherwise reducing costs, to continue selling and making profits — thus aggravating the condition and incidentally causing larger losses to others who have goods on hand that were produced on a higher cost basis. Industries in which there has been no very important machinery improvement in years are among those which periodically suffer most keenly from overproduction — resulting solely from the irresponsible overexpansion and overoperation of facilities.

And in business that is not of the producing type very much the same condition exists. Too many people rush recklessly into any and every line which for the moment seems to be profitable — while units already operating double and triple their activities. The inevitable results are the vanishing of profits for all or nearly all, the failure of many

enterprises, and the loss of thousands of jobs which credulous workers believed were permanent.

In all of which reckless and ill-guided proceedings steady pay would serve as a restraining influence of the first importance. To rush into an industry or business, or to double one's facilities or working forces in that industry or business, may be an alluring gamble when profits are current — and when it is only a question of whether the profits can be garnered before the line is overdone and collapse ensues. In such a venture one does not *now* have to think at all of what will be best in the long view for the industry or business — or for the community; and least of all need one consider what may become of unneeded employes when the new facilities become idle — or the business fails.

But with steady pay all ventures and expansions would call for greater forethought. Without considering at this time the powers and influence of the responsible trade associations which would be important factors in the steady pay programme, it will be seen readily that steady pay in itself would exercise a great restraining influence. The plunger or expansionist would have to face the solid and immovable fact that, in employing workers for his enterprise, he would be assuming something akin to a permanent responsibility from which escape would be at least very difficult — and evasion of which would disqualify him for any further career as an employer unless and until he fully discharged his liability to employes under the steady pay regulations. He would be required at the outset to make a very considerable

deposit in a steady pay fund as a part of his capital investment; and would thereafter have to conform to the prescribed steady pay system so that his employes, if the enterprise turned out badly, would not be thrown out of employment without full protection. The prospect would give pause, would suggest and inspire reasonable conservatism — so that projects finally entered upon would be better conceived and quite usually warranted by the long term outlook.

There are few lines which do not suffer from an unreasoning influx of new contenders for profits. In some sections of business and industry this influx is practically continuous, the number of newcomers being largely responsible for an equally constant succession of business terminations through liquidation or failure; while in other lines the inrush of new contenders is sporadic, occurring at times when these lines are prosperous or seemingly so — and vastly emphasizing the desolation when the inevitable happens. Newcomers from employe ranks commonly believe that by "starting for themselves" they are finding an avenue of escape from job uncertainty and hard work — and just as commonly find that they have plunged into uncertainties and labors such as they have not before known. Many succeed — and would succeed in even larger measure under a steady pay system; but for the great majority the only gain is in experience. For of these newcomers many are deficient in knowledge or ability or capital. They are all too frequently driven to desperate measures in their efforts to pull through — usually scoring no enduring bene-

fit to themselves, but bringing about the impoverishment and often the failure of others. The records of business mortality, with its tremendous and persistent economic losses, are such as to call into question the very sanity of our present methods of business procedure. In one rather easily entered business line the mortality amounts to thirty per cent yearly!

Under steady pay the greater responsibilities incurred would lessen the number of reckless plunges — but also the proposed system would work very strongly in another way toward the same end. The lot of the employe would be so much better and more secure that one of the chief incentives for economically uncalled for business ventures would be removed. The man holding a good job, with little chance of losing it and with steady pay assured, would hesitate much longer than he now does before risking his job, *and his savings and credit*, in any enterprise for which the need was not clearly defined and his own qualifications wholly beyond question.

So that, when the handicaps born of past expansive excesses had been

overcome by shortened work time for the individual and by growing normal consumption, industry and business would assume new sanity and stability; and, with the likelihood of further overexpansion greatly lessened, there would come the development and perfecting of that wholesome and voluntary restraint that is the very essence of all that our economic situation requires.

(It has been possible in this article to present the idea of steady pay in only a few of its major aspects and applications; but it may be said that the funds accumulated for the powering of the programme — chiefly through regular deposit, on prescribed schedules, of certain small percentages of all payrolls — could be made to cover such desirable objectives as payments to be made upon honorable discharge, upon retirement and as old age pensions. The organization for the accumulation, care, and administration of the funds — both those pertaining to individual enterprises and those designed for more general application — could be established on a rather simple basis making full use of existing banking facilities.)





THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



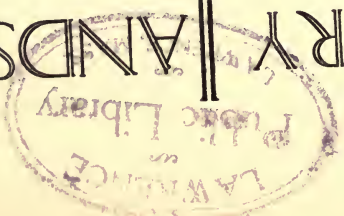
AND still they pour from the presses, these books designed to show us a way out of the depression; to prophesy the downfall of Capitalism or to assure us of its stability; to urge international coöperation and to insist that intense nationalism is the only salvation for the world; to lift the hair from our heads with frightful predictions, and to calm our spirits with the assurance that Science, or Mr. Hoover, or Baha, will soon have everything straightened out and the whole world happy and contented. One wonders if preceding depressions called forth so much writing, with the feeling that they almost certainly did, since there has never been any lack of people willing to suggest plans for the conduct of the world's affairs; one wonders, too, if any book written in a preceding depression had the slightest effect, or hastened the return of prosperity by so much as one quarter of an hour. This is rank pessimism and cynicism, to be sure, complete distrust in the "best minds" who are so willing to save us, so eager to supply us with economic security, and to set our feet firmly on smooth highways — with no corners.



IT IS, as a matter of fact, too rankly cynical, for books have changed the course of history more than once, and there is always a chance that they may do it again. More than one of the many volumes available is soundly constructive; more than one plan has

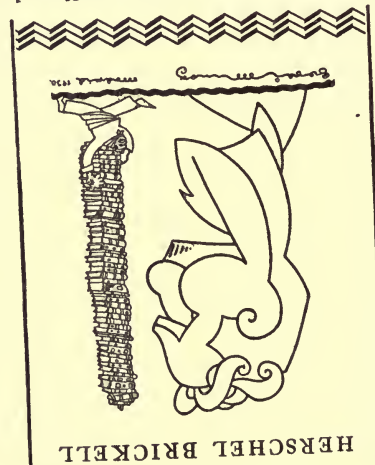
been offered that, if put into effect, might go a good way toward helping man to the mastery of the new set of forces that have worked so much injury by being allowed to run loose in the world. Before we are through we may have a go at the wage-maintenance plan, which Henry Ford first popularized and which the economists do not seem to be able to let alone. This is natural, since it is obvious that we are not really suffering from overproduction at present, but from underconsumption, caused by a reduction of purchasing power. Keep wages high and hours short, say these prophets, and consumption will be maintained. All of which sounds perfectly logical, although it is not nearly that simple, and the Landscaper for one is suspicious of the scheme for no other reason than that it seems to call for a wholesale speeding up of life, for the increasing of people's wants by dishonest ad-

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whole-hearted, but who preferred to approach him as a noble member of the human race rather than as a demi-god. Both as a portrait of Lee and as a study of the period, with especial emphasis upon the great military campaigns, Dr. Brooks's book deserves hearty commendation. Edmund Ruffin was a more typical Southerner than Lee, perhaps, although the Old South offered a very wide variety of types. But Ruffin was a hot-headed nationalist, a man who believed in the institution of slavery, and who knew the South had established a civilization that was worth saving at any cost. He was a religious skeptic, as were many of his fellows; probably this was a holdover from the Eighteenth Century influences, and more particularly from the close contact with the classics. At any rate, many *ante bellum* Southern planters were anything else but Fundamentalists, and loved nothing better than to bait the ministers who so often enjoyed their hospitality, a game that Ruffin often played. Ruffin fired the first gun at Fort Sumpter; he took his own life because of grief over Lee's surrender. This epitomizes a story of rare interest, which Mr. Craven has told with skill and grace, a story that encompasses the rise and fall of the Old South, and lights up a whole period in the history of this country. This is a book to be recommended for any one who wishes to understand the South of Ruffin's day, a South that has almost vanished, although traces of its ideology may still be found in most people born on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. These patterns persist with a curious stubbornness.

Books About the West

RECENT books about the Western half of the continent include *Trails Through the Golden West* by Robert Frothingham (McBride, \$3.50), a handsome volume which tells of the wonders of the West, including some of the most recently discovered marvels, such as Carlsbad Cave, for example; *Fighting Men of the West* by Dale Coolidge (Dutton, \$3.75), biographical sketches of noted figures; and *The Pony Express* by Arthur Chapman (Putnam, \$3.50), a thrilling account of a typically American institution, which for all its short life, left its impress on the national character. Mr. Frothingham's book ought to increase the tourist trade, and will help to make the journey of any westward-faring motorist more profitable and more enjoyable. Dale Coolidge knows the West as few living men do, and his *Fighting Men* are well drawn. Mr. Chapman has done a fine job of research and writing in his book on the Pony Express, using the personal reminiscences of one of the riders, William Campbell, to help out. Aubrey's famous ride of eight hundred miles from Santa Fé to Independence, Missouri, made in five days, is a sample of the speed with which the Pony Express moved across the plains. Upson's ride receives the necessary attention, and the volume is, on the whole, quite likely to become the definitive story of the Express.

Fun in Washington

THE shower of books on Herbert Hoover seems to have let up momentarily, but one of the most

entertaining of the lot is just now available. It is *White House Blues* by Felix Ray, with illustrations by Frueh (Vanguard, \$1.50), a small volume in which Elmer Durkin, whom all readers of the *New Yorker* will recognize, holds forth on public men and questions. Felix Ray is the pen-name of Howard Brubaker, one of the few people who seem to have seized upon the limitless possibilities of the Washington scene for a little fun. Durkin's characterization of Hoover as "an uncertain party" may not be quite a fair sample of his humor, but it will serve. Eddie Cantor and David Freedman have collaborated on *Your Next President* (Long and Smith, \$1), Mr. Cantor of course being the President. There are a few fairly funny wisecracks, but the general level of the book is low, and in these hard times, one dollar is about ninety cents too much for a volume of this kind.

Some recent books on various aspects of international problems that are worth looking into include *The Spirit of World Politics* by William Ernest Hocking (Macmillan, \$5), a comprehensive and scholarly presentation of the present relations between so-called backward races and the great nations, with especial emphasis on the Near East; *American Foreign Policy in Mexican Relations* by James Morton Callahan (Macmillan, \$4), a complete history of the subject, with much attention devoted to the personalities principally concerned; and a *History of Modern Europe* by Chester Penn Higby (Century, \$3.50), a highly readable volume that should be of assistance in providing the intelligent reader with the necessary back-

ground for the comprehension of what goes on on the Continent. The author is professor of history in the University of Wisconsin. He writes well, with both authority and animation. A thorough-going debate on *Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism* is to be found in a book bearing this title, and published by Yale University Press at \$2.50. It is a record of a debate held at last year's meeting of the Williamstown Institute of Politics, in which the principal participants were George S. Counts, representing Bolshevism; Luigi Villari, speaking for Fascism; and Malcolm Rorty for Capitalism. Newton D. Baker's speech on World Economic Planning is also included. This is good reading.

An American Wise Man

AMONG recent biographies, the Landscaper's easy favorite is Van Wyck Brooks's *The Life of Emerson* (Dutton, \$3), which, if it is not a perfect biography—it is really meant as more of an interpretation than a formal life—is at least highly exciting reading. Mr. Brooks's method of having a man tell the story of his life in his own words is here used to perfection, and the beauty of Emerson's own style, formal or informal, adds to the charm of Mr. Brooks's own. The Landscaper picks up any book on Emerson with a distinct prejudice in its favor. Emerson once said as he caught sight of Carlyle's portrait on the walls of the Longfellow home: "That is my man"; the Landscaper repeats the sentence with a low bow toward Concord. Emerson was one of the few God-touched men America has produced, one of the few wise men,

and if Mr. Brooks seems at times rhapsodical over his subject, he is as near to justification as the biographer of an American can hope to be. Ludwig Lewisohn writes interestingly of Emerson in his *Expression in America*, already referred to here and again recommended as one of the best of current books; it is his theory that sexual repression was responsible for the Emersonian personality and genius. If so, in Heaven's name, let us have more sexual repression. (We could probably do with a good deal on general grounds.) There is not space here for any detailed discussion of Mr. Brooks's book, so we shall have to let it go with a blanket recommendation; it is the culmination of a trilogy, which began with *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and continued with *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. One hears it argued that Mr. Brooks has labored a thesis in these three books and perhaps there is an element of justification in the accusation, but all three have the supreme merit of readability, and they all three stick in the mind as good and provocative writing and thinking.

Mrs. Atherton's Autobiography

OF ANOTHER sort entirely, but filled with interest for people who love gossip of celebrities and who care to follow the thoroughly exciting career of a distinguished American woman, is *Adventures of a Novelist*, an autobiography of Gertrude Atherton (Liveright, \$4), a large, rich book full of the vivid personality of its author. Mrs. Atherton was a very young widow in San Francisco when her first novel scandalized the country; she has written

some thirty-seven books in forty years, of which it has been said that hardly one has failed to arouse bitter controversies. It is needless to say that Mrs. Atherton has known every one of any importance during her literary career, and she has a good ear for anecdote. She can write in gall as well as ink, too, as witness this remark about an American woman in London who tried to imitate the rudeness of the English: "It takes a great lady to know how to be rude and not look like a housemaid in a temper." Mrs. Atherton's book will provide a good many evenings of pleasant reading.

Among other recent biographies are: *Monsieur Thiers and Nineteenth Century France* by John M. S. Allison (Appleton, \$2), the only biography in English of a French statesman who lived through three revolutions and who symbolized the democratic movement of his lifetime; *Saints and Sinners* by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50); *Hindenburg: Peace, War, Aftermath* by Gerhard Schultze-Pfaelzer (Putnam, \$5), an authoritative study of the German leader; and *Heritage of Years* by Frances M. Walcott (Putnam, \$3.50), the recollections of an octogenarian, whose years have been filled with interest, and who writes brightly and entertainingly of many people and many events. The Grants were Mrs. Walcott's friends, among others.

Saints and Sinners

GAMALIEL BRADFORD'S latest collection of psychographs, as skillfully drawn as ever, includes among the Saints, Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Kempis, and Fénelon; among the

Sinners, Cesare Borgia, Casanova, Talleyrand, and Byron. *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self* by Edward Gordon Craig (Dutton, \$3.50) is Gordon Craig's answer to the publication of the Shaw-Terry correspondence, a nasty-tempered book by Ellen Terry's son that has its distinctly pathetic side. Actually the book is much more about Craig than it is about Ellen Terry. It shows him insanely jealous of Shaw, and is likely to prove more interesting to students of morbid psychology than to the average reader. Georgette LeBlanc's *Souvenirs: My Life With Maeterlinck* (Dutton, \$4) is in some respects a shocking book. One odd reaction to its publication has been that all the women reviewers seem to find it very good indeed, and all the men reviewers are sickened by it; the Landscaper takes a safe middle ground, if there is any such thing. He found the book quite interesting as a revelation of Mme. LeBlanc's personality and also as a portrait of a man the world once thought of as a genius, and is now doubtful about. Having lived at this end of the tragedy — the Landscaper was fresh from the country when Maeterlinck made his famous appearance in New York with the young girl who succeeded Georgette LeBlanc in his affections — this reader felt an unusual interest in the book. Why has not some literary historian written the story of Maeterlinck's visit, one of the most amusing incidents of its kind that ever happened? Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr. was a cub reporter on the *Telegram* at the time, and was accorded the only interview with the great man — every one else had to pay to see him — and wrote one of

the dullest accounts of the interview that ever appeared in a newspaper. This was some years before Mr. Vanderbilt became a novelist, of course. . . .

Outstanding New Novels

A BRIEF list of recent outstanding fiction would include, it appears to this observer, such novels as Louis Bromfield's *A Modern Hero* (Stokes, \$2.50); Gilbert W. Gabriel's *I, James Lewis* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); Julia Peterkin's *Bright Skin* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50); *The Goldfish Bowl* by Mary C. McCall, jr. (Little, Brown, \$2); *The Running Footman, Or The Sentimental Servant* by John Owen (Macmillan, \$2); *The Great Day* by Georgette Carneal (Liveright, \$2.50); *Heat Lightning* by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, \$2.50); and *Lovers Must Learn* by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green, \$2.50). These are American or English in origin; foreign fiction provides such titles as *Soviet River* by Leonard Leonov (Lincoln Mac Veagh-The Dial Press, \$2.50); and *People of the Plains* by Pál Szabò. This is a singularly varied menu. Mr. Gabriel's novel is a fictionalization of the story once told by Washington Irving under the title of *Astoria*. It is therefore wholly American, a gorgeously rich chapter in the early history of the country of which Mr. Gabriel has made the most. This is the sort of historical fiction one finds about once a decade; it is singularly free from the tricks of the school, honest and unmanipulated, and yet dramatic and consistently interesting. The style is excellent, and the characterization equally as good. Mr. Gabriel has written only

one other novel, *Brownstone Front*, which was in itself an excellent piece of work. If he can hold the pace he has set for himself in *I, James Lewis* he will not find himself long out of a place among the best of our present-day novelists.

Mr. Bromfield's Latest

SPEAKING as one who has thought somewhat less of Mr. Bromfield's more recent books than of his earlier ones, the Landscaper is pleased to report that this unusual talent manifests itself at its best, or close to it, in *A Modern Hero*. The story in itself has substantiality, and it moves against a shifting social background which Mr. Bromfield handles very well indeed. A financial adventurer's career makes the tale, with his many amatory adventures to add zest, beginning with his affair with Mme. Azais, the trainer of leopards. There is the same sort of sarcastic implication in the title as in Mr. Bromfield's *A Good Woman*. This is a novel well worth going for; one can not honestly say that it marks an advance in Mr. Bromfield's skill, but it at least shows a return to something more important than his *Twenty-Four Hours*.

Julia Peterkin's third novel, commented upon in passing last month, is another story of the South Carolina plantation that has furnished the locale for all Mrs. Peterkin's fiction. Its central figures are Cricket, a mulatto, and Blue, a black boy, who adores his light-skinned cousin. It offers the same fine qualities that are to be found in *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*, qualities of observation and honest emotion, and while those who insist upon

drawing rigid comparisons among an author's works, may think it a slightly less unimportant novel than the others, there will certainly be few to deny that it is a good piece of fiction, with more than one passage of pure beauty. Mrs. Peterkin's simple style, slightly awkward and crude at first, has taken on finish and ease. It remains simple and still deeply moving; students of American prose may well turn to the description of a fishing expedition in *Bright Skin* and mark it for use in future anthologies.

The Price of Fame

MISS MCCALL's *The Goldfish Bowl* is the story of what happened to a young American naval officer who saved the crew of a sunken submarine and was rescued himself after every one supposed that he had given his life for his men. "Scotty," the hero, is another Lindbergh, caught in the toils of the vast publicity racket of this country, and with results that are at times amusing and at others depressing. If any one ever suspected that Fame was worth while, a careful reading of this volume will convince him that he is all wrong; Fame that begins on the first pages of American newspapers is a nuisance, or worse. Miss McCall has written a highly entertaining piece of fiction, with some serious implications for those who care. Georgette Carneal's *The Great Day* is another piece of pure Americana, a novel based upon the career of Mr. B——r Macf——n, that marvelous product of our civilization who furnishes the reading matter for the masses, and also looks after their souls and bodies, especially the latter. Miss Carneal's task is too large for her,

and the book goes to pieces before it is over; there are other faults, too, but the savage bitterness of her attack on the tabloids and the trashy magazines makes the book worth reading. Not, to be sure, that it will cause any falling off in the circulation of this class of literature.

More Good Novels

HEAT LIGHTNING by Helen Hull is a long and solid novel of American family life, slow moving and carefully wrought, more substantial than brilliant. Irving Fineman's first novel since he won a large prize with *This Pure Young Man* is a well-written, thoughtful and readable book, based upon a love affair between two healthy young Americans. Don, the boy, meets Sally, the girl, in Paris, just as he is recovering from an affair with a more or less loose lady. Sally is virginal and determined to remain that way until after marriage. Against a background of Paris and other French cities, Mr. Fineman tells his pleasant story, which has a happy ending. This is a wholesome book on the subject of love, which in itself makes it somewhat remarkable, and while Mr. Fineman is inclined to overwrite at times, the quality of his mind is sound and good. John Owen's *The Running Footman* is a charming novel of another day, a *tour de force* that is almost perfectly carried out. It relates the adventures of a footman of around two hundred years ago who fell in love with a lady of high degree. The mood is sustained throughout, and those who have a palate for delicate flavors in fiction will find this book very much to their liking.

Leonov's *Soviet River*, which comes to us with a preface by Maxim Gorky in which we are assured that Leonov is in the great tradition of classical Russian literature, is a novel of present-day Russia, centring around one of the great industrial cities springing into being under the Five-Year Plan. Those who remember Leonov's *The Thief* know that he is a novelist of the first order, and he has done an excellent piece of work in the new book. Pál Szabò's *People of the Plains* is a novel by an authentic Hungarian peasant, who lives on one acre of land, which he works with the assistance of his wife and two children. It tells the story of Bertalan Barna, who goes off to fight on the Italian front very soon after the book opens, and who comes home from the War to discover a new world. The author, it is reported, found out about books while he was in the War, and deciding that he did not like what other people wrote about peasants, made up his mind to do the job right. His book has a direct simplicity and a reality that will make it interesting to many people. American literary circles have never entertained a genuine Hungarian peasant, either, so the author will find himself welcome if his book sells a sufficient number of copies to pay his fare to this country. The crops might spoil, but what of that?

And More Novels Still

OTHER recent fiction of interest includes: *Amber Satyr* by Roy Flannigan (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), a moving story of a mulatto man desired by a poor-white woman; *Murder by Jury* by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Little, Brown, \$2), a novel mystery story, in which a member of a murder jury is herself murdered; *If Love Comes* by Gladys Malvern (Kendall, \$2.50), a romantic tale of Old California, with plenty of spice and color; and *The Red Room* by Geoffrey Dennis (Simon and Schuster, \$2), a curious tale of an English village by the author of *Mary Lee* and other distinguished works of fiction and non-fiction, with a bitter, macabre streak of humor in it that will delight readers who have a taste for such things. Then there is a novelette by Lorna Rea, author of *Six Mrs. Greenes*, called *The Happy Prisoner* (Harper, \$2), the story of a deaf girl who thinks the world much better than it is because she can not hear. She does hear after a while and has a battle making her adjustment to reality. A delicately done and engaging book.

Some Good Poetry

THREE unusually good volumes of poetry stand on the Landscaper's shelves, perhaps to be commented upon at greater length later. They are: *All My Youth* by Fredericka Blankner (Brentano, \$2); *Highbowling* by Marion Canby (Houghton Mifflin, \$2), and *Thurso's Landing* by Robinson Jeffers (Liveright, \$2.50). The title poem in the Jeffers volume is a long narrative in blank verse, which again evidences the dark genius of Jeffers, a poet whose range

is not wide, but a poet who has gazed into the abyss that surrounds the world, and discerned things in its blackness. . . .

There is one more book remaining, Walter B. Pitkin's *A Short Introduction to The History of Human Stupidity* (Simon and Schuster). This is a very large volume, upon which Professor Pitkin has evidently expended no small effort. The apparent design is to prove that the human race is stupid; that even its intelligent leaders act like imbeciles at times. Just why any one should go to all this trouble to prove a point so obvious is beyond the Landscaper's grasp. What now if the public fails to buy this imposing tome in quantities large enough to justify the work its author has done upon it? Shall we then have another chapter on the stupidity of the author of a book on stupidity?

All lovers of tennis and all readers who are interested in the history of popular sports will find engaging reading and rare information in *Tennis: Origins and Mysteries* by Malcolm D. Whitman (Derrydale Press, \$10), a beautifully made volume, well-illustrated, which is the work of years of patient research. Mr. Whitman speaks as an authority on this sport, since he was once the American champion. There is an invaluable bibliography by Robert W. Henderson of the New York Public Library.



W. F.

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